

Days

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JULY

No. 1

CONTENTS

Trip of Col. James McLaughlin, Indian Inspector,
to the Big Horn Hot Springs, Wyoming.....By John Small

Diary Kept by W. A. Richards in Summer of 1873

Boundaries of the State Reserve.....By Clarence T. Johnson

Wyoming Birds.....By Mrs. E. E. Waltman

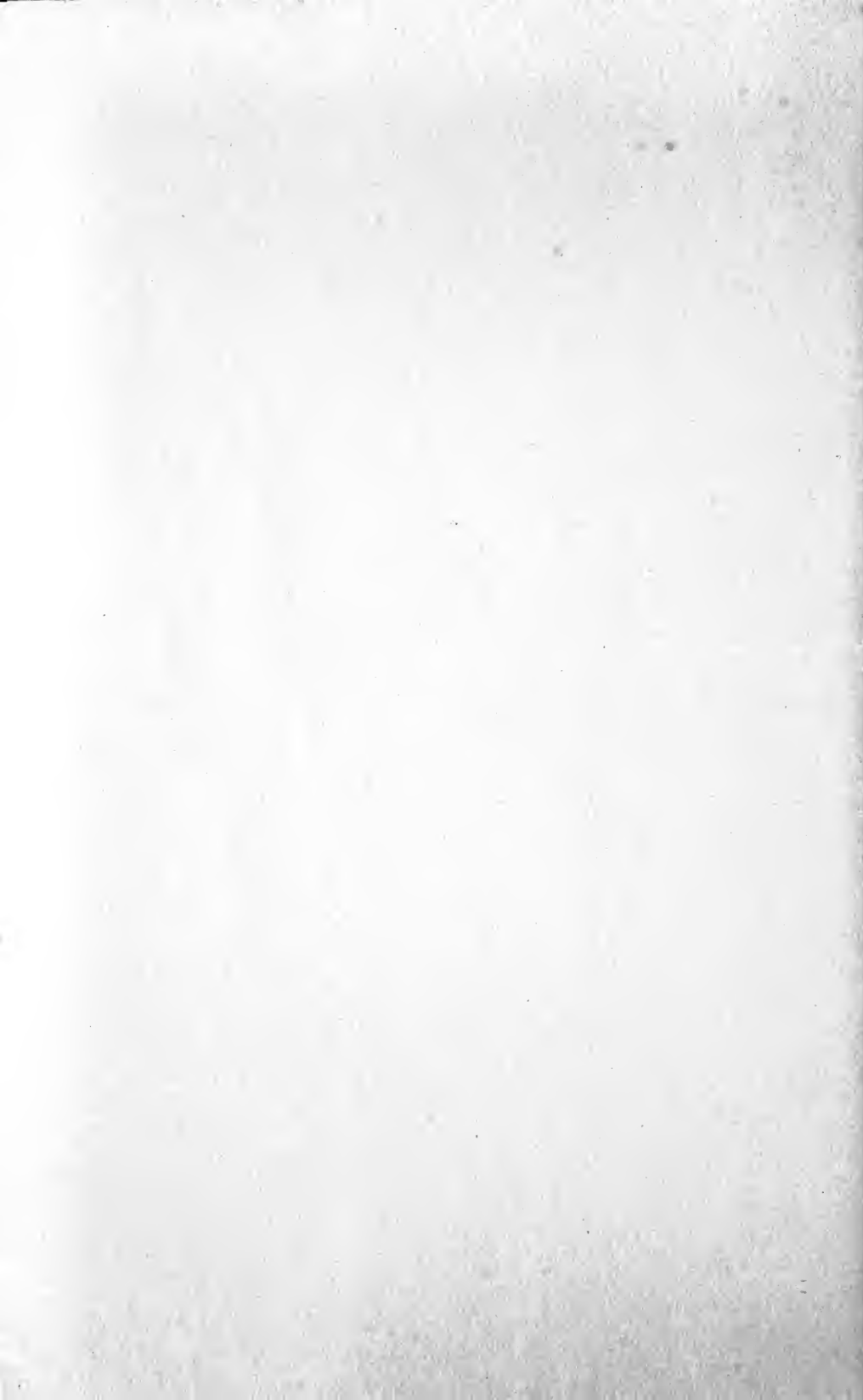
Why the Meadowlark Was Chosen as the State
Bird of Wyoming.....By Hazel Harper Sample Pickett

Washakie

Studies in the Settlement and Economic
Development of Wyoming.....By Clyde Meehan Owens

Accessions

Published Quarterly
by the
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.



Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JULY

No. 1

CONTENTS

- Trip of Col. James McLaughlin, Indian Inspector,
to the Big Horn Hot Springs, Wyoming.....By John Small
- Diary Kept by W. A. Richards in Summer of 1873
- Boundaries of the State Reserve.....By Clarence T. Johnson
- Wyoming Birds.....By Mrs. E. E. Waltman
- Why the Meadowlark Was Chosen as the State
Bird of Wyoming.....By Hazel Harper Sample Pickett
- Washakie
- Studies in the Settlement and Economic
Development of Wyoming.....By Clyde Meehan Owens
- Accessions

Published Quarterly
by the

STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Acting Governor..... | A. M. Clark |
| Secretary of State..... | A. M. Clark |
| State Librarian..... | Mrs. Clare E. Aushman |
| Secretary of Board..... | Mrs. Cyrus Beard |

ADVISORY BOARD

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Judge E. H. Fourt..... | Lander |
| Dr. Grace R. Hebard..... | Laramie |
| Mrs. C. L. Vandevender..... | Basin |
| Mr. L. C. Bishop..... | Douglas |
| Mr. Phillip E. Winter..... | Casper |
| Mrs. R. A. Ferguson..... | Wheatland |
| Mr. Howard B. Lott..... | Buffalo |
| Miss Spaeth..... | Gillette |
| Mrs. P. J. Quealy..... | Kemmerer |

Neither the State Historical Board, the State Historical Advisory Board nor the State Historian is responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

(Copyright applied for by State of Wyoming)

CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

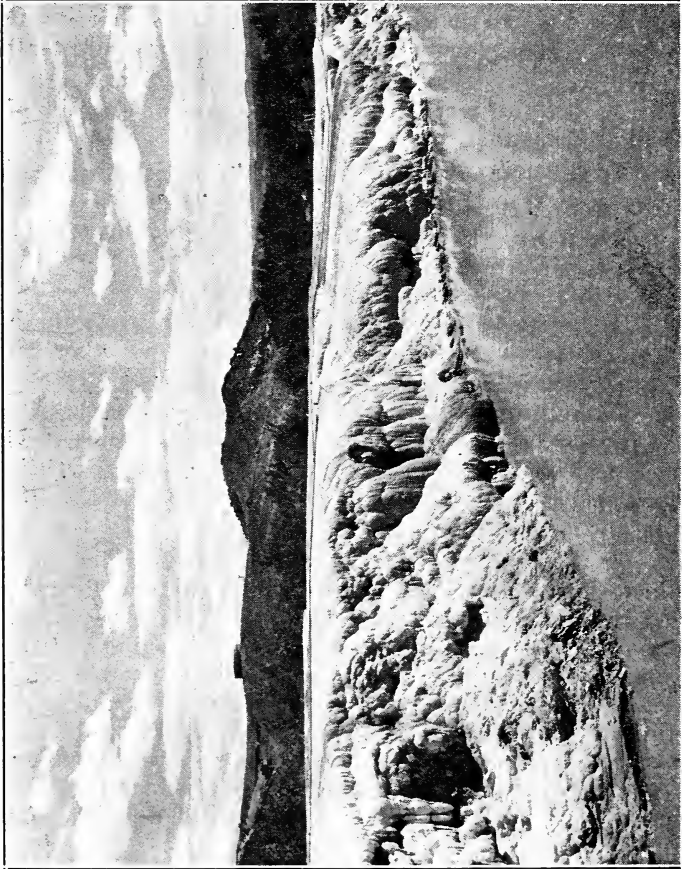
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



HOT WATER FALLS
—COURTESY OF J. T. DIVINE, THERMOPOLIS, WYO.



Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JULY

No. 1

TRIP OF COL. JAMES McLAUGHLIN, INDIAN INSPECTOR, TO THE BIG HORN HOT SPRINGS, WYOMING

I was instructed by Capt. R. H. Wilson, Acting U. S. Indian Agent, to accompany Col. James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector, and three Shoshone and three Arapahoe Indians, with one interpreter for each tribe, to visit the Big Horn Springs and surrounding country. The Colonel's mission here was for the purpose of negotiating with the Indians for the purchase for the government of these springs.

We left the Agency April 8th at 8:30 a. m. The party was composed of Col. James McLaughlin, John Small, Dick Washakie, Bishop and Mo-yo-vo, Shoshones; Guy Robinson, Shoshone interpreter; Sharp Nose, Tallow and Lone Bear, Arapahoes; and Henry Lee, Arapahoe interpreter.

We travelled in an easterly direction and crossed Big Wind river fifteen miles from Fort Washakie. We camped at noon for dinner at Kasooth Arragon's, a Mexican half breed, who has a fine farm. We broke camp at 1:50 p. m. and travelled east over a very nice rolling country, crossing the Muddy at Camp Small at 5:30 p. m., the distance from Big Wind river being eighteen miles. Here we camped for the night. While pitching our tent three of the horses started for home but were overtaken by the Indians and brought back. Dick Washakie was assigned as chief cook. After supper Col. McLaughlin had quite a pleasant talk with Chief Sharp Nose, who speaks very good Sioux but with a decided Arapahoe accent. The Colonel speaks Sioux fluently, so they had a very pleasant time.

At 7:30 o'clock the next morning we broke camp and started for the foot of Owl Creek mountains. When passing the Government Meadows, the Indians started a nice herd of antelope, but failed to shoot any. We reached camp in the mountains for dinner at 10:45 a. m. the distance traveled being fifteen miles. We named the place Camp Sharp Nose. Left dinner camp at 12:30 p. m. Now we are climbing the mountains in earnest—very hard ascent and worst road I ever saw. (Steep is no name for it.) After we reached the top, we found on the northern slope the best prairie country I have seen in Wyoming. We entered Red

Canyon at 2:30 p. m. The scenery, in passing through it, was grand. We reached the head of the canyon, eight miles from the mouth at 4 p. m. We then crossed the Red Canyon range which is full of deep gulches and reached camp on Owl Creek at 6:30 p. m., having traveled twenty-two miles from Camp Sharp Nose, where we took dinner.

April 10th we broke camp at 8:30 a. m. and reached the Hot Springs at 9:30 a. m., a distance of seven miles over a country with anything but good roads. We crossed the Big Horn river at the Springs.

On arriving there, we were met by U. P. Davidson, who is building some houses to accommodate the visitors. He is seventy-three years of age—an old California Forty-niner. He was formerly from Galesburg, Ill., and was one of those mentioned in history, as the Jay Hawkers of '49. Bancroft's History, Vol. 11, gives a full account of this party of Forty-niners, who were a year in making the trip from Galesburg to the mines in California. They got lost in the mountains and suffered unknown hardships—a number of them dying of starvation, while some became insane. Mr. Davidson, in relating his history, was very interesting to us.

Mr. A. J. Andrews, another resident at the Springs, kindly showed us the different springs, which are certainly wonderful. The basin or mouth of the main spring is circular in form and thirty feet across. It is a seething, boiling caldron, with a temperature of 132 degrees Fahrenheit and flows at the rate of 1,250,000 gallons every twenty-four hours.

The depth of the Springs has never been ascertained. Although with a temperature of 132 degrees, it is not unpleasant to drink and with salt and pepper added tastes very much like chicken soup.

Several bath houses have been erected by the invalids and bath tubs have been cut out of the formation that forms from the overflow. There is a sulphur hot spring and also a cold spring, in addition to the main spring, all flowing within a radius of 200 yards.

The bottom of the river also shows numerous boiling springs.

After we had taken a bath we examined the mountain of crystalized gypsum. It is a very strange formation. We brought some specimens home with us. At 4 p. m. we broke camp and followed the Big Horn river to a new town that is springing up named Thermopolis, or the Hot City. It is located about five miles from the Springs. We pitched our tent on the bank of the river and remained until Sunday morning, April 12th. We passed a very pleasant day Saturday in camp, although it snowed all day. We had many visitors, who came to see our Indians.

Our horses being well rested we started for home Sunday morning.

The Indians with the wagon of provisions and camp outfit returned by what is known as the Red Canyon road, while Col. McLaughlin and myself returned by way of Owl Creek and crossed the mountains forty miles in a north westerly direction. In passing up Owl Creek we visited the various cattle ranches. They are the Padlock, the Keystone, and the Embar. The Embar is the largest. They have about 40,000 head of cattle and 500 horses. The cowboys alone ride 250 horses. Each cowboy uses five or six to go his rounds. At present the Embar company has the contract for supplying the beef for the Agency, which amounts to about 100 head per month. We arrived at Embar at 3:30 p. m., and remained about an hour and a half viewing their extensive buildings, corrals and blooded stock. We are now thirty miles from Thermopolis, and driving two miles more we reached Short's road ranch, where we remained over night. Here we had the pleasure of seeing the cowboys breaking bucking horses.

We left Short's at 7:30 a. m. and crossed the South Fork of Owl Creek eight miles from there. Here we commenced to climb the mountains again and in some places we found the road very steep. We arrived at Mail Camp at the foot of Owl Creek mountains at 12 m. The altitude of the pass in the mountains where we crossed over is 9800 feet above sea level. After dinner we left Mail Camp and crossed over a barren country for thirty miles, reaching Big Wind river bridge at 5:30 p. m., where we remained with Mr. Stagner, who is married to a quarter breed Cheyenne, who speaks Sioux, Shoshone, French and English. They are well to do and have a nice farm on the river. They own 1500 head of cattle, 3000 sheep and 200 horses. We left Mr. Stagner's at 8:45 a. m., April 14th, arriving at the Agency at noon, a distance of twenty miles.

After arriving at the Agency the Colonel immediately made arrangements to hold a council with the Indians for the purchase of the springs.

(Signed) JOHN SMALL.

(From The Indian Guide, Volume 1, Number 3, published at the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, May, 1896. The Indian Guide is on file in the State Historical Department).

Note: There have been so many requests for history about the Big Horn Hot Springs that we are beginning the publication of some history on the subject.—Editor.

DIARY KEPT BY W. A. RICHARDS IN SUMMER OF 1873**Survey of South Boundary of Wyoming**

(Continued from April Number)

Thursday, Aug. 14th, 1873

Neal, Al and Geo. left camp with the stock at 4:00 a. m. to take them down to the river to water and grass. Boys left camp at 6:00 a. m. Stock returned at 9:30. Broke camp at 10:15. Country very rough and timbered making it difficult to get the team along. Reached the party at 5:00 p. m. in dry ravine at 217th M. P. Lon and I went in search of water. Found none. The Muddy which according to the maps should come in here does not appear, but instead we found a dry bed, fortunately have about fifty gallons of water aboard, enough for the men but the stock must go dry. Took an Azimuth.

Friday, Aug. 15th

Left camp at daylight with George, Al and Neal and the stock to go to the river for water. Found the distance to be over ten miles. Filled our barrels with water. Got a post for the large transit and returned to camp at 1:30 p. m. Billie who had gone west on a mule at daylight returned to camp at 9:00 a. m. having found water six miles ahead. The line had gone on. Broke camp at 2:30 p. m. Camped at 223rd M. C. on small sulphur spring; erected post for observations—Had supper and went to bed.

Saturday, 16th

Mr. McConnel had a good night for work. Left camp at daylight on old Jim to scout country ahead. At 12:00 m. came to deep canon with small stream of water at least 20 miles from camp. Turned my face campward, found my canteen strap broken and it gone. Canon too deep for a descent. A rain coming up, spread my rubber coat and caught a pint of water. Ate my lunch—a biscuit and rode on. Reached camp at 5:40 p. m. having been in the saddle just twelve hours and ridden at least forty-five miles. The country here a perfect desert. No wood, grass, or water. It behooves us to make good time to Green River fifty miles away. Our supplies are getting low. No game here at all but rabbits. An old road runs west about 20 chs. north of this camp. Suppose it to be the old Cherokee trail upon which they returned from Oregon 18 years ago. It runs nearly west and we must follow it to get through the country, which is badly broken west of us for thirty miles where we come to the Escalante Mts. an unknown country as yet.

Sunday, 17th

Another good night for observations and for me of rest and sleep. Wrote to Stebbins and read Shakespeare and so forth and rested mostly. A beautiful day, but a terrible place in which to spend it. Surely "the sound of a church going bell these valleys and hills never heard" and never will they hear a more melodious sound than the howl of the coyote or the dismal cawing of an unfortunate crow. Several of the boys are hunting and their united endeavors secured one poor little rabbit.

Monday, 18th

Breakfast at 6:30. A good night for observations and Mr. McC completed them. The first time we have had three successive clear nights.

Sunday, 24th

Since the last entry as above much has transpired out of the usual routine of our monotonous life but nothing serious or very alarming. Upon reducing the observs. of Sunday night it was found that the instrument was out of adjustment, therefore another night's work was necessary. On Tuesday these observs. were reduced. We found the line 92 ft. south. Set the monument at the 223rd M. C. A. stone 12 x 14 in. 10 ft. long. Corrected back and made ready for a start. On Wednesday, left camp at daylight line and teams. Shot two young sage hens as we were starting. Even these are a delicacy in this barren and desolate country. The men made 17½ miles on the line stopping on high bank of Vermillion Creek which I visited last Saturday. I took dinner to men on the line, and the campmen misunderstood my instructions and went three miles too far west on a road running three miles north of the line. Came back and down to line which we reached two hours after dark. Had supper at 11:00 p. m. Went on guard at 2:30 a. m. On Thursday morning left camp at daylight on pony to try and find crossing over the canon before us. No description can give an idea of the magnitude of these canons. Returned at noon without finding a pass. In p. m. the men ran the line ten miles west. Mr. McC accompanying them. We took team back to the road. I proceeded, then about an hour crossed Vermillion Canon and on the road two miles west of it discovered a troop of some kind galloping toward me about two miles farther west. From close observations thought they were Indians; rode back and corralled teams on east side of canon—Sent Fred out to tell the men where camp was, though we had previously intended camping on the canon and having the men walk up to camp. Billie and I went out again on the road but saw no signs. The men on line had seen elk signs and probably the troop I

saw were elk. Mr. McC did not come in with the line men and we feared he would lie out. After supper Bob took a light and went to pilot him in. Found him at 12:00 m. about five miles S. W. of camp in a canon containing good water. Had a fire and was comfortable but hungry. Would not come in, fearing to carry his chronometer through the brush at night. Bob reached camp at 3:30 a. m. Friday. After breakfast, Bob took some provisions and coffee and went back to find Mac—as he had intended remaining where he was until the line men came out—We moved west about four miles on road; then turned south, and at 11:00 a. m. struck stream, the Vermillion running E. then S. high steep banks. Built a bridge. Just as we finished dinner, McC hove in sight—on the trail. Had not waited for Bob but went to our old camp and followed us in—twenty-four hours without eating and laying out in a rainstorm. Had not seriously affected him. In p. m. the line men went south and E. to where they quit work and ran few miles of line. Could not move camp, so they walked in three miles. Saturday the 23rd crossed on our bridge. Moved camp S. W. across from Big Creek on the S. side of which we camped at the 249th M. C. Took an Azimuth. Saw and wounded an antelope. Ran him three miles with a mule but did not get him. Good grass and water near and quite a change from the desert proper, though we are hardly out of it—Sunday the 24th broke camp early. Got teams to top of bluffs on west side of creek at 10:00 a. m. The men ran the line three miles and at noon were stopped, or rather the teams were, by a huge canon. Suspended work and went south around it. All hands except Dick. He followed along the line and killed two antelope and now at sundown we are anxiously expecting him in. Are camped about a mile south of the line and probably about 254th M. C. A mountain lies to the west of us and we don't know what the country is beyond it to Green River. Hope for the best though, for provisions are very short. Sugar gone several days ago. Saw many deer and antelope today. Also mountain sheep.

Monday, 25th

Line men left camp at sunrise to go East to canon which stopped us yesterday. On the east side of the canon lies the scene of the great Diamond Excitement of last winter. Numerous claims are staked out but unoccupied. The country is wholly barren and the only hypothesis upon which diamonds could be expected would be that of the hunters' coon dog—good for nothing else imaginable. These diamond fields are on the 251st and 2nd miles of our line, partly in Wyoming and partly in Colorado. I took old "Jim" and I scouted ahead for a road. Returning at 9 a. m. saw and chased a large black bear but lost him in

the timber. Just as camp was moving, saw him again north of camp on the prairie. Gave chase again on a pony and succeeded in running him into the teams. He passed very close to Max and Arthur who gave him a shot each, breaking his fore leg. He did not fight but succeeded in escaping. Line men made 8 miles and we camped in a beautiful grassy valley. Quite an oasis in this desert. This is the head of a stream running into Green River.

Tuesday, 26th

Broke camp at sunrise. Killed a buck antelope just after starting. Stopped for dinner on a mountain which rises 2000 feet in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Drove teams up the east slope. Scouted ahead and found roads down the west slope to the southwest. Line ran 7 miles. Camped opposite and about 3 miles south of 167th M. C. Men ran onto a large black bear coming in. No damage done.

Wednesday, 27th

Broke camp at 7 a. m. At 10 a. m. struck Red Creek, which is properly named. A small stream running south into the Green River in Brown's Hole, which is five miles south of the line. Camped on Spring Creek which is about 280th mile. The line was run to 273rd M. C. Left team and lunch for men on the hill 6 miles east of camp. Green River, according to our map, should have been at the 273rd mile corner but it is apparently several miles to the west. Grub is about played out and guess will have to start for town tomorrow at any rate. Built fire after dark to guide men to camp. Spring Creek here runs on top of the ground while a few rods above or below it runs through a deep cut.

Thursday, 28th

Lon and I with Al and a team and a saddle mule with one day's rations started at 7 o'clock for Green River. Went west ten miles on a road when we struck the river. Crossed first channel but failed on second one—too deep. Apparently this road does not go to the station. Turned back to take a trail which we saw on Red Creek. Passed camp at 3:30 p. m. Had a lunch of coffee and mush—and pushed ahead. The boys are left with nothing but a bushel of beans and a keg of molasses. They won't starve on this, but it's pretty hard living. Campbell is running line and on the hill west of camp met the team with half a deer aboard, which Lon killed 800 yards distant. A good shot. This will help the boys out a little. Reached Red Creek at dark. While hunting a camping place was astonished to hear the shouts of herders "rounding up" cattle. Followed up the sound and two miles south found a herd of 1300 cattle and ten drovers. Had supper with them and learned that Green River was 60 miles away and the road ran up from Red Creek, as we supposed. Also Mr. Richards here who has a cow camp three miles north.

Next morning, the 29th

We went to his camp for breakfast. He kindly offered to lend us bread and meat to last us and our camp till we got back. We left note in road for Billie, who is coming over, telling him where to go for rations and to bring another team out ten miles north of Richards' to meet us, as the road from there is bad. Reached the Poplar Grove on the high divide 35 miles from the station about sundown. Here is wood, water and grass in the midst of a desert. A splendid camping place. Made a good supper on potatoes, bread, coffee and young sage hens, four of which I shot with a rifle on the road.

Saturday, 30th

Was on the road at 6:30 a. m. Reached Green River at 2 p. m. Found an immense amount of mail. Everything all right at home. No bad news at all. It seems impossible that so little of importance has transpired in two months, the time which has elapsed since we last received mail. In the hurry and excitement of an active participation in the daily life of a large city, one cannot frame a just estimate of the importance of passing events, but isolated as we have been—cut off from all communication with the world in general for two months, then to have the detailed history of that time laid before us in the unbroken files of a daily paper and we can form a full and correct estimate of the day's doings. In Omaha the papers are wonderfully alike; suicides, assaults, robberies and arrests—make a large portion of its daily history. Nor is this confined to our city alone. The Associated Press dispatches are mostly adapted to Police Gazette use. After reading all the news, we are better contented with our exile than before. Although isolated as we are, we seem to be playing fully as an important a part as the majority at home. Received full report from Aut, with papers in abundance; also letters from Father, Mother, Alice, Delia and Nellie B. Got our freight from depot. Bought flour, sugar, potatoes, clothing for the boys and C. Expended \$200.00 in short order. Had wagon loaded at 6 p. m. Took supper at R. R. eating house—the poorest on the road. Saw Reynolds and Goodwin in mail car going down. Sent in trunk and Lon's watch by Goodwin, i. e., the latter by him, the former by express. In the evening, wrote until 3:30 a. m. on Sunday, Aug. 31st. Slept until 5 a. m. Had breakfast, and Lon with team started for camp. I remained with "Johnny" the mule to get some new axes ground. Found that a registered letter had come that morning for us. Containing draft from treasury department for the survey of boundary of Pawnee Reserve. Could not get it cashed in Green River. Endorsed and sent it to Aut. for payment. Had dinner at eating house and at 1 p. m. started after the team. Caught them at 4 p. m. By driving until 10:20 p. m. made Poplar Grove again. Found Bill

Tabor, a noted hunter, here and another man camped there. Saw Johnson and Ed O'Sullivan on mail car this morning. They are fine fellows. Also saw Mott Hyde.

Monday, Sept. 1st

Went on the road at daylight. Met the other team near Tabor's just the right place. Divided the load and proceeded on our way. Camped with Richards on Red Creek.

Tuesday, Sept. 2nd

After taking a lesson on the "Diamond Hitch" used in packing, moved on for camp, which we reached at 4 p. m. and were gladly welcomed indeed. The boys were again down to beans and molasses, but were cheerful. Brought in a heap of mail. Campbell fired a couple of shots into a bear coming in but without doing him serious injury. Had a good full night's sleep.

Wednesday, Sept. 3rd

For myself a day of rest. Much needed for we had a long hard trip. Lon is quite unwell but nothing serious I think. Mac C. got a few stars last night, the first at this station. Boys fishing and washing. No game here. Ben killed a fawn while we were gone and carried it ten miles to camp. No game nearer. Wrote letters and sent over to Richard's camp by Billie.

Thursday, Sept. 4th

Mac C. got a few more stars last night. Went and found stone for monument which Matt is now working. Did our washing. Billie returned at 2 p. m. and Smith came with him. Took dinner and went on to a hunter's camp a few miles west of here.

Friday, Sept. 5th

Breakfast at 7 a. m. A beautiful morning but rather cool last night as I found on guard. Mac C. got sufficient stars last night to determine our location and now as soon as he has reduced his observations we will correct back as far as necessary, cross the river and propel. We are now camped on the 289th mile, leaving but 80 miles to run and good assurances of an open country half way at least.

Saturday, Sept. 6th

Gave Mac C. another night at station all right now. Campbell and Billie went back 17 miles to correct. The boys have the monument planted at the 289 mile and we have the team on the west side of the river and will take dinner on the bank.

Evening, Sept. 6th

Got the line across O. K. and made five miles, camping on the line and on the east bank of Henry's Fork. This is a clear, swift mountain stream, running over a gravel bed, skirted with timber and easy to cross. This is the most picturesque and convenient camp on the line thus far, and the only good camp since leaving the Snake River, nearly a hundred miles back.

Sunday, Sept. 7th

Broke camp at 6 a. m. the line crossing the river near camp. Moved teams up the Fork about five miles and stopped for dinner, or rather to give the cooks a chance to bake bread. On the way up crossed the stream several times, once the first time near the ranch of Charley Davis—(supposed to be) just south of which the line runs. At 10:30 o'clock took a pail of lunch—canteen of water and one of molasses and mounted on a mule went South to find and feed the men. A Mexican herding for Joe Baker accompanied. We mounted on a stallion to see how it was done. On the way out his horse bucked him off and got away but he caught him and went on his way. Returned to camp and moved up opposite Baker's ranche and then struck South to the line. We men made 11½ miles and we camped at dark one-half mile North of the line near a pine mountain. A dry camp. Found dead deer near camp.

Monday, Sept. 8th

Broke camp at sunrise. Took dinner on a little stream, the third within one-half mile, on which is thick underbrush through which we had to cut. Lon being troubled with a sort of diarrhea, I ran the line 5 miles in P. M. making a dry camp without wood, burning a couple of posts. Camped on the 317th M. C. Took an Azimuth. Killed an antelope in A. M. Yesterday is the first Sunday that ever passed without my knowing it was Sunday. N. B. Crossed Beaver Creek on the 314th mile, several streams in a narrow bottom all skirted with thick willows.

Tuesday, Sept. 9th

At 4 a. m. Neil and Ben took team and went South to the mountains for wood. Had breakfast at 6 a. m. Crossed a fork of Henry's Fork at 10 a. m. Stopped at noon on another stream for dinner. Made ten miles by 2:45 p. m. which brought us to a top of a high bluff at the fork of which runs another fork of the Fork. Dick and I went a foot to the east edge of a mountain range three miles west and gave Lon a long sight. Saw an elk and three deer. Found the country rough and heavily timbered. Will have to put in a station where we are on the bluff; send the team to Evanston and go through to the corner 43 miles with pack mules.

Wednesday, Sept. 10th

Got a post and some wood. Moved camp over to the 327 mc and set up for a station. Went out west three miles hunting. Found nothing. Lon killed a deer and the boys caught lots of trout.

Thursday, Sept. 11

Went out hunting stone. Could find nothing. Will have to go back to Henry's Fork tomorrow.

Friday, 12th

Started Campbell, five men and a team back to the Fork for a stone for our monument. Dick and I went fishing. Got back at sundown tired, wet and hungry, but with fish enough for breakfast. Lew and Ben went out and brought in a deer which they killed yesterday. The stone hunters not yet returned.

Saturday, 13th

Nothing doing today. Lon and Arthur went fishing. George also. Brought in a fine string of trout. No sign of the boys yet. They must have gone a long way back. Tonight is clear and this makes the third good night for observations. Tomorrow we can put in the monument if the boys return, and on the following day move on. Wrote letters to Delia and Alice today.

Sunday, 14th

Another Sabbath which probably would have passed unnoticed, had we not been in camp. Weather very fine. As pleasant as September at home. Spent the morning in packing some of the mules we will use who were strangers to the business. Ben and Billie are busy getting the provisions, etc., ready for trip. The boys returned at noon with a good stone, which they found on Henry's Fork about twenty-five miles from here. Pat killed a black-tailed buck, so their provisions held out. Spent the P. M. in getting the stone marked, drawing stones for the monument and getting ready for a start tomorrow. Mac C. finished his work last night.

Monday, 15th

Matt finished marking the stone this morning and at 9 a. m. I moved out with the line, taking 8 men, 4 pack mules and 2 saddle horses, each man carries a gun and ammunition. The pack train overtook us four miles on our way. Did not stop for dinner. Ran the line $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and camped in a little grassy glade at $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Made a bivouac by cutting boughs and setting them up leaning against a long pole supported between two trees. Dug a little spring just behind camp. No running water. In unpacking the mules Ben (the cook) made the unwelcome discovery that instead of a sack of beans he had brought one of green coffee. The teams are well on their way to Ft. Bridger ere this, so we will have to run on bread, meat and coffee. We have one canteen full of molasses, but have agreed to not use any until ten miles of this check is completed. The country is not very rough but thickly covered with pine timber, much of which is dead. Have a big camp fire in front of our bivouac, by the light of which the boys are playing euchre, posting diaries, etc. Will stand no guard tonight nor until we see signs of Indians. A slight sprinkling of rain today, but perfectly clear now.

Tuesday, 16th

Had a fair night's rest, but being unused to quite so much ventilation, not as good as usual. Breakfast of venison, bread and coffee at 5 a. m. and on the line at 6. Chopped three-fourths of a mile to the edge of the bluff from which we got a sight 1.50 am chs. across Smith's Fork of Green River—a stream similar to Henry's Fork where we last camped upon it. Crossed this fork on the 334th mile. The valley is wooded and the hills upon either side descend to the stream in a succession of "steppes" or level plateaus, upon which are large lakes of living water, clear and cold with a gravel bottom inhabited by fish and beaver. From the 333.50 m. chs. looking east and n. e. seven of these lakes are in view all on different elevations, with the steep mountain sides around them covered with dense pine forests, the open plains away to the North, and the high, rugged, snow-clad mountains to the South, making the landscape one of unequalled beauty in my experience. Made three miles and four chains stopping at 5:45 p. m. at 333.68 m. c. Had a good dinner brought out by Billie, which I carried a mile to the boys. Camped in the woods near a spring and grassy valley. Lew killed a deer at sundown, which came just in time, as we had used the last of our venison. Salt meat is not good to work on. Ours is a good specimen of a camp in the woods tonight. A bivouac of boughs, with a roaring fire of pine logs before it. Heavy timber about us. The mules on one side, tied up for the night—their packs on the other. A dressed deer ornamenting a tree near by—and the boys around the camp fire, having their regular evening game of euchre. Weather clear and pleasant.

Wednesday, 17th

In the woods all day. Camped at 335.40 but got the line up to 336. Weather cool but clear.

Thursday, 18th

Was on the line at 6 a. m. From the 336.40 m. c. got a sight of 2.65 m. c. across two streams and up on the side of a mountain. Set the 338 m. p. one chain east of a well traveled road running n. & s. Camped near the 339.25 m. c. the chainmen being about a mile behind. The sky became overcast with leaden ominous looking clouds this P. M. and there is every indication of a long storm. The equinoctial is in order any time now. Placed our camp in a well protected ravine, with a view to standing a storm, if a hard one sets in, we can build a log cabin pretty "sudden." Wrote a note to Lon. Would like to get an Azimuth tonight but it is too cloudy.

Friday, 19th

We escaped last night with only a slight sprinkling of snow and rain and this morning is clear. Guess that is all we will see of the deared equinoctial. The chainmen and Billie went back

and chained up. Sent my note to Lon by them, to be stuck upon a post in the road, trusting to the cold charities of the world for its being more properly posted. Pushed on with the line. The timber large and thick. First $\frac{1}{2}$ mile through quaking asp, much worse than pine for running. Only made $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, camping at 340.57 m. c. where I took an azimuth. No water near camp. In hunting for a spring just before sundown, surprised and killed a very large buck. Got Dick to help me load him on a pony and it was hard work for both of us. We estimated the weight dressed at 300 pounds. His horns are 7-pronged, bare of velvet, and very sharp. The country today was ascending to the 340th mile, where I think we reached the summit of the Uintahs on our line. Elevation 9,950 feet. Timber heavy but no snow. Saturday, 20th

Had an unexpected rain, hail and snow storm last night, accompanied by lightning and heavy thunder. Several trees were struck with lightning near us. Now at 11 a. m. after the sun shining all the morning, snow and ice lie thick upon the ground. The weather seems like November. Dinner at 2 p. m. at 342.23. Got a long sight, or two rather, from the same point. The first in the bottom on the west side of Black's Fork, at which we camped. The other about a mile west on the mountain side. Sunday, Sept. 21st, '73

Cut through the timber 23 chs. east from camp and set the 343rd post, then ran west through the timber setting the 345th post at sundown near which we camped. The line crossed Black's Fork at 343.15 m. c. Billie and Matt went down stream a mile from our camp of last night to a tie cabin and ground some of the axes. Quite a large number of men employed here getting out ties, which are run down stream at high water to the U. P. Last night was the coldest we have had in these mountains. Water froze four inches deep, within ten feet of our camp fire which was burning all night.

Monday, 22nd

Rather warmer last night. Slept well beside the camp fire. Made $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles before dinner, but in the P. M. struck some large dry pines "on line" which checked us somewhat. The trees were over four feet in diameter and about 110 feet high and perfectly straight. Heard a steam whistle last night which we suppose to come from a saw mill to the south of us. This is the first indication of civilization that we have seen since leaving Cheyenne. All the people that we have seen in the scanty settlements through which we have passed, seemed entirely destitute of ambition, satisfied with game enough to eat and nothing to do but hunt it. Took an azimuth this evening at the 347th post. Have run 20 miles in eight days, or an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day through heavy timber.

Tuesday, 23rd

Took dinner on the west side of a road running south to Coe & Carter's saw mill which is a mile from the line. Sent a letter to Lon by the superintendent of their work. Camped for the night near another saw mill in which Dick Carter is part owner and so also is one Scott. Made $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, camping at 349.40 m. c. The timber on the mountains to the south of us is all on fire, making a splendid spectacle. Learned from a man in charge of the saw mill, which is not running now, that we have but five miles of timber before us. This is glad news to us, for this timber business is slightly monotonous and camping out without tents at this season is not very pleasant.

Wednesday, 24th

We were at work early, but were delayed a long time by a large dead pine tree, that centered on its stump and was so supported by the branches of surrounding trees that it would not fall. Made $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before dinner. About noon the fire which has been steadily bearing down toward the line and the saw mill, crossed the little stream that the mill is upon, about 5 chs. south of the mill, so that probably it escaped, but the one belonging to Coe & Carter seems to be right in its line. Made $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles by sundown, through heavy timber, but the prospect ahead is a little better. May get out of the woods tomorrow.

Thursday, 25th

Made almost 3 miles today by getting a $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile sight. Country rather rough and cracked up by land slides. Camped at 354.10 m. c. A great deal of wood chopping is being done near here and some charcoal burning. Are out of venison now and running on pork, bread and coffee. Plenty of game in the woods but we won't take time to hunt it. Took an azimuth this evening on the 354.10 m. c.

Friday Evening, Sept. 26

Hurrah! We are out of the woods and the end draws near, i. e., the west end. The 357th post came just on the west edge of the timber. We are now encamped on the west bank of Bear River, which we crossed at 358.30. Another stream almost as large crosses the line at 357.50, m. c. is 40 lks. wide. The bottoms bordering each stream are about 30 chains wide, and covered with a heavy growth of willow, but at present are not marshy. The streams are clear, swift running with gravel bottom. Are camped near the 359th post, which leaves but 9 miles to run, which we will do tomorrow, and then, Ho! for Evanston. Crossed the highest point of the Uintahs (on the line) yesterday on the 355th mile. Elevation 10,200 feet. Snow near the line.

Saturday, 27th, Evening

Hurrah! again. The "west end" so long looked for and anxiously expected is now behind us. We set the 368th post at

5 p. m., having run 9 miles, all open except 5 chains of quaking asp. The 366th mile passes over two very high backbones or hogbacks but the post comes upon a flat on the west side of them. Are now camped on a little stream 20 chains west of the 368th post. No timber near and we are burning sage brush again. Quite a high mountain rises just west of us and between the streams at its base runs an old well-travelled road, which we suppose to be the old Mormon trail to Salt Lake. The weather is still clear and pleasant though cool. Lew killed a black-tailed fawn this morning.

Sunday, 28th

Slept rather cold last night. Was on the road at 8:45. Camped for dinner on Bear River. The road thence bears n. e. pretty strong, probably being somewhat longer than a mile across the country would be, but as we do not know the location of Evanston with relation to our terminal point, it is our best plan to follow the road. Came to the R. R. at 4 p. m. a short distance west of Hilliard station formerly known as the Tie Siding. Camped on Bear River again at the old stage road crossing and near a large ranche now deserted. Its owner made a fortune out of it and lost it on a tie contract, one of the victims of the railroad.

Monday, 29th

Was in motion at 7 a. m. Forded Bear River, all taking off our shoes and the pebbles and sand froze to the soles of our feet. Reached Evanston at 10 a. m. capturing our camp, as the boys were not aware of our proximity until we announced our arrival with a yell that would have done credit to a band of Comanches. Lon has been unable to open communications with Prof. Safford, and could not learn his whereabouts until today, consequently nothing has been done here. Otherwise, we are as near done as we expected. The Treasury Department has sent us draft for the main Pawnee work, so we have funds to run on. Sent the draft to Aut. to be cashed, when it returns will pay off the men we can not use and await patiently. Safford is at Bismark, Dakota. Lon paid off and sent home Arthur, Al and Fred on the 24th. The U. P. Co. gave us half rates on tickets for the boys to go home upon. Found letters here for me from Alice and Miss Hurley and Judge Wakeley. In P. M. shaved for the first time on the trip. Changed my clothes and wrote to Aut.

Tuesday, 30th

Received amount of draft from Aut by express. Got answer from Safford. He cannot come till Oct. 20. Learned yesterday for the first time of the failure of Jay Cooke and Co. and the general financial panic.

Wednesday, October 1st

Paid off and sent home today Campbell, Dick, Billie, Lew, Pat, Max and Neal. (Saw Dr. Reed on platform on Monday.) Evanston is quite lively R. R. town but a dull place to loaf in. Wrote to Alice.

Thursday, October 2nd

Nothing doing. In evening, Lon and I looked through the Chinese department of Sisson, Wallace & Co.'s store, accompanied by Mr. Hopkins, one of the firm. Purchased some trinkets. In P. M. rode over to a mining town called Almy, a mile west of Evanston.

Friday, October 3rd

Started to run a line from an observatory here south to the bdry, with Matt and Bob flagmen, Ben and Geo. with the teams. Made about eleven miles and camped on a high divide. Weather cool.

Saturday, October 4

Continued the line and intersected the south boundary about the middle of the 364th mile. Set a post at the point of intersection and Mr. Mac C. began his work of determining the latitude of the bdry at this point. Weather clear.

Sunday, 5th

Clear and pleasant. Am somewhat unwell with a diarrhea, the first indisposition of the trip for me. Matt went to town.

Monday, 6th

Weather clear last night, good for observations, but cloudy tonight and a little rainy. Ben went south to the mountains deer hunting and came back about 11 p. m. without having killed anything. Feel somewhat better this evening.

Tuesday, 7th

Clear in the morning but clouded up soon and snowed and rained alternately all day. Took Buck and went hunting. Was out until 4 p. m. Saw game but did not get a shot. Very disagreeable. Put up a stove in the cook tent today. Snowing hard at dark. Two nights that Mac could do nothing.

Wednesday, Oct. 8th, '73

Clear and pleasant this morning. The mountains all around us are white with snow but we escaped with very little. Ben went down to the mountains hunting. Saw about forty deer but killed none. Weather fine.

Thursday, 9th

Weather good. Mac C. got some stars last night. A stranger from Nevada came into camp hunting a team and boy that are at work in the mountains somewhere, asked to stay over night and he gladly accepted, being tired and hungry. Lon and Matt came into camp in time for supper. Couldn't stand it in town any longer. Brought us mail from home.

Friday, 10th

Mac C. finished the reductions of his observations this morning at 10 a. m. and Geo. and Matt with ponies went east correcting. In the P. M. Lon, Mac, Ben and I ran the line from Mac's station west to the 367th M. C. returning to camp at sundown. Bob still sick, apparently.

Saturday, 10th

Broke camp at sunrise. Lon and I on ponies went west to build the mounds along the line, the teams and men going on the line to town. We reached Evanston at 4 p. m. and got dinner at a hotel, the teams getting in at sundown. Got letters from Judge W. and Alice.

Sunday, 11th

Took the 2 p. m. train for home with Geo. and Bob. Dinner at camp, supper at Green River.

Monday, 12th

Breakfast at Laramie, didn't feel well, headache, so didn't eat dinner or supper which we stopped for at Cheyenne and Sidney.

Tuesday, 13th

Breakfast at Grand Island. Dinner at Fremont. Reached home at 2 p. m. Found election red hot. Voted. With Bob, Arthur, Campbell and Aut had a visit in evening and some oysters.

Wednesday, 14th

Bob went home. Election good. All Republicans elected. Oakland, Cal., April 24, 1874

Again I open this little history, so long neglected, and will make a few retrospective entries to bring it up to date. At the date of the last entry, I was safely landed at home. My part of the summer's campaign virtually done. Lon remained in Evanston to complete the observations for Long. Prof. Safford finally came and went on to Evanston to assist McConnell, and in due time the field was finished, and the closing observations showed our work to have been very good.

November 18th

Lon reached Omaha, the same day of the month that we came in upon last year. He went in to Galena and wrote up the notes. I employed competent draughtsmen and had the maps well made and about first of January, Lon went to Washington with the returns. In eight days after the accounts were taken up they were paid. Lon getting the draft through the U. S. Treasury Department and the hands of 72 men in two hours and fifty minutes.—Contributed by Alice Richards McCreery.

BOUNDARIES OF THE STATE RESERVE

The boundaries of the State Reserve, which includes the Hot Springs at Thermopolis, are as follows:

BOUNDARIES

Beginning at the center of the big spring, thence east one-fourth mile, thence north one-half mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one-half mile; the latter point being one-fourth mile east of the big spring. This tract of ground lies in Sections 30 and 31, Township 43 North, Range 94 West, and Sections 25 and 36, Township 43 North, Range 95 West. The range line dividing the two sections runs north and south along the margin of the river of the big spring.

The northeast corner of this reserve is indicated on the ground at present by three pits and a disintegrated sandstone monument. This monument can be found by following the wire fence which runs north and south along the east line of the reserve to a point where a second fence runs east and west. This east and west fence does not join the north and south fence, but connects with a fence running north and south some sixty feet further west. The northeast corner of the reserve is on the line of the north and south fence and at the intersection of the east and west fence should it be extended.

The northwest corner of the reserve line on a level piece of ground west of the large hill northeast of Thermopolis, and some 500 feet east of the Thermopolis-Worland wagon road. This corner is plainly marked by three pits and a piece of sandstone marked SL.

The west line of the reserve runs south from the northwest corner over a sharp ridge, then down to the flat on which Thermopolis is located.

The southwest corner of the reserve was undoubtedly marked in the beginning with a mound of stone, in addition to a sandstone monument properly inscribed with SL. The stone of the original monument has been scattered but the corner stone remains in the ground. It is on the north side of the street running east and west along the south border of the State reserve and on the west side of the street running north and south. A livery stable has for years occupied ground adjacent to the State line and the stone monument is at the southeast corner of the corral belonging to this stable.

The south line of the reserve crosses the river some 2,000 feet east of the southwest corner just described.

The slope of the country east of the river gradually increases and the line crosses over a ridge some fifty feet west of

a well graveled road and after crossing a dry gulch twice, it ascends a hill, on the top of which will be found the southeast corner of the reserve. This corner is indicated on the ground by a sandstone monument marked SL. It is witnessed by a mound of rock. Other monuments can be found along the boundaries of the reserve. Closing corners have been set where townships and section lines intersect them.

The northeast corner can probably be found more easily than as described above, by going to the sulphur spring on the east bank of the river. Some 200 feet north of this spring a rocky point overhangs the river bank. On this rocky point will be found a red sandstone monument which is a witness corner for the intersection of the State reserve boundary and the township line. The northeast corner of the reserve lies about 1,800 feet east of this witness corner.

CLASSIFICATION OF LANDS

Of the 640 acres within the reserve, 300 acres are too high or rough to admit much improvement. Practically all of the smooth land lies in the southwest quarter of the tract although there is here and there a few acres north and east of Monument Hill and west of the ridge south of the big spring which can be utilized to advantage. There is no question but what the tracts laid off in lots and blocks south of the spring should first be used for sites for buildings that can be devoted to the benefit of the public. Here sanitariums, baths of all kinds and any place of amusement should be confined until the tract is all taken. While the river runs north through the reserve, yet the ground north of the big spring is much higher than the spring itself, while the land to the south is lower. The formation from the spring ends where the blocks begin so that any improvements made thereon would not injure the appearance of the picturesque deposit from the hot water. The flat lands adjacent to Thermopolis should be utilized for the same purpose when the demand for an increased area is felt. The water from the spring can be carried by pipes to any point below the big spring without great cost and even the river will not be an unsurmountable obstacle.

The lands north of the big spring should be held for the time being at least as a part of the scenic attractions of the reserve. This tract is all underlaid by formation and it appears on the surface of the ground at intervals throughout the area. Extinct spring craters and cones should not be destroyed or defaced. It is impossible to build sanitariums on this ground without interfering with the appearance of the grounds and the question of pumping hot water makes an investment in this direction of questionable profit.

From Monument Hill southeast the country is very rough. High steep ridges running easterly and westerly are characteristic of this section. The rock is shale and sandstone. Some of the latter are well adapted for building purposes.

The large hill lying in the northwestern portion of the reserve has steep sandstone slopes and a rolling top. The summit of the hill is adapted for grazing purposes only. This hill supports a scattering growth of cedars while these are only found occasionally on the hills east of the river. Beyond furnishing a feature in the natural scenery of the reserve the hill has no special value. Several large craters of extinct springs lying in the northeastern part of the reserve should be protected, and they will always add to the interest tourists will find at and near Thermopolis.

ROADS

Five roads now enter the reserve. The main road from the north enters the reserve in two places, along the river and near the center of the west boundary. The road from Thermopolis and points to the south, enters the reserve on the south line along the river. One road crosses the north line of the reserve near the northeast corner and another crosses the south line west of the southeast corner. An old road formerly ran north across the formation along the river. The use of this road has been discontinued. Should the State construct a road from the present plunge bath, northerly, it should run close to the slopes of Monument Hill in order that no injury may be done the formation. Those traveling on the road would, in addition, secure a much better idea of the grounds by keeping above the level of the big spring in so far as may be possible. From surveys made by this office the road can be located on the maps prepared so that it can be constructed at any time. It would not be advisable to carry the road beyond the limits of the reserve to the north, as it would be a mistake to make this a thoroughfare for all kinds of conveyances.

The steel bridge across the river has served its purpose to date, but it should have been built wide enough so that teams could pass on it. As it is some trouble has been experienced, particularly at night. Its foundations were securely built, for during the present year the river reached the highest stage ever recorded, and this bridge was the only one that was left standing. Here and there on the reserve can be found deposits of the formation that can be used for ballasting roads. Mr. Pallus, the superintendent, has experimented with this material and finds that it becomes very compact in a short time. He is now using it on roads and walks.

BUILDING SITES

Several years ago a considerable area south of the formation was laid out and divided into blocks and lots. Unfortunately when these pieces of property were fenced but little attention was paid to the established lines. It would seem that the location of fences was determined more by the party who used the land than by the local agent of the State. As it is, corner stakes are rarely found. Trees planted along property lines may be inside or outside of the fence and wherever lands have been cultivated every stake has been plowed under, except where the fence has been put on the line. But one fence was found on an established line. This runs easterly from the bridge along the north side of the street.

Some lands have already been leased outside of this surveyed area. When this has been done there seems to have been but little attempt to describe the leased property except in a general way. From the surveys made by this office, it is believed that in the future all tracts leased can be located by courses and distances from known monuments. If this is found to be impossible in any particular instance, the necessary work of making an exact location can be undertaken by the office upon notification from your honorable board.

There seems to be a desire to locate buildings near the big spring. This is due in a measure to the difficulty of carrying the hot water to more distant points. There seems to be no good reason why the State should not lead in a general improvement of the surveyed lands so that hot water may be delivered wherever there may be a demand for it. Heretofore trouble has been experienced with pipes and other conduits coating with the formation. There can be no danger from this source providing the pipes are built of material that will not deteriorate, and buried to such a depth that the running water will not have an opportunity to lose much heat. Deposit begins as soon as the temperature is lowered. There is no tendency, however, towards a deposit in the crater of the spring or in the main ditch for some distance. It is certain, therefore, that a proper pipe conduit buried to a depth of four or five feet would deliver water within any reasonable distance without any danger of becoming encrusted with the minerals carried in solution. If the mains for this service were put in by the State it would direct the attention of investors in sanitariums and other improvements to lands which are the best adapted for these purposes and it seems reasonable to believe that but little attention would be paid to lands lying above the big springs as soon as hot water is delivered throughout the level tract lying to the south.

It is possible that at some time the sulphur spring located near the northern line of the reserve and on the margin of the

river will be utilized. This can best be done by erecting a sanitarium of comparatively small dimensions on the bank of the river at such an elevation that the water will flow into it by gravity. This can be done and still keep the structure above high water of the river.

PRESERVATION OF NATURAL ATTRACTIONS

In time every natural attraction will have a value. It would be an easy matter to destroy many of these now, to accommodate some lessee, but the time will come when it will be recognized that a mistake was made by so doing. The hills, the river, the extinct craters, old formation and above all the living springs and modern deposits should all be preserved and improved, if possible. Improvement may be feasible in many directions without great expense. It may be found to be practicable to start a growth of trees on many unattractive hills that will add greatly to their appearance; walks and possible drives may be constructed to hill tops and to the craters of extinct springs. Places of rest may be provided here and there over the reserve which will add greatly to the comfort of visitors, particularly of invalids.

It may be found advisable by your honorable board to lease grounds north of the big spring for sanitarium purposes, although the writer can see no reason for permitting this destruction of some old formation which is not without its scenic value. When the parties proposing this kind of development and improvement have fully investigated the project they have in mind, it seems certain that they will conclude that it would be much better to locate their buildings on the lower ground south of the new formation. Some ground suitable for large buildings should be reserved for them and leases should not be entered into except where some creditable and well-planned structure is to be erected. There is ground enough for all who may desire to build for many years, but some leases are now in effect which will not lead to any improvement and these serve only to retard legitimate development.

Whatever is done to encourage the use of the water, no further concessions should be granted on the formation around the big spring. Every undertaking thus far on or above the recent formation near the big spring has been a failure. This was true with the Wallace power plant, the original plunge bath and the coating plant. The remains of these institutions are unsightly, to say the least. The power plant is soon to be covered with deposit from the water and the general appearance of the formation would be greatly furthered if the same fate awaited all other so-called improvements upon it. As soon as possible the formation should be cleared of all this debris and no proposition for a lease of such lands should be entertained by the State.

It would be a simple matter to run water over the entire area of the new formation at all times. This might have to be discontinued in a few years at certain times of the day when the demand for water from the spring is greatest. However, the time will not come within our generations when it will not be possible to keep the formation new and attractive in appearance. When water is not kept on any particular part of the formation it bleaches and loses its beautiful coloring. In addition the basins when dry offer paths for tourists and much of the attractiveness of the deposit is lost. Arrangements can easily be made for spreading the surplus water from the big spring over the entire area, thus restoring conditions as they were prior to the appearance of the white man.

But little need be said regarding the scenic value of the river itself. One thing may effect this. The Burlington Railroad is now building along the western bank of the river. For a half mile the roadbed will be in solid formation. The question of affecting the flow of small springs located on the west side of the river and included in the Beals lease has been discussed considerably at Thermopolis. There is no doubt but that the road will seriously injure the attractiveness of the diminutive canon in the neighborhood of the springs. Further to avoid the small springs as much as possible the road has been surveyed to cross to the island in the river on a fill and then back on a second fill to the west bank of the river just north of the State bridge. These fills in the river will make some changes in the currents of the river and it is certain that the point in block 3 on the east side of the river will be worn away unless something is done to protect the bank. It might be possible to run spring water over the ground and thus coat the surface so that erosion will be slow if not impossible. This precaution should be taken before the railroad embankment is begun.

DISTRIBUTION OF WATER FROM THE BIG SPRING

At present all water for bathing purposes is conducted from the spring in open channels, either direct to the point of use or through cooling basins, and from them to the bath houses. This has been found to be a satisfactory method of handling the water except that it is very difficult to regulate the temperature of the streams delivered. On windy days the water is too cold, and on warm quiet days it is too hot. There is no way at present to deliver water either direct from the spring or from the cooling basins at a fixed temperature. It may be difficult to do this even when the water is run direct from the spring and the cooling basins in pipes, as the temperature of the cooled water will necessarily vary. However, much of the present trouble will be remedied.

The questions of cooling basins and conduits leading from them to the places where the cooled water is utilized should receive some study. At present there are three basins or reservoirs on the formation. The one built first was in connection with the Wallace power plant. This is probably the best of the three. It has not been used as a cooling basin, but there seems to be no good reason why it cannot be utilized. By accepting it as such the State could eliminate the other two located further north; the one supplying the State baths and the sanitariums and the other supplying the plunge. The latter is to be dispensed with at an early day under any conditions, as it has been found that water can be run from the main cooling basin which supplies the other institutions just referred to. If the Wallace basin were used, the flow into it could be regulated so that the temperature could always be kept low. With water supplied direct from the spring at a high temperature, there should be no trouble in securing a supply at the baths that would be satisfactory in every particular.

The method of conducting the water from the big spring to the various points where it is used must be improved within a few years. There seems to be no good reason why this should not be taken up before further building is done on the lands set aside for that purpose. The value of the building sites would be greatly enhanced by the installation of a proper system of distribution.

MISCELLANEOUS

An examination of the formation and the surrounding country has suggested some work which might be taken up at an early date to advantage. It would seem to be a good rule to never permit the disturbance of the formation unless essential to the growth and development of this section or as a means of improving the grounds permanently. The great danger lies in the diversion of water from its natural channels so that it will cease to flow from the accustomed orifices. Any great disturbance of the formation might open channels whereby the waters of the big spring would flow into the river in such a way that they could not be utilized without great expense if at all. It will pay to take all precautions to prevent such a disturbance from the normal action of the spring.

A casual inspection of the spring and its surroundings will satisfy an observer that a danger threatens the big spring which has probably not been called to the attention of your honorable board. Some few feet above the crater of the spring a large volume of rock and earth has accumulated. It lies on a very steep slope directly above the spring and is held in position now by an arch action of the coarser material. Should this in some way

be dislodged, the spring might be seriously injured. It seems that the entire volume of material might be removed and the slope cleared of all earth and rock that has a tendency to roll or slide at but little expense. This matter was called to the attention of the superintendent.

Some matters were called to the attention of Mr. Schnitger who was at Thermopolis while the State Engineer was conducting his surveys. He made many suggestions which expedited the work and it was very fortunate that it was possible for him to be present while this field work was in progress.

CLARENCE T. JOHNSTON,
State Engineer.

Note: Clarence T. Johnston was State Engineer of Wyoming from August 25, 1903 to February 1, 1911. At the present time Mr. Johnston is Professor of Geodesy and Surveying in the College of Engineering, University of Michigan, and director of Camp Davis in the Jackson Hole. Camp Davis was established in 1874, and was the first of its kind.—Editor.

WYOMING BIRDS

For forty years I've been an interested observer of birds. And while I live I shall strive to shelter and protect them on and about my premises; for they are to me the most adorable of all our vanishing wild life. Vanishing before human industry and progress and by wanton slaughter. The first cause is in a measure unavoidable, but the last is a blot on our civilization. Only refuges and sanctuaries can stay the tide of extinction now.

Because of our sparse population and of wide stretches of protected territory, Wyoming has still a glorious host of bird residents. But a shameful evasion of our game laws, coupled with natural causes, have resulted in an alarming scarcity of sage hen, that most picturesque of all our native fowl.

I have lived in Green River for twelve years. The little city is directly in the path of bird migration, and a most delightful place to observe migrants in their journeyings north and south. Many varieties remain to nest and then depart. Some stay all year.

I have been told time and again, in all seriousness that there were no birds in Wyoming. Since birds require food and water, shelter, and decent protection from enemies, they naturally seek places where these may be found. A well-fenced yard, with grass, trees, bushes, garden products, and good drinking water will attract many songsters, where a fenceless, grassless or treeless waste only repels them. We do our duty to ourselves, our neighbors

and our feathered friends by making our home grounds as inviting as possible. In this respect many Wyomingites are woefully remiss, for people usually so enterprising along other lines.

We are proud of our scenic attractions and we hope to make this state a Mecca for the weary. Then let us do all in our power to keep the wild life where Nature put it, for a grove without songbirds is a grove that has lost much of its charm.

People inquire why insect pests are doing so much more damage now than formerly to our forests, orchards, and farms. The answer is simple enough. The birds that once controlled these pests are no more. Man has wrought his own destruction. Nature's balance has been destroyed. We must do what we can to restore it.

For example, take the hawks, a large family. They will soon be as extinct as the passenger pigeon. Because three or four varieties like poultry, and insist upon satisfying that taste, all hawks, even to the big, useful, harmless marsh hawk are mercilessly shot.

I saw an article on hawks not long ago entitled, "Another Vanishing American." The big goshawk and two small hawks known as Cooper's and Sharp-shinned are the only ones that have proved very damaging to small birds and poultry. Cooper's is the true chicken hawk of the East, often called the big blue darter, while the little sharp-shinned counterpart is called the little blue darter.

Between killing through mistaken zeal, and killing for sport, our wild life is now making its last stand. It is inexplicable to me that a man who has not had one day's vacation in a couple of years, should think only of grabbing a gun and going off to kill something his first day of rest and release. Neither the song of the wild nor the nestlings in the nest is balm to his tired spirit and body. Only the echoing shot and the dying groan can bring the proper sort of recreation to him.

Perhaps some four or five hundred years from now, when we shall have become really civilized, our descendants will gather about their peaceful vacation campfires and tell of the time when Wyoming men and boys actually killed *birds* for sport.

(Signed) MRS E. E. WALTMAN,
Rawlins, Wyo.
May, 1930.

WHY THE MEADOWLARK WAS CHOSEN STATE BIRD OF WYOMING*

HAZEL HARPER SAMPLE PICKETT

It all came about when Mother Nature heard that the people of Wyoming were going to select a bird from her flock of feathered youngsters to be the state bird. So she decided to call a convention of all the birds in the state, both those who came for the summer and those who stayed with us all winter. For there are a few who stay all winter, flocking around ranch buildings and even coming into town for food. The Desert Horned Lark does this, and sometimes they come in flocks of a thousand or more.

The meeting was held in Bridger Pass and such a chatter and clatter of song rose in the air that Mother Nature put her hands over her ears and sent a wee little clap of thunder to silence her feathered children. The loudest of all was Sir Robert Magpie, who did nothing but talk and talk and talk. He came from the mountains and being used to talking from the top of a pine tree, thought no one could hear him unless he shouted. He came in his black and white dress suit and if it had not been for his terrible voice and bold manners, he would have been a very dashing fellow. Along with Mr. Magpie was his second cousin, the Rocky Mountain Jay, better known as Mr. Camp Robber. He, too, has bad manners and boldly steals everything he can find to eat, about a camp. Still he has two friends, the miner and the sheep herder, for he stays all winter and is good company. The Long-crested Jay was there too, screaming saucily and trying to make more noise than all the others.

Over in the corner were the Bobolinks from Eastern Wyoming, the little black Cowbirds, too, that perch on the backs of cattle, to catch the insects which the cattle stir up from the grass while grazing. The Red-winged Blackbird, with his red and orange epaulettes on his shoulders, fluttered about with his song, ke, kong-ker-ee, trilling thru the air. Here, too, were Brewster's Blackbirds, whose chief food is grasshoppers. Next came the House Finch, then the Western Lark Sparrow, after him the Louisiana Tanager from the Bear Lodge Mountains. Hundreds of Swallows who live in the red sandstone cliffs were there. These are the cliff dwellers of the bird family.

Along the brush creek were the Yellow Warblers, nearby a Thrush, and then a Rock Wren. Mr. Robin Redbreast dashed about in his russet vested suit, twer-ling his merry call. Everyone liked Robin. Along with him came Mr. Bluebird, the bird of

*Note: This story was published by the Pepper Pot but the original signed manuscript is on file in the State Historical Department of Wyoming.

Happiness, who comes with Mr. Robin so early in the spring. They are homey birds and like to nest in ready made bird houses, preferring the comforts of civilization, and a modern home.

Mother Nature began checking over her list to see if any were missing. There were so many that she had to rule some of them out. There were ducks of many kinds, and a few rare water birds such as the Snowy Heron, the Great Blue Heron and the Black crowned Night Heron from the Little Laramie near Sheep Mountain. These were too rare to be the popular bird of the convention. There were one, perhaps two, cranes, but their raucous voice put them out. The bird chosen for so great an honor must have a sweet and pleasing voice. There were Snipe and Sandpipers, the Long-billed Curlew from Buffalo and Douglas. The Killdeer, a member of the Plover family went fitting by with its plaintive song. Then the Phoebe's sweet melancholy note was heard, and the Western Wood Peewee from the spruce and pine trees of the Medicine Bow River country, moved away from her, seeking more cheerful company.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mother Nature, "I'm not half way thru my list. Here is the Kingbird who so pluckily defends his nest, even driving off the marauding hawk. He doesn't like the scolding Catbird, for a neighbor, nor the English Sparrow. But his harsh clattering note of 'ching, ching' will never win him the honor of the state. And there is my tiny Anna Hummingbird with her brilliant dress of many colors. She is pretty, but too tiny for the highest place on my list. Oh, it is such a task to find the right one."

Mother Nature called for silence and the birds obeyed. "Now, children," she said, "We are assembled to find out which one deserves this great honor the State of Wyoming is going to give to one of my feathered children. First, the chosen one must be found in every county of the state. Next, he must be useful and beautiful. Then he must come very early in the spring and stay as late as possible in the fall. Lastly, he must have a beautiful voice, for he must cheer the people who have endured the long cold winter, and are looking for spring. As I call your names I shall check you off my list. You are all very dear to me, and all useful in your own place, but only one can be chosen."

The Western Nighthawk, from Bridger Pass, the Sparrow Hawk from Chugwater, the American Osprey, who lives on trout, the American Longeared Owl, the Western Horned Owl from Medicine Bow, who is such a foe to the gopher and small rodents, even rabbits, the Burrowing Owl from Sundance, who seems to live in the same holes with the snake and the prairie dogs, (but who really doesn't, for that story is a fairy story), then the Marsh Hawk, and the Western Red-tail, the Prairie Falcon and

even the Golden Eagle that lives in the mountains from six to nine thousand feet high; all these useful birds were named and checked off the list. They could not sing well enough.

The mourning Dove came next who sits on the fence and coos so mournfully. But his song is too sad, and people want cheer in the spring of the year, not doleful songs.

Dusky Grouse answered when called. They were from Shirley and Ferris, and their cousins, the Richardson Grouse, from Teton and Wind River, with the Canadian Ruffed Grouse from the Big Horn Mountains. Of course, the Sage Grouse was there too, but Mother Nature smiled sadly, for these birds were game birds and killed off in such numbers every year that she was afraid it wouldn't be many years until they were all gone too.

The Woodpecker family beat a tattoo on the nearest quackensasp tree. There were the Rocky Mountain Hairy Woodpecker, the Red-naped Sapsucker, and the Lewis Woodpecker from the Big Horn Basin. These birds are busy fellows and destroy thousands of bugs and worms that kill our trees. They are valuable and industrious and set a good example for the other birds. But their musical ability is not very well suited to fill the place of state bird.

"Now," said Mother Nature, "I have checked over my list very carefully, and I find that there are three of my children who might be selected. They are the Bluebird, for happiness, the Robin, for his cheery note and early arrival, and last, but not least, the Western Meadowlark. He comes early, stays late, is found in every county of the state of Wyoming, and has a beautiful song. He sings, 'Spring o' the year! Spring o' the year,' and everyone loves his song. It is full of hope, of beauty and cheer. So my dears, you may vote for one of these three brothers. Those for the Robin, stand on my right side, those for the Bluebird on my left, and those for Mr. Meadowlark, fly up in the air in a row so I can count you."

Such a flutter now arose as everyone took his place, some on the right, some on the left, but most of them in the air, flying slowly a few feet above the ground. Right between the left and right group, and on the ground, sat the Magpie.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mother Nature, "For whom are you voting?"

"I am voting for myself!" saucily replied Mr. Magpie.

"Whatever shall I do with such a conceited child!" gasped Mother Nature. "You don't even deserve a vote."

So Mr. Magpie hopped sulkily off to pout in some lone tree. Mother Nature began to count. But she already knew that

most of the birds were in the air for most of them voted for the Meadowlark. Now Mother Nature has a way of suggesting things to human beings, and when those people, whose business it was to select the state bird, met, they too agreed on the Meadowlark. So that is how the Meadowlark came to be the state bird of Wyoming.

(Signed) HAZEL HARPER SAMPLE PICKETT.



CHIEF WASHAKIE

(COURTESY OF J. T. DIVINE, THERMOPOLIS, WYO.)

WASHAKIE

Washakie was a great chief of the Shoshones. He led them safely through troublesome times. Surrounded as they were on all sides by hostile tribes, who often combined to annihilate them, by his leadership and his ability as a general he led them safely through all difficulties and brought them to the best portion of Wyoming. He obtained by treaty from the government the Wind River Valleys as the home of his tribe, selecting the choicest valley of Wyoming. They were at the time full of game, buffalo, elk, deer and antelope being driven down by storm from the mountains to winter in what the Shoshones called the Eu-ar-ai,

or Warm Valleys. Washakie chose them because they were full of game and after the game was gone, good Washakie said, to farm and grow grain. Here are located good hot springs, called by the Shoshones, Pahn-gwe-oon-ah, or Smoky Waters.

His word with the Shoshones was always law. Disaffected or rebellious paid for their disobedience with their lives. He wouldn't kill them himself but would tell one of his men to kill them.

After he was acknowledged the head chief not one of the Shoshones dared to rebel against the government, because they were fully aware that the penalty of their treason would be death at the hands of Washakie. Those who have known the Shoshones for many years say that he has undoubtedly prevented many an outbreak.

On one occasion one of his sons spoke in the presence of others in favor of fighting the government. Washakie went up to him and warned him never to speak that way again, for if he did he would kill him.

On many occasions Washakie, with his warriors, has given valuable aid to the military authorities in repelling the attacks of hostile Indians, for which he never received any compensation. Neither did he want it.

At one time he asked for 50 rifles to arm his warriors and they were given him.

Being asked one time why he never fought the whites his answer was "I was never foolish enough to think I would prosper in fighting people who could make guns."

He was always most ready and willing to comply with any requests made by the government. All he wanted to know from any inspector or commissioner, who visited the reservation for any purpose was to know if it was the will of the Great Father (President). He would also ask to see his authority.

At the present writing Washakie is at the Big Horn Hot Springs for his health and the report has come to us that as a result of his visit there he is greatly improved in health and has recovered his old time vigor. When he went up there his one side was entirely paralyzed.

(From "The Indian Guide," Shoshone Agency, Wyo., July and August, 1897). On file in State Historical Department.

STUDIES IN THE SETTLEMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF WYOMING

By CLYDE MEEHAN OWENS, A. B., University of Colorado, 1914.

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Colorado in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Arts. Boulder, Colorado, 1924.

Chapter LV

Development of Irrigation

Wyoming differs from many of the other commonwealths of the arid belt in the fact that her settlement was not the result of mining discoveries and exploitations. The chief employment of her people has been grazing and farming interests. Handicapped by the lack of transportation facilities, *1 it was necessary that the cattle growers obtain winter food supply by the construction of irrigation works. Wyoming was the headquarters of the range business and the irrigation system had its origin in successful cattle raising. Three-fourths of all the irrigation works constructed before the passage of the Carey Act in 1894 were built by cattlemen or from the proceeds of the range business. The ditches were not built to furnish homes for farmers but, as an adjunct to the grazing interests, served as convenient means of acquiring title to land. *2

Under the territorial system there were neither restrictions nor supervision with respect to distribution of water. *3 Anyone who wanted water took it. There was a tremendous building of ditches and most of it was done haphazardly, *4 for the builders thought they owned all the water the ditches could carry. Owners were obliged to go before the district court to have their claims validated, and the courts were supposed to see that each claimant took only what he needed, but the courts issued decrees on an affidavit by the owners as to the capacity of the ditches without regard to whether the quantity of water could be utilized. Consequently, the waters of many of the smaller streams were forever disposed of.

Beckwith and Quin started the first irrigation system in the state, in Uinta county, not far below Evanston; this was for local consumption and an aid to their stock ranch. The second irrigation plant was developed in Fremont county, near Lander, in the valley of the Popo Agie, a branch of Little Wind River.

*1 U. S. Census, 1890, Agriculture and Irrigation, 249.

*2 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 4.

*3 Memorial of First Legislature to Congress, Feb. 16, 1891, in office of Secretary of State.

*4 U. S. Census, 1890, Agriculture and Irrigation, 249.

Then Mr. Fee started a small irrigation farm in the valley of the Laramie river. In 1875 Captain Coates, of Fort Fetterman, raised oats and one of the first gardens in the country. After the end of the Sioux war in 1876, the northern part of the territory was opened for settlement and the more active agricultural operations and irrigation systems began.*1

A new era opened in 1889 with the creation of the office of territorial engineer. Had it not been for the damage done previously, it is possible that Elwood Mead, with his large and practical views, would have made the irrigation system of Wyoming one of the best in the country. In view of great confusion and loss growing out of unwarranted claims and judicial decrees incapable of execution, the engineer laid down the following principles to be regarded in the settlement of water rights: *2 (1). The ditch must precede agriculture, the date of beginning ditch construction to be the date of priority for all land reclaimed. (2). The extent of grants was to be limited to the reasonable requirements of the land and not measured by the capacity of the ditch. (3). There was to be no ownership of the water except by the state but the rights to legitimate use were fully protected, the rights to water being perpetual, and the water rights were to go with the land titles. With the admission of the state into the Union in 1890 these principles were embodied in the constitution. *3 The state was divided into four districts each under a superintendent. These superintendents constituted a Board of Control presided over by the State Engineer who was to have the supervision of the waters of the state. *4.

These four great water divisions, corresponding to the points of the compass, were those watered by the four principal rivers of the state and their tributaries: the North Platte in the southeastern portion; the Big Horn, with its many affluents including the Wind river, in the northwest; the Green, supplemented by the Bear, Salt and Snake rivers, in the southwest; and the Powder river with its number of lesser streams watering the northeastern part. *5.

The Platte river has a deep channel and slight fall so that canals diverting it had to be deep and expensive, but many of the tributaries, such as the Sweetwater, were rapid and commanded large areas of land easy to water. The high altitude (7,000 to 8,000 ft.), however, was a serious drawback because some crops, especially the vegetables, would not mature at this elevation. The aggregate amount of irrigable land was not great

*1 Hoyt, "Irrigation" in Agricultural Survey of Wyo., 29-30.

*2 Hoyt, "Irrigation" in Agric. Survey of Wyo., 35.

*3 Constitution of State, Art. VIII, Sec. 5.

*4 Ibid., Sec. 5.

*5 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 22.

and some tracts as large as 250,000 acres could be made subject to one canal. *1 The Powder river division, including the Cheyenne, Belle Fourche and Tongue rivers, had a lower altitude (3,000 to 5,000) and the stream had a regular flow. Here agriculture received special attention and Sheridan and Johnson counties were soon famous as agricultural regions. The longer seasons and milder climate gave this division an extra advantage over the other sections. The Big Horn division, drawing its waters from the Big Horn, Wind, Shoshone and Absaraka ranges of mountains, afforded opportunities for expensive operations *2 as there were tracts of from 100,000 to 200,000 acres subject to one canal. The Green river required large investments of capital for irrigation, as the river bed was such that diversion of water was expensive, but the tributaries were easy to turn into the ditches. *3

The new Board of Control decided that the mere diversion of water from its natural channels did not constitute appropriation thereof. It decided that the water must be employed for some beneficial use and, if used for irrigation, must actually be applied to the land. *4 The new decrees restricted allotments of water to the actual acreage reclaimed and ready to water growing crops. If a ditch was built to reclaim 1,000 acres and watered only 100 acres that were cultivated, the board refused to credit the owners with water for the other 900 acres until the land was tilled. The land was reclaimed before the state would part with the water. Ranchers began ploughing and seeding their land and the agricultural development went forward with a sudden intensity of interest. *5.

The beginning of a rapid and important development started in the early eighties. Johnson, Sheridan, Crook and Weston counties became the scenes of active agricultural operations which have since gained much distinction for that section of the state. It had become a known fact that although the soils were exceedingly fertile nothing should be attempted without irrigation. It was some time before a considerable number of citizens, competent to take up and carry through any large enterprise, were ready to turn from so attractive and profitable a business as that of cattle raising and enter this new field. It was not until there came a decline in the price of beef, coupled with a season or so of heavy losses from the severity of the winter, that stockmen were moved to look into the possible profits of a new industry. Meanwhile, the wave of population had been moving westward and

*1 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 23.

*2 U. S. Census, 1890, Agric. and Irrig., 253.

*3 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 23-24.

*4 Decrees of Board of Control, 6, office of State Engineer.

*5 Marked increase in water appropriations in Engineer's office, 1890-1891.

the eyes of many, including those who had had experience in agriculture, were attracted to the West. From the long trains of movers bent on gaining the promised land of Oregon and Washington, some began to turn aside into the valleys of Wyoming.*1

Before the passage of the Carey Act in 1894 one could travel over all the railroads in the state and not see a single field of wheat. *2 The census report of 1890 shows that Wyoming with nearly a million dollars invested in irrigation works *3 managed to grow but thirty-nine acres of wheat. *4 At that time agricultural standing of the state was low and the small exhibit at Chicago during the World's Fair led a by-stander to remark that Wyoming must have gone outside the state to produce the wheat that scored highest in the building. *5

It was the view of men of capital and those accustomed to large operations that the money made, if made at all, must be sought in the inauguration and successful management of large ditching enterprises. But there were serious handicaps in the way of all this. The facilities for acquiring title to public lands, while exceedingly liberal for the individual citizen, were wanting as to schemes for the securing by any corporate body of such amounts of land as would justify the large expenditure requisite to the construction of extensive irrigation works. Nevertheless, the laws were open to construction which made it possible for corporate bodies to acquire the necessary amount by indirect methods, which, though questionable in the minds of some, were lawful in the views of others because of their being at once necessary to successful work in irrigation and without legal prohibition. *6 Development proceeded at a rapid pace both in the hands of private parties and corporations. The land offices were thronged with applicants for land.

(Concluded in October Number)

*1 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 30.

*2 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6. Railroads went through worst part of the state.

*3 U. S. Census, 1890, Part III, 604, 639.

*4 U. S. Census, 1890, "Agriculture and Irrigation," Table 14, 391.

*5 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6.

*6 Hoyt, Agricultural Survey of Wyo., 31.

CORRECTION

The frontispiece of the April Annals Carried a portrait of the late Governor Emerson. Inadvertently the printers neglected to place "Frank C. Emerson" under the picture. The State Historian should have credited the picture to the courtesy of the Wyoming Labor Journal.

ACCESSIONS

April 1, 1931 to July 1, 1931

Museum

Johnson, Mrs. W. V.—The following pictures: Mrs. Johnson on her favorite horse; Mrs. Johnson dressed in Indian costume; two views of the Rosebud Ranch, home of the Johnsons'; one view of the ranch house.

Lindsay, Prof. Charles—Picture of John W. Deane as a Big Horn Basin mail carrier taken on the summit of the Owl Creek mountains in about 1882.

Angst, Donald—Gas mask found about 30 miles out of Cheyenne on the Happy Jack Road.

Applegate, Walter—Three shells—45 calibre—found between Cheyenne and Sidney, Nebraska.

Davison, Lieutenant H. W.—A hand-made wooden boot jack found at Old Fort Laramie in 1926 which has printed on the back "Old Fort Laramie" and the figures "183"—the fourth figure of the date is not decipherable.

Thomas, D. G.—Photograph of Frank Grouard.

Meyers, E. D.—Picture of West Point Cadets, 5½ feet long. The hills of the Hudson, West Point Academy and cemetery are shown in the background of the picture.

Hon. Ch. Simopoulos, Minister of Greece, Washington, D. C., to the Governor of Wyoming—One medal, commemorative of the Centenary of Greek Independence, 1830-1930. Medal carries the following inscription written in the Greek language: "TO THE CONSPICUOUS AND UNKNOWN HEROES AND MARTYRS OF THE SACRED STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE—THE NATION IS THANKFUL FOREVER." Governor of Wyoming transferred this medal to Department.

Original Manuscripts

Lindsay, Prof. Charles—"John W. Deane, Wyoming Pioneer."

Hilton, Huber C. (Forest Supervisor, Medicine Bow National Forest)—A sheaf of 22 manuscripts on historical subjects concerning the Medicine Bow National Forest. These manuscripts comprise data on Cummins City known as Jelm; early phases of mining in the Medicine Bow mountains; some graves that have been discovered; early roads in the Medicine Bow mountains; history of Al Huston, Jack Watson, C. W. Shores and tie hauling.

Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—"Frank Grouard, Scout."

VanDyke, Mrs. J. C.—"Sesquia Centennial, Philadelphia, Penna., 1926" by Mrs. VanDyke; "An Old Timer's Story" by O. P. Hanna.

Books

Carroll, Major C. G.—"Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War," Volume 1. Compiled and published by the Adjutant General of Massachusetts.

VanDyke, Mrs. J. C.—"History of Old Fort McKinney" by Edith M. Chappell of Buffalo, Wyoming.

Nebraska Historical Society—9 bound volumes of historical material relevant to Nebraska and Wyoming.

Pamphlets

Brown, Minnie V.—"Hot Springs State Park, Thermopolis, Wyoming, Health and Pleasure Resort."

Hinrichs, O. W.—"The Goldenrod", April, 1931. Contains article "Cheyenne Frontier Days."

Nebraska Historical Society—30 pamphlets and 13 bulletins. These are historical publications and contain much history pertinent to Wyoming.

Magazines

VanDyke, Mrs. J. C.—"The Teepee Book" 1926, official publication of the 50th anniversary of the Custer Battle; "Wyoming Masonic Bulletin", December 1929 thru May 1931.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

OCTOBER

No. 2

CONTENTS

- Fifty-fourth Congress, First Session.....Document No. 247
- The Indian Treaty of April 1896.....By Richard H. Wilson
- Studies in the Settlement and Economic Development of Wyoming (Continued).....By Clyde Meehan Owens
- Military Services in Mexico
- Obituary
- Neikok the Shoshone Interpreter
- White Horse Talks
- Accessions

Published Quarterly
by the
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.



Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

OCTOBER

No. 2

CONTENTS

- Fifty-fourth Congress, First Session.....Document No. 247
The Indian Treaty of April 1896.....By Richard H. Wilson
Studies in the Settlement and Economic Develop-
ment of Wyoming (Continued).....By Clyde Meehan Owens
Military Services in Mexico
Obituary
Neikok the Shoshone Interpreter
White Horse Talks
Accessions

Published Quarterly
by the
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Acting Governor.....A. M. Clark
Secretary of State.....A. M. Clark
State Librarian.....Mrs. Clare E. Ausherman
Secretary of Board.....Mrs. Cyrus Beard

ADVISORY BOARD

Judge E. H. Fourn.....Lander
Dr. Grace R. Hebard.....Laramie
Mrs. C. L. Vandevender.....Basin
Mr. L. C. Bishop.....Douglas
Mr. Phillip E. Winter.....Casper
Mrs. R. A. Ferguson.....Wheatland
Mr. Howard B. Lott.....Buffalo
Miss Spaeth.....Gillette
Mrs. P. J. Quealy.....Kemmerer

Neither the State Historical Board, the State Historical Advisory Board nor the State Historian is responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

(Copyright applied for by State of Wyoming)

CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

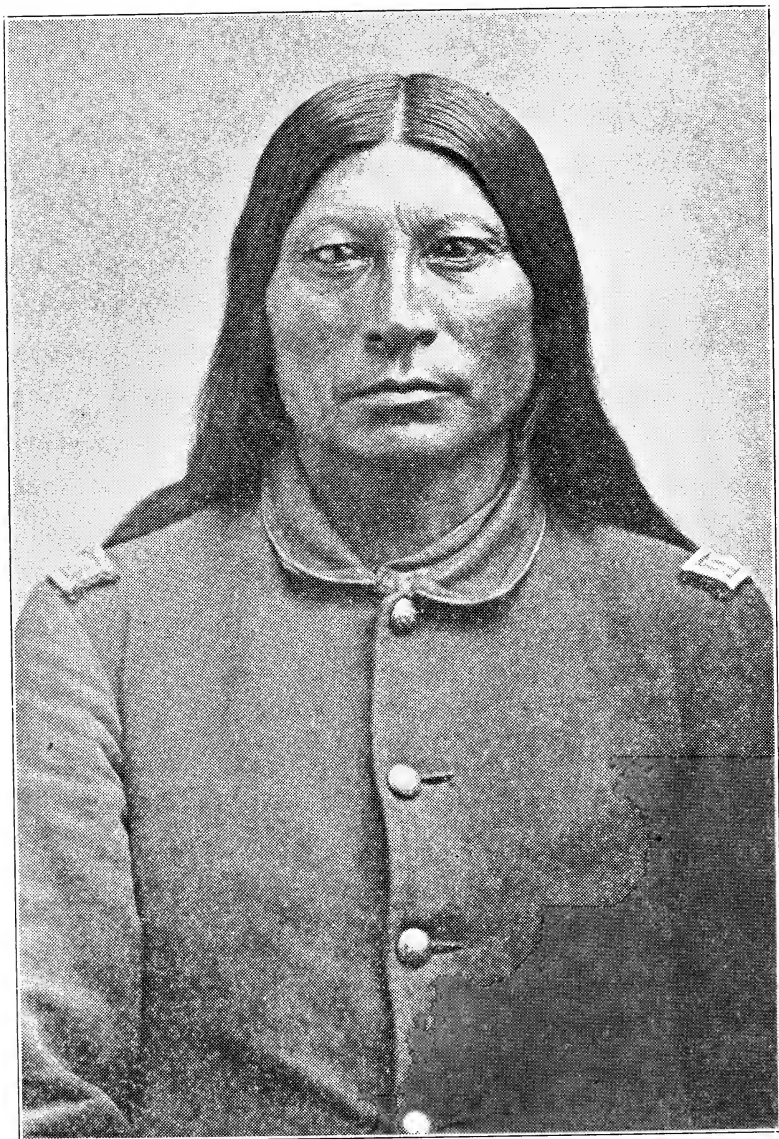
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



SHARP NOSE, CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES
Original photograph on file in State Historical Department

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

OCTOBER

No. 2

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

Document No. 247

Shoshone Agency, Wyo.
April 20th, 1896.

At a council held at the Shoshone Agency council-room, by and between James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector on the part of the United States, and Chiefs Washakie of the Shoshones and Sharp Nose of the Arapahoes, and other headmen of the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians occupying the Shoshone Reservation, in the State of Wyoming, with Nor-kok and Edmore LeClair, Shoshone Interpreters, and Henry Lee and William Shakespeare, Arapahoe Interpreters, the following proceedings were had, to-wit:

Capt. Richard H. Wilson, 8th Inf. Acting Indian Agent, called the council to order at 10:30 a. m. and said:

“For a long while the Shoshones and Arapahoes have asked me to write to the Great Father about selling the Big Horn Hot Springs. I did write, and he has sent Inspector McLaughlin here to talk to you about it. He is a good friend to the Indians—was Agent twenty-four years for the Sioux—and will tell you all about it. He will now speak to you.”

Inspector McLaughlin said: “My friends, Shoshones and Arapahoes, I am pleased to see so many of you here today. I call you friends because, I come among you as a friend of the Indians. I am exceedingly anxious that I will be understood by the Indians in this council and also that I will understand what the Indians wish to convey to me through their interpreters, and therefore I expect the assistant interpreters to rectify any mistakes that the official interpreters may make. I have been sent by the Secretary of the Interior, to confer with you, the Shoshones and Arapahoes, regarding the cession of a small tract of your reservation. The Secretary of the Interior, represents the Great Father in Indian matters and I was directed by him to visit the Northeastern corner of the Reservation, which embraces the Big Horn Hot Springs, with the view of purchasing it from you. Therefore my business here, is to have you

cede a small portion of your Reservation embracing this Spring and as that is my chief business here, I wish to confine the present meeting strictly to that business. After that has been settled, then I will, with pleasure, listen to any other business you may wish to bring before me. I made my visit to the Springs that I might be the better enabled to report upon the character of the country and the advisability of having that tract purchased by the Government and set apart as a National park or reservation to be under Government control, and that that portion around the Springs may be improved by having bath-houses, hotels and other conveniences erected for the accommodation of the general public and the establishment of a health resort. As the Government will have absolute control of these Springs, you Indians will have the same privileges to use them as the public generally. As they now are, they bring you in no revenue or return and whilst they remain unimproved they will never be of any value to you. You all know the country surrounding the Springs is very poor and very few of you Indians ever visit it and as all the game has disappeared from that section of the country, it is of very little value to you now. The sale of this piece of land, which I am authorized to negotiate with you for and for which I am prepared to pay you liberally, will not affect your reservation, except to enhance value of the remaining portion. (At this point there was considerable said by the Indians among themselves to clearly understand this.) I desire to negotiate for a cession of ten miles square, that is, commencing at the northeastern corner of the Reservation, where Owl Creek empties into the Big Horn River; thence ten miles south following the eastern boundary of the Reservation; thence due west ten miles; thence due north to the middle of the channel of Owl Creek, which forms a portion of the northern boundary of the Reservation; thence following the middle of the channel of Owl Creek to the point of beginning."

(Here the map of Wyoming showing the Reservation colored red was exhibited, and the location and size of the desired tract was pointed out to the Indians.)

Inspector McLaughlin said that his letter of instruction directed him to visit the Springs and after having collected such further information regarding them as might be necessary to a thorough understanding of the situation, he was to call a general council of the Indians belonging to the Reservation and present to them the question of ceding the lands embracing said Springs to the United States, and if, as it appeared from information in possession of the department, the country in the vicinity of the springs was of little value, then the Springs

themselves would be the principal item of value to enter into the consideration.

Inspector McLaughlin then said: "I was directed to explain to you, that it was the purpose of the Government, to enact appropriate legislation, forever reserving the Springs for the use and benefit of the general public; that it was proposed to erect suitable buildings, and provide other necessary facilities for bathing; and that the Indians would be allowed to enjoy the advantages of these conveniences with the public generally. I was further to explain to you that the Government will not and does not expect to derive any benefit or gain any profit as a result of its coming into the possession of said Springs.

"The Government does not expect to gain anything by this purchase, and instead, a large sum of money will have to be expended to improve the place. Now having explained my mission, I wish to know whether you are ready to dispose of this tract of land. I now await your decision as to whether you wish to dispose of it or not. If you do, I will make you a proposition."

Chief Washakie of the Shoshones arose and said: "Now you will hear what I have to say. A good many years ago, I used to live near Fort Bridger—called Piney. Then there was a man like you came to me and asked me, 'Where is your country? Where is your country? Is it here, or there, or in several places?' (Points to the N. S. E. & W.) I did not say anything. He stopped one night and the next day I said, 'It is not here, (meaning Piney) it is over the mountains, where the hot springs are'—Meaning both hot springs.

"After I got here, I stayed here. After the game was gone, then I told my Agent to write to Washington. I want to sell those springs. I used to go to the hot springs on Owl Creek when the game and buffalo were there, and stay there. When buffalo were plenty I wintered there. Now I have moved away from there and have come over in this country. I was afraid to stay there when there was nothing to eat. I came here to farm a little. One hot spring (meaning a large hot spring near the Agency) is enough for me, my people and my soldiers. The soldiers just the same as own the spring. I listen to what Washington says and I try to obey his orders. That is the reason that when the allotting agent—Col. Clark—came here and the Indians did not want to survey their land, I told my men to have their land surveyed, and I have tried to do right just what Washington wants me to do. My land is pretty large.

"It is not small and I haven't stolen it. My friends that spoke for and secured this land are all dead and gone. I am

the only one of the old men of my people left. I came here, and I have stayed here. You have never heard of Washakie doing anything wrong. Have you ever heard of Washakie doing anything wrong?"

Inspector McLaughlin: "I have never heard anything but good of Washakie."

Washakie: "Now I would like to hear what you are going to offer me for my spring, then I will know what to do. That is all I have to say. I will listen to you."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I would now like to hear from Chief Sharp Nose of the Arapahoes after which I will make you an offer."

Chief Sharp Nose: "My friend we are glad to see you, and now that we see you here we are glad you are with us. You are the kind of man we like to see. My friend, you have been with the Sioux twenty-four years, and you know all about the Indians. You know that they are poor. I think that the Great Father told you how much he is going to pay for this hot spring and I want you to tell me how much you are willing to give for it. If you tell me how much this offer is, then you will hear after awhile what we want. That is what we are all here for—about the spring. I will make this treaty good and on that account, I want you to pity me and not to cheat me at all. I want to fix this treaty straight. No lies about it. Now that is all I have to say. I want to hear from you."

Inspector McLaughlin: "Washakie said, he at one time lived at the hot spring but as the game had disappeared from that section, he moved away and was now living here in the Wind River valley. In selecting this location for a home, he acted wisely, as this is a good section of the country. Sharp Nose says that his people are poor, and that he wishes this agreement made straight, without any lies in it. That is what I also wish. As I am the representative of the Great Father in this negotiation I do not wish any lies in it, and while I agree with Sharp Nose that these Indians are poor in a certain sense, yet they are rich in valuable land. I have visited many other reservations but I have found none that excels or even equals the land in Big Wind, Little Wind and Popoagie valleys, but I recognize the fact that in order that the Indians may be able to cultivate the land, they need some assistance and I am prepared to make you an offer for that tract of ten miles square of land embracing the hot springs on Big Horn river, that will aid you to develop your farms, and make that industry more profitable than is possible with your present means. My instructions say that it is believed that fifty thousand dollars would be a fair offer for the springs and that the tract of ten

miles square surrounding it, but after looking over the country, and considering the needs of the people, I have concluded to add ten thousand dollars more to that amount, making sixty thousand dollars. The offer that I now make you is all that I believe Congress would ratify and I feel quite certain that a greater amount would not be ratified. (Washakie here talked to his people, saying that yesterday all day he tried to count fifty thousand dollars but he could not do it.) I will now submit the following three propositions:

“First—The Indians to receive ten thousand dollars a year for six years. To be expended as the Secretary of the Interior may deem best, in the civilization, industrial education, and subsistence of the Indians. The subsistence to be of Bacon, Sugar, and Coffee.

“Second—The Indians to receive ten thousand dollars a year, as proposed in first offer, for four years. The first two years to expend ten thousand dollars each year, for cattle in addition to the subsistence, or if the Indians did not think they could care for their cattle the first two years, they could take them the two succeeding years. (Illustrated with matches.)

“Third—The Indians to receive ten thousand dollars a year as in first offer for five years, in addition to which they will receive ten thousand dollars in cash the first year. This offer is the same as the first except that the payment for the sixth year is dropped and the amount paid in cash the first year in addition to the subsistence.”

Inspector McLaughlin: “I consider the second proposition the best, but your Agent thinks the first one the better, and I always defer to and consider the Agent’s opinions on subjects of interest to his Indians, especially when the Agent is such a just one as yours. To give you time to consider these propositions, we will now adjourn until four o’clock.”

Washakie: “I would like to know when this money will be paid.”

Inspector McLaughlin: “The money will be paid as soon as possible after the agreement has been ratified by Congress. If the agreement is made now, it might be gotten through Congress during the present session; if not, it would have to lay over until the following session which meets next December.”

Washakie: “I would like to have the money right away. I am getting old and may not live to enjoy it, unless it comes soon.”

Inspector McLaughlin: “I promise you that just as soon as I can get the papers through I will forward them. Now if there is anything you wish to see me about while you are conferring, let me know, and I will meet you with pleasure.”

Washakie: "I would like to see some of the money."

Capt. Wilson: "The Bacon, Coffee and Sugar will do you more good."

Council adjourned at 1:30 p. m. to meet again at 4.

Pursuant to adjournment the council met at 4 p. m., the Indians being still in conference over the propositions submitted.

Washakie: "I would like each tribe to get thirty thousand dollars for these springs."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I cannot negotiate with you for this tract as separate tribes but as one, as you are known to the Great Father as one people. I came to negotiate with you as one people and you must agree among yourselves on some one of the three propositions."

Washakie: "I told you that I wish to keep one spring for myself and my soldiers, but will sell the other." (Here a controversy occurred between the two tribes.)

Capt. Wilson: "Now you have plenty of time and I want you to talk it over and settle it among yourselves."

Sharp Nose: "All these, my people, agree about the sixty thousand dollars, taking ten thousand dollars a year in rations for five years, and ten thousand dollars additional in cattle the first year. Men are like horses, they cannot work without rations. My people can work and earn money provided they have some assistance to begin with, and open up farms, and need food to assist them more than anything else. If they take money it won't last long, the Indians will go out and play cards and lose it all the first day. All my children are very poor, and they think they had better take cattle and rations. The Great Father sent you here to buy the springs from us. The Arapahoes don't like to take the cash, so now I say, we will take the sixty thousand dollars, ten thousand a year for five years in rations and twenty thousand dollars the first year, ten in rations and ten in cattle."

Capt. Wilson: "I want to say now to both people, that what Sharp Nose has said is good and they had better take that. I say this because I am a good friend to both tribes."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I wish to say that Sharp Nose's speech was good. It is practical and reasonable. Money would soon pass out of your hands, while the cattle would increase in value every year. I would recommend two year old heifers, they would be better than old cows, they do not cost so much and are more profitable. There is now very little difference in what you two tribes desire—only the manner of payment. The Shoshones want cash while the Arapahoes want cattle. Either

way will be satisfactory to me, but you must agree upon how you want the amount paid."

Washakie: "I am afraid it will be as it was in former times. The two tribes would fail to agree. I am poor but do not care if I am."

Inspector McLaughlin: "Now you must agree among yourselves."

Washakie: "I have been poor a good while and expect to continue so. I always thought as if the land belonged to me but I think now, that somebody always gets ahead of me. I was the first to come here and I think I ought to be the first to get what I want."

Capt. Wilson: "You have asked me to sell the springs for you; now you have the opportunity, and you won't have it again within a year."

Washakie: "I told you I wanted to sell the springs."

Capt. Wilson: "Have you talked with Dick, Bishop, and others of the tribe?"

Washakie: "They have nothing to say. They let me do all the talking. I am Chief, and whatever I do the others all agree to. The other tribe has too many chiefs."

Sharp Nose: "All my friends are here. We are going to make this treaty all good. There is sixty thousand dollars in all. The first year five thousand in cash to the Shoshones and five thousand to the Arapahoes. Our cash to be paid to the Agent and he to buy cattle for the tribe with it. Ten thousand dollars in rations, the first and the four following years."

Inspector McLaughlin: "The Shoshones want just the same. The money will be divided per capita among the seventeen hundred and forty-four Indians, each one getting his pro rata share. Is that satisfactory? (Applause) If that meets with your approval I will have the paper ready for your signatures by tomorrow morning." (Applause.)

Washakie: "How much will each Indian get?"

Inspector McLaughlin: "Provided there are 1744 persons, as shown by the last census, you will receive five dollars and seventy-three cents apiece. A family of four persons will get twenty-two dollars and ninety-two cents." (Applause.)

At this point numerous Shoshones expressed the desire to take cattle as the Arapahoes.

Inspector McLaughlin: "It will take me some time to get the agreement written out and ready for you to sign. You must remain here until you sign it. If you have not enough to eat, it will be furnished you. It pleases me very much to see you all now understand each other."

The council then adjourned until tomorrow morning.

Pursuant to adjournment council met at 11 o'clock a. m. April 21st, 1896, for the purpose of signing the agreement.

Inspector McLaughlin: "I have asked Capt. Loud, commanding the post of Fort Washakie, to read the agreement aloud to you and have it interpreted to you sentence by sentence, to the two tribes."

The articles of agreement were then read by Capt. Jno. S. Loud, 9th Cav. U. S. A.

Geo. Terry: "These Indians want the freighting of Indians supplies to be given to them."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I will recommend that the Indians be given the preference in all cases."

Washakie: "I have given you the springs. My heart feels good."

Sharp Nose: "I am very glad to hear what you have to say and whatever you do I like it. I wish a copy of this agreement as I have never had one before. I want this right and straight. I never tell lies, I want to help the Great Father, and everything is done now. After this I want each man's rations weighed. No more scoops or shovels to be used. I always liked the Great Father and wish to do what he wants. If he wants me to work I will do so. If I am working and need things, will the Great Father give them to me?"

Inspector McLaughlin: "Yes, provided there is money left from the amount for subsistence and I think there will be a few hundred dollars."

Washakie: "I would also like a copy of the agreement."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I will give you each a copy of the agreement."

Washakie: "I would like to know if they are going to hurry the cars (railroad) in there where they bought the springs."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I cannot say, but believe that some of the railroad companies will very probably build a branch line in that direction, bringing a railroad point nearer than at present."

Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, signed the agreement at 12 o'clock M., saying as he did so, "I sign this, I never tell lies."

Sharp Nose, chief of the Arapahoes, signed next, then Bishop, who said the same as Washakie. Other Shoshones and Arapahoes followed until 273 had signed the agreement, which was completed at 4:30 p. m. when the council adjourned sine die.

I hereby certify, that the annexed preceding eight pages of typewritten matter is a correct report of the proceedings had

at my several councils with the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians, on the dates there stated, as conducted on the part of myself, and interpreted to me by the Agency interpreters, assisted by special interpreters.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN,
U. S. Indian Inspector.

SHOSHONE AGENCY, WYO.

April 22nd, 1896.

54th Congress,) (Document
1st Session.) SENATE (No. 247.
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Department of the Interior,
Washington, May 6, 1896.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith an agreement made and concluded April 21, 1896, by and between James McLaughlin, United States Indian Inspector, on the part of the United States, and the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians, in the State of Wyoming, whereby the Indians cede to the United States a portion of their reservation, embracing the Owl Creek or Big Horn Hot Springs.

I also transmit the report of Inspector McLaughlin, the proceedings of council had with the Indians, and a draft of a bill to ratify the agreement and provide for the survey of the southern and western boundaries of the ceded tract, together with the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated 5th instant, in relation thereto.

The matter is presented for the favorable action of Congress.

Very respectfully,
WM. H. SIMS, Acting Secretary.

Agreement Made at Shoshone Agency, Wyo., April 21, 1896.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

Articles of agreement made and entered into at Shoshone Agency, in the State of Wyoming, on the twenty-first day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by and between James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector, on the part of the United States, and the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians in the State of Wyoming.

Article I.

For the consideration hereinafter named the said Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians hereby cede, convey, transfer,

relinquish, and surrender, forever and absolutely, all their right, title, and interest of every kind and character in and to the lands and the water rights appertaining thereunto, embraced in the following described tract of country, embracing the Big Horn Hot Springs, in the State of Wyoming. All that portion of the Shoshone reservation described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeastern corner of the said reservation where Owl Creek empties into the Big Horn River; thence south ten miles, following the eastern boundary of the reservation; thence due west ten miles; thence due north to the middle of the channel of Owl Creek, which forms a portion of the northern boundary of the reservation; thence following the middle of the channel of Owl Creek, to the point of beginning.

Article II.

The lands ceded, sold, relinquished, and conveyed, to the United States, by this agreement, shall be, and the same are hereby set apart as a National Park or Reservation, forever reserving the said Big Horn Hot Springs for the use and benefit of the general public, the Indians to be allowed to enjoy the advantages of the conveniences, that may be erected thereat, with the public generally.

Article III.

In consideration for the lands ceded, sold, relinquished, and conveyed, as aforesaid, the United States stipulates and agrees to pay to the said Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians, the sum of sixty thousand dollars, to be expended for the benefit of the said Indians in the manner hereinafter described.

Article IV.

Of the said sixty thousand dollars provided for in Article III of this agreement it is hereby agreed, that ten thousand dollars shall be available within ninety days after the ratification of this agreement, the same to be distributed per capita, in cash, among the Indians belonging on the reservation. That portion of the aforesaid ten thousand dollars to which the Arapahoes are entitled, is, by their unanimous and expressed desire, to be expended, by their agent in the purchase of stock cattle for distribution among the tribe, and that portion of the before mentioned ten thousand dollars to which the Shoshones are entitled, shall be distributed per capita, in cash, among them; provided that in cases where heads of families may so elect, stock cattle to the amount to which they may be entitled, may be purchased for them by their agent.

The remaining fifty thousand dollars, of the aforesaid sixty thousand dollars is to be paid in five annual installments

of ten thousand dollars each, the money to be expended in the discretion of the Sec. of the Interior for the civilization, industrial education, and subsistence of the Indians: said subsistence to be of bacon, coffee and sugar, and not to exceed at any time five pounds of bacon, four pounds of coffee, and eight pounds of sugar for each one hundred rations.

Article V.

Nothing in this agreement shall be construed to deprive the Indians of any annuities or benefits to which they are entitled under existing agreements or treaty stipulations.

Article VI.

This agreement shall not be binding upon either party until ratified by the Congress of the United States.

Done at Shoshone Agency, in the State of Wyoming, on the twenty-first day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-six.

The foregoing Treaty was signed by James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector, on the behalf of the United States, and two hundred and seventy-three (273) Indians (Shoshones and Arapahoes) on the 21st of April, 1896.

THE INDIAN TREATY OF APRIL 1896

Major James McLaughlin, Inspector in the Indian Department, who effected the treaty with the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians at the Shoshone Indian Agency, Wyoming, on April 22nd, 1896, was exceptionally well fitted for the accomplishment of such a task. A remarkable contrast to the usual political appointee to this position.

He had had a long and varied experience in dealing with the American Indian and he understood his character and way of thinking more thoroughly and accurately than any other man I ever met.

He had been the Agent of the Sioux Indians at the Standing Rock Agency for several years, during which time the famous Chief Sitting Bull was killed by one of the Agency policemen, named Red Tomahawk in 1890. Major McLaughlin spoke the Sioux language fluently and possessed the confidence of all the tribes of the great plains to a very high degree.

Having been directed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to make the treaty, he proceeded to the Shoshone Agency at once and arrived there on April 5th. He was my guest for several days, which he spent in inspecting the records, accounts and general state of affairs at the main Agency, and

also of the Sub-Agency of the Arapahoes, twenty miles down Little Wind River, near the St. Stephen's Mission.

On the 8th, he left the Agency and went to the Hot Springs, located in the N. E. corner of the Reservation, for the purpose of viewing them and familiarizing himself with conditions there. This trip has been described by Mr. John Small, in the *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 8, No. 1, July, 1931. He returned to the Agency on April 14th, and announced that he would hold a Council with the Indians of the two tribes for the purchase of the Springs, at the Shoshone Agency, on the morning of the 22nd.

Any Council, for whatever purpose, was always a very important event in the life of an Indian, and especially so to these Indians, because it broke the dull monotony of their existence, and nearly all of them assembled at the Agency to witness, or take part in it.

The Council was held in a large store-room of the Agency, formerly used as a school room. Most of the Shoshones lived near-by, along the foot of the mountains at the western side of the Reservation, but the Arapahoes were farther away; scattered along the valley of Little Wind River from the mouth of Trout Creek, eastward to Big Wind River, and St. Stephen's Mission. As I remember it, the Council was held on April 22nd, and on the day before that date, the Indians began to arrive in force; some from a distance of twenty-five miles. Most of them came in wagons loaded with lodge-poles and other possessions, and accompanied by numerous dogs, ponies, boys on horseback, etc. They pitched their lodges all around the Agency buildings and I well remember, being an interested spectator of the procedure, of Mrs. Plenty Bear, as she erected the dwelling of her family. Plenty Bear was an Arapahoe brave about forty years of age, and I am sure that he was the biggest specimen of the human race that I ever saw. At least six and a half feet tall and 250 pounds would be a conservative estimate of his weight; straight as an arrow — not corpulent either, but his towering and massive frame was erect and muscular; a countenance suggestive of that of a Senator of ancient Rome. Mrs. Plenty Bear was built on a grand scale too, conformable to that of her husband. Her comely countenance wreathed in smiles of amusement as she noted the interest that I manifested in her operation.

She set her lodge-poles and wound the canvas covering around them with a skill and celerity due to long practice; the lodge of her grandmother had been covered with hides of buffaloes; her massive husband, standing near in majestic poise, motionless and calmly serene as the statue of an Egyptian

Pharaoh, but making not the slightest effort to assist his faithful consort in her work.

Early in the morning of the 22nd, the Council commenced. A long table placed at one side of the room with several chairs behind it—in front of the table were a few other chairs to be used by the Chiefs and other principal Indians. Major McLaughlin sat in the central chair behind the table and at his request, I was at his right hand.

I really had nothing to do with making the treaty but I suppose he wanted me there to assist him in any way that might be within my power. Others who were there were Colonel John W. Clark, the allotting agent; Mr. Jules F. Ludin, Chief Clerk; Mr. Thomas R. Beason, Assistant Clerk; Mr. G. W. Sheff, Engineer; Mr. W. P. Campbell, Superintendent of the Wind River Boarding School; the Rev. John Roberts of the Episcopal Mission, the Rev. Father Balthasar Feusi S. J. of St. Stephen's; Captain J. S. Loud, 9th Cavalry, U. S. A., the Commander of Fort Washakie, and several officers of his command, Mr. John Small, Agency miller, and during the proceedings, Dr. F. H. Welty, Agency Physician; Mr. J. K. Moore, Trader at Fort Washakie; Mr. A. D. Lane, Trader at the Shoshone Agency, Mr. J. C. Burnett, Trader at the Arapahoe Sub-Agency; Mr. Fin. G. Burnett, Farmer for the Shoshones, and many others dropped in from time to time.

In front of the table were the Indians; the Shoshones to the right and the Arapahoes to the left, with the Chiefs and head men seated and behind them the rank and file standing and filling the room to its utmost capacity. All listening with breathless interest to all that was said. At the head of the Shoshones was the venerable Chief Washakie.

The Agency census books gave his age as 103 years; a manifest exaggeration—if necessary I could show that he could not have been older than 75 years, but that is old enough for an Indian. He was quite infirm and feeble but still able to ride a horse and still retaining the influence over his tribe that he had exercised for many years.

Other Shoshones were Wahwannabidy, Bishop, Tigundum, Ute, Noircok, Andrew Basil, Poneabishua and Tigee. The Arapahoes were headed by their Head Chief, the well known Sharp Nose.

During my term of three years as Agent, I had many dealings with this old warrior and I soon recognized in him a man of no ordinary intelligence, within his limits, of course. In fact, I believe that the American Indian is born with a brain just as good as ours and just as capable of development. Sharp Nose had been a scout in the Army and took part in the battle

that General McKenzie had with the Northern Cheyennes on the Red Fork of Powder River in November, 1876, and he was not a little proud of having been one of the Great Father's soldiers. Others of lesser prominence were: Tallow, New Lodge, Lone Bear, Goes on the Lodge, Drives Down Hill, Eagle Chief, Little Wolf, Yellow Calf, Broken Horn, Bull Gun, Plenty Bear, Waterman and Biter.

All being in readiness, the Council began with the smoking of the pipe, the indispensable ceremony of an Indian Council. The pipe being filled with tobacco and lighted, it was handed to Major McLaughlin. He took a whiff of it and passed it to me. I took my whiff also and passed the pipe to Washakie; in this manner it was smoked by all the head men of each tribe. This concluded, Major McLaughlin made an opening address, which was interpreted sentence by sentence to both Shoshones and Arapahoes. What he said was to this effect:

"The Great Father has sent me here to find out whether you are willing to sell to him the great spring of hot water that is on your reservation and which belongs to you. It seems to him that you would do well to sell it because it is of no use to you and if you will sell it, he could make good use of it.

"Now let me know if you will sell to the Great Father this spring and ground ten miles square around it for \$60,000."

After a moment or two, Washakie began to speak in his native language of course, for the old Chief had never, so far as I know, learned to speak a word of English. His interpreter was Edmo (Edmond) Le Clair, the son of old Louis Le Clair, an old time French Canadian whose wife was a Shoshone woman. Edmo spoke the ordinary colloquial English of the plains well enough but as I listened, I remember thinking that he was giving a very inadequate rendering of Washakie's long and eloquent speech, the substance of which was this:

"Many years ago a white man said to me: 'Is this your country?' (I am of the opinion that in this, Washakie was referring to the treaty of 1868, made by General W. T. Sherman and General O. O. Howard with the Shoshone and Bannock Indians at Fort Bridger.) I told him that it was, and he asked me where I would like to have the Great Father set aside a land where my tribe could live, and where we could learn to live like the white man. I told him that the ground where we are now would suit me. I always told the Indians that to fight the white men was foolishness. How could we fight men who made guns? So the Shoshones did what I said and we never fought the white men. We even helped the Great Father when he was at war with the Sioux. We sent about a hundred of our young men to help him fight the Sioux on the Rosebud. A man we

called Gray Fox (General George Crook) was the Chief of the white soldiers. I planted some seed of oats and wheat in the Owl Creek Mountains and they grew up tall and strong, so I knew the land was good. So we moved here and we have lived here ever since. We have tried to do what the Great Father wanted us to do. Look around you. You will see the fields of wheat that the Indians are raising and you will see the mill in which the wheat is ground into flour of which we make bread as the white men do. After we had been here some snows the Great Father sent the Arapahoes to live on our reservation. He did not ask us if we wanted them here, but they were very poor; there was plenty of room and we made them welcome. In old times we used to be enemies; we killed one another whenever we could. Now we are friends and brothers and live in peace. This Hot Spring is a long way from our homes and we do not go there very often. In old times we used to go there to hunt the buffalo but now the buffaloes are all gone and we do not go there much. If the Great Father thinks that we, his children, had better sell this spring to him, I and my tribe will do what he says and will take whatever he thinks good, in payment of them."

Such was the counsel of Washakie and to which I was a very attentive listener. Nothing was said by any other Shoshone and they all seemingly accepted the opinion and advice of their old Chief implicitly and unreservedly. After a short interval, Sharp Nose, in behalf of the Arapahoes made a speech which was interpreted by two young Arapahoes named respectively Henry Lee and Tom Crispin. I cannot give Sharp Nose's speech as fully as I have given Washakie's, but its general tenor was, as one may say, similar to Washakie's, viz, that the Shoshones and Arapahoes were now friends and desirous of learning to live like white men. They had learned to plow and raise grain, not very well yet, but they would learn to do better. "At Poor Flesh's field on Little Wind River last year, he had a good field of wheat, but there was cockle in it, much cockle. The Agent came along and told us to go into the field and pull up the cockle; we did what he said; our girls and boys went into the field and pulled up all the cockle, carried it to the fence and left it there."

As Sharp Nose related this cockle incident, he gave me an inquiring glance, as if to say "How's that?" And I responded by making the Indian sign language gesture for "Good," and he rewarded me with a grateful smile.

"I think I am too old myself to learn how to work. When I was young, I hunted the buffalo and I was a soldier for the Great Father. Our women did the work such as we had. But

our young men will now learn to work, as the Great Father wishes us to do. I do not know whether the money that the Great Father will give us for the spring is enough. When I heard of it I tried to count it but I could not do it. But as for me, I will trust in the Great Father and do what he says. I see on the table in front of our friend, a paper which must be the treaty by which we will sell this spring. I will sign it and I wish that the other Arapahoes will sign it too."

Several other head men of the Arapahoes made brief speeches assenting to what Sharp Nose had said and expressing their willingness to sign.

All having spoken, Major McLaughlin said:

"This paper is the treaty by which the Shoshones and Arapahoes sell to the Great Father the Hot Spring and ten miles square of ground around it for \$60,000.00. As you have all said that you agree to it I will now sign it."

He did so, and one by one the Chiefs and head men of the two tribes made their crosses opposite their names as written by Major McLaughlin.

This concluded the ceremony, to my great satisfaction as I was anxious to have the Indians start their spring plowing and I had expected that they would spend several days in discussing the treaty; but they had evidently discussed it among themselves and decided upon the action which they took. They were all vastly pleased and satisfied with it and the Arapahoes announced that they wished to hold a ceremonial dance in commemoration of the great event in their lives. I gave my assent at once and they proceeded to give the dance on the vacant space in front of the Agency Office. This dance was witnessed by a large concourse of almost all the Indians and many pale faces also, and it struck me as being so interesting and curious a spectacle that, I cannot refrain from attempting a description of it.

The music was furnished by three drums beaten by men seated on the ground, and by four Arapahoe women also seated on the ground and with their blankets drawn over their heads. The dancers were four young Arapahoes, the leader of whom was a young man named "Bad Looking Boy." It began with a beating of the drums and the four performers advanced to the center of the circle formed by the spectators. The drums beat now piano and now fortissimo, but always in perfect time and according to a complete system. The dancers moved with great energy and precision, led by Bad Looking Boy in perfect time to the music.

I noticed that Bad Looking Boy directed it all and the other dancers kept their eyes fixed upon him and regulated

their steps exactly with his. Presently the women joined in with the drums in a loud chant, evincing soprano voices of sweetness and power that would be remarkable anywhere. Now the time was quickened, the drums beat faster and louder and the voices rang out above it all. The dancers whirled faster and faster for a space, but soon the drum beats became softer and slower, the voices conformed and finally ceased; both drums and voices were stilled. In the breathless silence that ensued Bad Looking Boy advanced to a small fire upon which was a small coffee pot. He took it and returned to the center of the circle and knelt facing the sun that was shining in meridian splendor, raised the pot, his eyes fixed upon the sun, and slowly poured a few drops of coffee on the ground. A libation: such as the Ancient Greeks and Romans used to pour out to their Gods—but this was made to the sun, which these savages regarded as the giver of all good. A manifestation of gratitude to deity for his goodness to them.

In case any should see in this a mere ridiculous mummery, I can assure them that, if they had seen it, they would have recognized in it a most solemn and sincere prayer of thanksgiving—a true manifestation of religious belief.

The dance was followed by a general feast of beef, bread and coffee, after which the Indians dispersed to their homes and Major McLaughlin departed, taking with him the treaty. Captain Loud requested that the pen used in signing it be given to him and his request was granted.

As I have stated, I had nothing to do with making this treaty. Major McLaughlin evidently had his instructions as to what he should do and I only complied with the request that he made to me, viz: to help him in any way that I could in effecting his purpose.

At the same time the treaty was not entirely satisfactory to me. I thought that the amount paid was absurdly low for the finest hot spring on earth, and also that the Shoshones, as the original owners, should have had a greater share than the Arapahoes. But this is all past.

I spent three very uneasy years as Agent of these Indians; years full of care, worry, work, vexation and responsibility, but now, after so many of them, I forget all these and recall with pride and satisfaction on the good that I, with the aid of several tried and true friends was able to accomplish for these poor people; inducing them to learn agriculture and educating their children.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) RICHARD H. WILSON,
Colonel, U. S. A.

STUDIES IN THE SETTLEMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF WYOMING

By CLYDE MEEHAN OWENS, A. B., University of Colorado, 1914.

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Colorado in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Arts. Boulder, Colorado, 1924.

Chapter IV

(Continued from July Number)

New offices were opened for the greater convenience of the public; *1 surveyors and engineers were actively at work in all directions locating entries and establishing lines for ditches and great canals. The air was full of large schemes *2 and great expectations were cherished by individuals, corporate bodies and the people. Only the stockmen, who saw their valleys shut in and their roaming herds excluded, were troubled by the new order of things. Seeing that a change was inevitable, they either drove their herds into new territories or changed to the new system of smaller herds on a smaller range. Some went still further, taking a hand in important irrigation enterprises and making themselves leaders in the industrial revolution thus begun. *3

The first large irrigation works in the state were those of the Wyoming Development Company on the Laramie river. This system watered from 50,000 to 60,000 acres of the richest land of that section and was built at a cost of \$485,000. A unique engineering feature of its construction was a tunnel 2,380 feet long which emptied the water into a stream running parallel to the river from which it was delivered. The canal was 100 miles in length but was not totally utilized, owing to complications concerning land titles. *4

In 1890 Wheatland was only a flag station with no one living there but a section man or two. Four years later 16,000 acres of land were under cultivation and Wheatland grew from a flag station to a bristling lively town with many modern conveniences. On August 21, 1894, Colonel Bray took with him to Wheatland fifteen farmers, all good, representative men of means, who purchased farms near Wheatland. This made a total of 165 farmers who had bought land from the company. The majority of these

*1 Offices were opened at Douglas, Evanston, and Newcastle.

*2 Requests for permits, office of State Engineer.

*3 Hoyt, Agricultural Survey of Wyo., 31.

*4 Cheyenne Leader, "State Irrigation," May 8, 1892.

165 farms were eighty acres in extent, though some were as large as 160 and some as small as forty acres.*1

Other canals along the Laramie river were finished during 1892. The Pioneer canal, built to water 50,000 acres, was the property of the Wyoming Land and Improvement Company. The canal was thirty-five miles long, four feet deep and carried a volume of 306 cubic feet per second.*2 Another enterprise on the plains was the Boughton canal of which E. S. Boughton was the chief owner. It was twenty-three miles long and by the spring of 1892 had many settlements along its route. The Lobach canal, another good piece of work, was completed the same year but no settlers arrived until the following spring.*3

Irrigation developed in the Wheatland colony in spite of the land laws, but there were many places not so fortunate in securing aid from the coffers of capital. Between Fort Douglas and Fort Fetterman was a tract of 13,000 acres of superior land. It was found that \$110,000 would be the cost of a canal to water this land or about ten dollars per acre. It was a good location for a ditch project as the elevation and slope of the land were very satisfactory.*4 The land was worthless without water but, as it was public land, it could not be given as security and the investor had no inducement to make an improvement of ten dollars per acre. There could be no assurance that settlers could pay for the investment needed to reclaim the land. Very few could pay ten dollars per acre for 160 acres. Either men having money would have to file on the land or farmers file and provide water for and cultivate one-fourth or one-half the area. "Under favorable conditions it was necessary that fully half the land must remain idle and unproductive and the chances of the investment proving safe or lucrative, not one in a million."*5 Natural conditions required that canals be built in advance of settlement. Land laws permitted of settlement under terms which amounted to virtual confiscation of the sum spent in their improvement. The Homestead Law was valueless in this case and the Desert Law offered no aid in the diversion of a great river. The acreage was too small for the purposes of the ditch builder; it was too great for the purposes of the settler. "There was not one immigrant in ten thousand who came to find a home who had the means to reclaim and cultivate 320 acres under irrigation."*6

One of the greatest aids to the state was the Carey Act which was passed August 18, 1894, by the United States Government. The bill was amended in 1896 and authorized the Secretary of the Interior to contract and agree to patent to the states the des-

*1 Cheyenne Leader "Wheatland Settlement," August 23, 1894.

*2 Ibid., "State Irrigation," May 8, 1892.

*3 Cheyenne Leader "State Irrigation," May 8, 1892.

*4 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6.

*5 Ibid., 6.

*6 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6.

ert lands found therein. According to the bill, the state shall file plans for the proposed irrigation and the Secretary of the Interior is to reserve the land applied for if the plan seems feasible. *1 The state then enters into a contract with persons, associations or corporations for the reclamation of the lands, their settlement and cultivation; it then creates a lien to be valid against the separate legal subdivisions of land reclaimed for actual cost of necessary expense of reclamation and draws reasonable interest thereon until disposed of to the actual settler. *2 When an ample supply of water is actually furnished in a substantial ditch, a patent is given to the state without regard to actual settlement or cultivation. *3 From this point on the state takes care of the disposing of the land to the settler.

The statutes of Wyoming provide that an application, accompanied by a proposal for executing the work of reclamation, is to be filed with the state authorities for withdrawal of land desired. *4 The proposal must be described source of water supply, the land to be reclaimed, the cost of the works and the price per acre at which the water rights are to be sold to the settler. *5 This is referred by the Land Board to the State Engineer who reports on the merits of the project to the Board. Then the Board, if it approves, applies to the Secretary of the Interior for segregation of lands *6 and if the reservation is affected the state enters into a contract with the company.

The company contracting with the state is a construction company whose duty it is to build the irrigation works and furnish the capital, the investment to be secured by a lien upon the land to be irrigated and upon the irrigation plant itself. The price of the water rights is stated in the contract between the company and the settler and is subject to approval by the state authorities. The construction company is limited by statute and contract to a certain period of time for the completion of the work and is allowed to mortgage its equity in the project, if necessary, to secure the funds. The settler in acquiring water rights is, in effect, acquiring a proportionate interest in the entire irrigation plant. *7 Upon the withdrawal of the land by the Department of the Interior and beginning of the work by the contractor, it is the duty of the board to give notice by publication that land is open for settlement and the price for which it will sell. If the company fails to furnish water under its contract the state is to refund to the settler all payments made to the state.

*1 U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. 28, 422.

*2 Ibid., Vol. 29, 434.

*3 Ibid., Vol. 29, 434.

*4 Session Laws of Wyoming, 1895, ch. 38, sec. 7.

*5 Ibid., 1895, ch. 38, sec. 7.

*6 Ibid., 1913, ch. 117, sec. 3.

*7 Ibid., 1895, ch. 38, sec. 21.

An applicant must establish residence within six months after notice that water is available and within a year must cultivate and reclaim one-sixteenth of the entry, one-eighth in two years with final proof in three years. *1 Final certificates are not issued in Wyoming but in lieu thereof the settler is given a receipt of his final payment.

The most important measure enacted by the third State Legislature was the law providing for the reclamation and settlement of the land granted the state under the Carey Act. It dealt with one of the state's greatest problems and attracted more attention at home and awakened more interest abroad than any other law found in the statutes. *2 Wyoming was the first state to accept the trust from the government, *3 thus starting important reforms in irrigation methods.

The advantages of the Wyoming law from the investors point of view are: (1). No one can file on the land segregated except actual settlers and water users. This reserves the land for share holders in the canal and prevents its absorption by non-residents through speculative holdings. (2). Each land owner must be a share holder in the canal but, until shares are paid for, the builders of the canal have control of its operations and a right to collect reasonable charges. (3). The price of the shares is fixed by the state before a dollar is spent on the works. This is an equal protection to both canal builder and water user. It relieves the first from the fear of arbitrary establishment by the county commissioners of rates which would confiscate the investment; it secures the second from an equally arbitrary and unjust increase in carrying charges, which would absorb the profits of his labor. In this respect the provisions of the Wyoming law, which makes the State Land Board the arbiter in this question, are among the most commendable features ever incorporated into an irrigation law *4 and marks a new and better era in the reclamation of the arid domain.

The advantages to the settler are: (1). The cheapness of the land, which is less than one-half the price of that under the Desert Land Act. *5 (2). The state guarantees that there is water enough in the source of supply and that canals have sufficient capacity to deliver it. (3). A secure water right eliminates controversy as to whether the canal builder owns the water and can charge what he pleases, or whether the land owner is possessor and can do with it as he pleases. The water rights attach to the lands reclaimed and are inseparable therefrom. (4). There

*1 Session Laws, 1895, ch. 38, sec. 20; S. L. 1909, ch. 160, sec. 3.

*2 Mead, "The Arid Land Laws" in 3rd Bien. Rep't. of Eng., 17.

*3 Ibid., 17; Files in Office of Sec. of State.

*4 Mead, "The Arid Land Law" in Rep't, 1895-1896, 17.

*5 Ibid., 22.

is ownership in the canal, a voice in the management and a relief from a perpetual mortgage that usually goes with separate corporate ownership of canals. *1

The chief objection to the Carey Act is that it prohibits using the land as security for the money spent to reclaim it, a fact which does not add any safety to the investment in canal building. *2

The largest private irrigation project in Wyoming up to 1910 was that of the LaPrele Ditch and Reservoir Company, taken out under the Carey Act. *3 The company was organized in 1906 with the idea of reclaiming only 36,000 acres of land, lying near Douglas, by means of huge reservoir in the LaPrele canyon. During the next four years the project was steadily enlarged and new units were added until 300,000 acres came under the ditch. The original dam was constructed in 1908 and at that time was thought to be the highest reinforced concrete structure of its kind in the country. *4 It contained 30,000 square yards of concrete, 15,000 barrels of cement and 1,500,000 pounds of structural steel. The land coming under the ditch covered the North Platte valley from Glendo on the southeast to Glenrock on the west and extended along both sides of the river. The land was completely settled during 1910 and the farmers there have always been unusually prosperous. *5 The title to this land came from the state and was guaranteed by the state. All payments were made to the State Board of Land Commissioners and were held by them until the State Engineer approved the works and thus secured absolute protection to the farmer. These lands were sold at one-fourth cash, balance payable at the option of the purchaser within five years. The whole project was handled and financed by J. M. Wilson, W. F. Hamilton and B. J. Erwin, citizens of Douglas. *6

The Carey Act was important in the development of the Big Horn basin as a large part of that fertile irrigated region has been taken up under this Act. *7 Agricultural development began around Worland in 1902. At that time Garland, eighty-five miles to the north and on the Burlington's line to Cody, was the nearest railroad point and Casper, terminus of the Northwestern road, was 150 miles to the southeast. For thirty-five miles up and down the Big Horn river from where Worland now stands was a desert waste with only here and there a pioneer's cabin close to the river banks. Small attempts at agriculture had been made

*1 Ibid., 22.

*2 Mead, 3rd Bien. Rep't, 1895-1896, 24.

*3 F. H. Barrow, "Irrigation" in Wyo. Tribune, Dec. 31, 1910.

*4 Ibid.

*5 Ibid.

*6 Wyoming Tribune, Dec. 31, 1910.

*7 See Appendix Q.

by the early settlers, who had demonstrated that the soil and climatic conditions were favorable to the growing of oats, wheat, potatoes and alfalfa. *1 To the ordinary farmer the prospect was uninviting, but in the short span of twelve years an irrigated valley extending twenty-seven miles had created fully four million dollars worth of property value *2 and had added three million dollars to the tax rolls of the state. These results could not have been attained had not nature bestowed on the valley a deep alluvial soil and an abundant supply of water in the Big Horn river. *3

There are many other projects under the Carey Act and they are distributed all over the state. By 1910 two million acres of land had been segregated *4 and the units ranged all the way from a few acres in size to 100,000 acres in the Eden Irrigation and Land Company Project located near Rock Springs. *5 During the next decade there was a marked development and by 1920 one large project had segregated 260,000 acres in one unit. Construction work during 1919 and 1920 was greater than in any other period since 1912. At present work is going forward on the following projects: The LaPrele Project, The Eden Project, The Paint Rock Project, The Lake View Project, The Hawk Springs Project and the Green River, Cottonwood and North Piney Projects. *6

There are over 20,000 acres of mountain area where precipitation averages thirty inches. There are no perennial streams born or heading in the low ground. More than two-thirds of the streams never reach the sea but flow out into the arid lands and are lost. The utilization of these rivers depends upon taking the water when it leaves the mountains. Each of the great rivers has a large volume of water. The maximum discharge of the North Platte is 15,000 cubic feet per second; of the Big Horn 25,000 cubic feet per second; of the Green and Powder rivers, a considerable though less amount. *7 There are many natural basins and reservoirs locations and modern irrigation methods are making use of all these, gradually extending the irrigated area of the state.

It is thought that the Wyoming constitution is in advance of the constitution of other states in the matter of irrigation. *8 It states: "Water being essential to the industrial prosperity, of limited amount and easy of diversion from its natural channels,

*1 U. S. Census, 1900, Agric. & Irrig., Vol. VI, Part II, 865.

*2 *Ibid.*, 1920, Vol. VII, 340.

*3 C. F. Robertson, Wyo. Tribune, Dec. 31, 1914.

*4 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 332.

*5 See Appendix Q.

*6 H. Loyd, Rep't of Com. of Lands, 1920, 22.

*7 Morris, "Irrigation Methods" in Wyo. Hist. Coll., 1897, 57.

*8 U. S. Census, 1890, Agric. & Irrig., 250.

*6 H. Loyd, Rep't of Com. of Lands, 1290, 22.

its control must be in the state, which, in providing for its use, shall equally guard all the various interests involved.” *1 This statement while not altogether original to the Wyoming constitution *2 has fostered a quality of legislation that places the state in advance of some commonwealth in dealing with the problem of water disposal. *3 This irrigation law of Wyoming has been widely celebrated and has been influential in moulding the institutions of other states, and even those of Canada and Australia. *4 The law is unique in this, that the state does not necessarily wait for controversies and losses to arise, but of its own accord steps in and ascertains how much water is available for irrigation, who are the claimants to this water, and then, knowing these fundamental facts, it gives the use of the water to the proper persons, and employs its own agents to see that the distribution is made. *5

It was left for the Reclamation Service to accomplish the most important development in Wyoming irrigation. The national irrigation law set aside a special fund from the sale of public lands to be used in reclaiming arid and semi-arid lands in the West. The chief aid rendered has consisted in utilizing large irrigable tracts of land adjacent to large streams whose flood waters can be stored in reservoirs and conveyed by canals and laterals. *6 Such projects are too expensive for private capital as the settler can not pay an exorbitant price resulting from high cost of construction.

The Reclamation Service aims to get back no more money than is expended for the enterprise but expects each individual undertaking to pay its own way. The price per acre is in proportion to the expense of reclamation, making the cost twenty-five dollars in some cases, sixty dollars in others. The entryman has to comply with the Homestead Law and can then acquire forty, eighty, one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and sixty acres under the government ditch and pay for the construction in ten or twenty annual payments. *7

One of these government projects has been carried out on the North Platte river in Wyoming, though the project is interstate and extends into Nebraska. In order to store the flood waters of the river, a huge reservoir was built at the junction of the Sweetwater and North Platte. This huge dam, called the

*1 State Constitution, Art. I, sec. 31.

*2 Colorado constitution does not make control in State, XVI, 5.

*3 Brown, "Constitution Making" in Wyo. Hist. Coll., 1920, 106.

*4 Smythe, *Conquest of Arid America*, 230; Mead later worked in Canada and in Australia.

*5 U. S. Census, 1890, *Agric. & Irrig.*, 250.

*6 Deming, "Irrigation Projects in Wyo." in *Independent*, Vol. 62, 1081.

*7 *Ibid.*, 1081.

Pathfinder, receives the drainage from 12,000 square miles and waters 22,000 acres with its 1,000,000 acre-feet capacity. *1 It is one of the largest masonry dams in the world and is built in the solid granite bed of the river. *2

Because of the roughness of the country it takes 6,445 canal structures to provide for the irrigation of 129,684 acres of land on 806 miles of canal. Many of the lands of the Wyoming side are mesa or table lands from fifty to two-hundred feet above the river. Settlers began coming in rapidly in 1907 and in one year took up 40,000 acres of land. *3 Today 110,000 acres of land have been reclaimed in Wyoming alone and the Reclamation Service has expended over fifteen million dollars on the project though only about five million dollars are invested in Wyoming. *4

The principal towns embraced in the North Platte Project in Wyoming are Guernsey, Lingle and Torrington. Guernsey, just outside the irrigated section, is a thriving town of 400 people. Torrington is the county seat of Goshen county and has a population of 700. With the development of the public and private irrigation systems in the valley, several of the larger towns began to grow steadily and at present are the centers of considerable agricultural population. The price of the farm units on this project for the part that is public land is fifty-five dollars per acre, payable in twenty years without interest. *5

One of the largest irrigation projects in the state is the Shoshone irrigation project, *6 consisting of over a hundred miles of laterals. It took the government over fifteen years to finish the project but all the headgates and drops are built of concrete and every detail is made as nearly perfect as engineering skill can make it. Land is acquired under the Homestead Act and water rights are paid for in twenty annual installments. *7

The settlement of the project was attended with many difficulties. Because the soil was lacking in humus it was necessary to begin with grain crops and work into the raising of alfalfa before money-crops such as sugar beets could be successfully grown. In order to secure the best possible returns from their products, farmers had to resort to stock-raising and dairying until the quality of the soil could be changed by humus and a legume crop. Of the 575 unit holders, only fifty per cent had experience in farming before coming to these lands, and only about fifteen per cent had ever farmed by irrigation. Their

*1 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 331.

*2 Deming, "Irrig. Proj. in Wyo." in Independent, Vol. 62, 1082.

*3 Deming, "Irrigation Projects" in Independent, Vol. 62, 1082.

*4 Compiled from maps and data in files of State Engineer.

*5 James, Arid West, 216.

*6 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 332.

*7 Miscellaneous data of Resources in files of Immig. Office.

progress has been remarkable though the construction price is high, being fifty-nine dollars per acre. *1

The Shoshone project contains a total of about 147,516 acres but in 1916 was prepared to serve 42,665 acres. The total cost up to 1920 had been \$4,875,000 *2 but there are extensions being made. *3 Some of the public lands under this project have been entered only recently by soldiers of the Great War.

The government Reclamation Service has done much for the progress of irrigation in Wyoming and the engineers have paid much attention to detail, but as they work only on large projects, there remains tracts of splendid soil of small area that can only be developed by private capital under the Carey and other land acts.

The irrigable area of Wyoming is extensive and the quantity of water which can be made available for irrigation insures the success of agriculture. A list of irrigation projects in the state as given in appendix Q shows that, at the close of the year 1922, there were only 418,950 acres under large projects, that were actually under irrigation and raising crops. This does not include the large number of acres watered by the primitive means of irrigation. Yet the acreage planned, some of it already being developed, totals more than seven times the present acreage. It has been estimated that ten million acres may be irrigated while present projects include a little over three million acres. This area would produce a food supply sufficient for the wants of more than five million population. *4 It will be seen at once that Wyoming's settlement from the agricultural point of view is largely a thing in the future. A later chapter will describe the settlement as far as it has actually taken place.

*1 James, Reclaiming the Arid West, 364.

*2 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 334.

*3 Investments in next two years raised figures to \$8,622,907.

*4 Hill, Second Biennial Report, 1919-1920, 8; Material for Third Biennial Report, typed material, 10.

Norkok, who has been Shoshone interpreter for many years, died on Thanksgiving day about noon. He was stricken with paralysis sometime previous and lingered until that time. He was a progressive Indian and in favor of education. The poor and orphans of the Shoshones lost a good friend in Norkok.—(From The Indian Guide, Vol. 1, No. 7, Shoshone Agency, Wyo., November 1896. "Indian Guide" on file in State History Dept.)

MILITARY SERVICES IN MEXICO

The following account of my military services in Mexico during the time of the Huerta-Wilson trouble and following the occupation of Vera Cruz by American forces which was later followed in succession by the Villa-Carranza fighting for the control of Mexico, the Columbus raid, Pershing's punitive expedition, the World War, and what took place on the Mexican Border, is written at the request of the State Historian, Mrs. Cyrus Beard, at the Capitol Building in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

John M. Watson, Greybull, Wyoming

Prior to the killing of President Madero of Mexico by that trouble-maker, Huerta, who took the reins of government by a coupe-d'état in Mexico City suddenly and unexpectedly by getting control of disloyal troops and turning machine guns loose down the streets of the city, killing many innocent people and throwing the city into a turmoil of confusion, I made a trip to Vera Cruz, Mexico. I went by rail to the American colony at Medina, later renamed Loma-Bonita, 125 kilometers southwest of Vera Cruz across the state line of Vera Cruz and in the state of Oaxaca on the Isthmo-road that runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. The terminus on the Pacific coast is Salina Cruz. This country appealed to me very much and I bought some land alongside of other Americans who had located before this time. There were about 65 married men with families and 12 or 15 single men including myself.

They had found that they could raise pineapples superior to the Hawaiians, and as for citrus fruits no better could be grown anywhere. They had good markets in the cities and especially on the boats at Vera Cruz. Everything looked good and we had great hopes of being successful when the first thing to check our hopes was the killing of President Madero. Not long after the Provisional President Huerta caused trouble with the United States by ordering the arrest of an American landing party from an American warship lying off the port of Tampico. A few notes from President Wilson demanding a salute to the flag and an apology from President Huerta that never came, then an order by President Wilson followed for all Americans to leave Mexico immediately. You can see the confusion at the American colony at Loma Bonita when a train sidetracked at the station and Mexican soldiers gave orders to Americans and their families to get aboard the train in an hour's notice to go to Vera Cruz to board American ships in port to be taken back to the United States. I was one of the ten single men who refused to leave and we stayed to look after the places and stock the best we could and to protect the farms from the bandits that infested the country at that time.

We barricaded in a concrete building that was used as a stopping place for prospective settlers that came in from the United States to look at land. I had charge of the defensive move and we placed sand bags in the windows and took our turn at watch at all hours. We had rifles and plenty of ammunition which even our Mexican help knew nothing about. Week after week passed and nothing happened and some of the men went ahead with their crops. I had a feeling that it would be of no use but waited for time to tell. Our help apparently seemed loyal to us. The Americans there paid higher wages than they ordinarily received and the poor Mexican laborers seemed to appreciate that. We told them that it was not us that caused the threatened war with the United States and the occupation of Vera Cruz.

Later the American forces withdrew and turned the command of the city over to General Carranza and his man after President Huerta was allowed to escape to Havana from where he went to Spain for a while. Then he was even "allowed" to go to El Paso, Texas to take up residence in an apartment. It was while he was peaceably living in El Paso that he took sick and died in bed a natural death.

Shortly after the withdrawal of General Funston and the American forces at Vera Cruz, we realized that conditions were less favorable for any American in the interior. When the American forces withdrew from the country of Mexico, the general impression among the Mexicans was that the Americans were afraid of the Mexicans and would not risk a war in Mexico. Of course, among the more intelligent that feeling did not exist. Warnings from bandit sources for us to get out came on several occasions. It only made us more alert and on the lookout, but one early morning attack proved that the warnings were correct. It was light enough to see objects and as we had made a clearing around our barricade we stood the attack without losses on our side. The bandits withdrew, leaving two horses shot out from under some of them and whatever their losses were they carried away. We found several rifles and some blood spots on the grass the next day where we fired into the attacking party.

I took a report into Vera Cruz of the attack, as the trains were running into that city, and asked for a small detachment of Carranzista soldiers to protect the place from bandit attack. It was agreed that we should have more protection.

I also made a report to the American consul, Mr. Canada, at Vera Cruz, regarding conditions of Americans and their property in the interior. There were many Americans living in Vera Cruz under the protection of the guns of the U. S. war-

ships anchored way out off the coast from Vera Cruz. Thus it happened I run into an American named Santos Johnson, who was in the uniform of a Mexican major. Johnson was a man I had known when I was in the U. S. 4th Artillery and he and I had soldiered in B Battery 4th Artillery while we were stationed at Vancouver barracks at Vancouver, Washington, several years before this meeting in Mexico. I found out from him that he had accepted a commission from General Coss of Pueblo and had been in the Mexican Revolution for some time. With Johnson I met a number of Mexican officers who offered me a commission under their command after they were told by Johnson that I had been in U. S. artillery service and could handle field pieces and machine guns. Among them was General Enrique R. Najera of Durango, a state in Mexico. While I was considering accepting a commission as an officer in the Mexican army I got in contact with some Americans in the intelligence department or secret service. Whatever I agreed to get for them and the data they wanted does not matter much now and I will pass over that part only to mention that I was sworn to secrecy and did obtain data at various times for I accepted a commission at captain of artillery and had access to arsenals and could get a fairly reliable count on machine guns, field pieces, and other military equipment and supplies.

A short time before I left Vera Cruz with General Najera and his command on a military train across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Salina Cruz, my friend Johnson had been wounded in the groin by a rifle bullet while in a fight with Qapatista bandits near Pueblo and was brought back to Vera Cruz to a military hospital. I had persuaded four other Americans to take commissions with the Mexicans as I felt a little better when there were other Americans in the same command with me. One old man by the name of Nelson who at one time lived in Denver, Colorado, was among them. He was a bald-headed man and wore glasses and looked so much like a doctor that I asked him if he knew anything about medicine. He said he knew a little but not much. I answered him, "You'll do and from now on you will be Dr. Nelson." So I introduced him as a doctor and he was accepted as such but his main interest in Mexico was mining. Another fellow named Wiley who years before was a mining man and civil engineer and had married a Mexican woman and had four children was in the group. When orders came for Americans to leave Mexico he said to me, "I cannot take my family to the states for my people are southerners from South Carolina and they would look at my kids and see that two of them are pretty dark skinned to be white." He was made a colonel later on. Antonio Barberi was an Ital-

ian-American who later went to Mexico. He wanted to go so I got him. He was a lieutenant then. There was another, a Spanish-American. His name was Hernandez, and we got him too.

When we were about 100 kilometers out of Vera Cruz we were fired on from ambush near the town of Los Naranjas. There was a lively exchange of shots and finally our train got by all right without any bridges destroyed ahead of us. We got into Salina Cruz and boarded the Mexican gunboat, General Guerrero, and then headed north for the port of Mazatlan in the state of Sinaloa. On our way north we stopped at several places, Accapulco, Manzanillo, and some smaller places before we got to Mazatlan. We boarded a military train and started for Culiacan, the capitol of Sinaloa. At several places, culverts and bridges were destroyed and we had to go around shoe-flies switches across dry river beds that made us very doubtful as to our procedure. But we finally succeeded and arrived in the city of Culiacan, which was to be our headquarters. We made Culiacan headquarters for several months. General Najera was Commandante-Militiare of that city and it was there that President Wilson recognized the Carranza faction as the governing faction of Mexico. We put on a celebration of the event and the Americans with the Mexicans received many a Salud and Vivas. How quickly their sentiment changes, for it was not many weeks after that I was behind prison bars with serious charges preferred against me.

Our object was to advance from Culiacan north and east over the mountains into the states of Durango, General Najera's home country. The Villista faction held the passes and controlled the state of Durango. We had several fights near Culiacan and later on General Najera gave up the plan to advance for all he could do was to hold Culiacan and the lines of communication to Mazatlan. I had charge of four machine guns that we placed on the roof of the hotel where we lived. The officers of General Najera's command took over the hotel and had the management continue to operate. We could sweep the approach to the town and fire on any attacking party. I met an American, a dentist, whose name was Dr. Brooks. He was allowed to leave and was acquainted on the other side of the lines for as he took no active part in the fight he was allowed to cross the lines. This he did and on returning one time told me of another American on the Villista side. He could not give me his name and I asked him if he would carry a letter to this American for me and this he agreed to do. I explained my reasons for being with General Najera and that I would be compelled to fire on any attacking forces and that I

would not want to knowingly fire on an American and asked him to avoid coming in contact with our fire or defense. Dr. Brooks never did get through with the letter. The vigilant patrol searched him and got the letter and while not preferring any charges against him, turned the letter over to the commanding officer under General Najera. General Najera asked me for explanations that I gave satisfactorily and while he knew there were some officers under him who did not like the "Gringos" and would do all they could to cause them trouble, he was always friendly toward the Americans and said he wished he had more of them. However, by that time the other Americans, Nelson, Wiley, and the others had taken leave of absence, and went back to Mazatlan and from there on south. I was the only remaining "Gringo". General Najera issued me a pass to Mazatlan and an indefinite leave of absence and told me I had better get out of Mazatlan till things quieted down. I got through Mazatlan and felt contented that things had been as favorable as they appeared to be. After a night at the hotel I stepped out on the street to go down town to see about getting out on a boat. I was arrested at the doorway of the hotel by a Mexican officer with four soldiers. They took me before the Commandante Militaire and I soon found out how he hated me or rather the Gringos. He looked more like an American himself and might have been the illegitimate son of one. He read the charges and as it was away from General Najera's command I was ordered to put in the next few days in prison and held for court martial. Their main object was to rob me of everything I had that they wanted. They took all of my letters in English and papers and left the papers in Spanish for they understood that and they did not want what I had. After a wait of several days I was brought up for trial. I was convicted before I was tried and could not prove myself innocent and was consequently sentenced to be put up in front of an adobe wall and a firing squad would do the rest. While they were waiting for an approval of sentence by higher authority I had managed to see a friend. He was a Mexican who called to see me and I told him what to do and he did it. I asked him to see the American consul and also the English Consul and to explain and see what could be done to obtain my release. I do not know exactly what all was done or what influence to bear but I have an idea and will always say this much that Masonic influence might have been brought to bear. I was released one morning and told to go down to the dock and that I did and was directed to get into a motorboat and was taken to an English ship, the Citriana a passenger-freight boat that used to make the west coast under the British flag. I climbed up to the

deck and was directed down below and was kept there out of sight of custom officers or immigration officers till they got the cargo aboard. It was about three days till the boat left. In the meantime an American gunboat came into harbor and only stayed an hour. They never let their orders be known but I found out afterwards that they had come from Topolobampo bay to Mazatlan at full speed to demand my release but found out I was free and aboard the English ship and would be taken to the states. When the ship left port with their cargo bound for a California port the mate came and told me that the captain wanted to see me up in his cabin. I went up there and after going over considerable explanation with him he opened his suit case and laid out a suit of clothes that about fit me which I exchanged for my Mexican captain's uniform. He gave me ten dollars and said he was going as far as Frisco and if I wanted to I could go on there or he was stopping at San Diego and San Pedro. But he said not to talk to any newspaper reporters about how I got out of Mexico. It might cause him trouble and explanation. At San Diego there were several reporters and I passed them up. I got back on the boat and went to San Pedro and after spending several weeks resting up and recovering from the effect of near starvation while in prison in Mexico, I was back on the Mexican border with the cavalry a short time before the Columbus raid. We were stationed at Naco, Arizona, and I rode border patrol for several months. Then following the Primitive expedition to get "Villa" that they never wanted to get and later the mobilization of troops on the border and the breaking off of relations with Germany came the World war. Our regular outfits were split up. Some men sent to officers training camps. I did not want to leave mounted service in the cavalry and wanted to stay in the Regular service. I refused officers training school. I was stable sergeant and on detached service several times and finally finished my military service after the signing of the Armistice in the Veterinary Corps doctoring sick horses. After the service I returned to Wyoming, my old home state by adoption.

OBITUARY

Died at Regan's ranch, in Old Pioneer Hollow, Uinta county, Wyoming, on Saturday, March 25, at 12 o'clock, Virginia Regan, wife of Charles P. Regan.

Deceased was an Indian woman, and one of the noblest of her race. She has always been a warm friend to the whites, and no one was ever turned away from Regan's ranch hungry, but was always supplied with the best the place afforded. It was this woman, with all her keen perception and native sagacity,

that found and saved the life of our friend and highly esteemed townsman Mr. M. V. Morse, when he was lost in the mountains for nine days, some four years ago. She was the adopted child of "Old" Jack Robertson, of Fort Bridger, one of the few mountaineers now living, whose active life in this part of the great west was contemporary with that of the famous Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and other noted frontiersmen of an early day. He always thought a great deal of this adopted child, and it will grieve the old man to hear of her death. About eighteen years ago, Charley Regan formed an attachment for the young Indian girl, which was reciprocated, and "Old Jack", as he was familiarly called, giving his consent, they were married and have lived contented and happy together until separated by death. She leaves a family of three boys, the eldest being 16 years of age this month. Just a year ago, her daughter, a bright young girl, died; which caused her great sorrow, and she has been sick and failing ever since until her death. Both died the same month one year apart. She was the only Indian in this county that could go to the polls and vote, which she did. She leaves considerable property, including a good ranch, well stocked with cattle and horses.—Uinta Chieftain.—(From Cheyenne Daily Leader, April 5, 1883.)

NEIKOK, THE SHOSHONE INTERPRETER

A very prominent and useful Shoshone Indian died at his home near the Washakie Hot Springs on last Thanksgiving day. This man was called "Norkok" by the whites, but his Shoshone name was Neikok, which means Black Hawk. He was about 70 years old. The Shoshones as a rule keep no account of time and do not know their own age or their children's after they become a few years old. He was stricken with paralysis of the entire left side about a month ago and was given the closest attention by Dr. Welty. The doctor paid him daily visits and saw that his medicine was taken according to their directions and that he had plenty of food; but all in vain.

As he was a man very highly respected by all the whites who knew him, he was frequently visited by the Agent, Capt. Wilson. Mr. J. K. Moore, the Post Trader, who knew Neikok for many years at Fort Bridger, before there was such a place as Fort Washakie also visited him.

Among others who were old acquaintances was one white man, who probably knew more about Neikok than any other "old timer"; that is "Capt." Wm. McCabe, at present Post Scout and Interpreter at Fort Washakie.

In years long past McCabe fought the Arapahoes and Sioux side by side with Neikok and says he was a brave man.

McCabe first met Neikok in 1858 when he was living with his father on Green river, some fifty miles from Fort Bridger. He was then a young man and a leader of other young men of his tribe. His father was named Battise, a Mulatto of Creole origin of St. Louis. He came from there in the early days as an Indian trader. He was then well off in horses and cattle and kept the ferry across Green river, afterwards known as the Robinson ferry. Battise spoke French and English and in this way his son Neikok spoke French fluently, also English and Shoshone. His mother was a Ute squaw captured by the Shoshones in a raid when she was a child. This is nothing uncommon among Indians as I know a white woman, who was captured by the Arapahoes when a child.

This woman has blue eyes and a fair skin, but knows nothing more than any other squaw and can only speak Arapahoe.

Neikok was a fine looking man of commanding presence and very polite in conversation and strictly truthful. His word was never doubted by those who came in contact with him. This was very important as he was the official interpreter of the Shoshones and everything said by the Shoshones in council with the whites or in a case before the Courts, both sides had to be heard by Neikok and his translation was law. He was so honest in his desire to translate properly that more than once the writer of this sketch (as in the case with other whites) has seen him stop and say, "I don't think I know that word," or "I can't tell that right," and he would not go on until he fully knew what it was that he was to translate. His death is a great loss to the Indians, for I think it will be impossible to replace him. He never was afraid to tell exactly what both sides said while a younger man might fear of giving offense if he spoke the exact truth.

He was buried on Sage creek among his relatives who preceded him. While he is not the father of any living children, it was his habit to adopt and bring up orphans, who had no one to take care of them and in this way he had a number of children who called him father and who sincerely mourn his loss.

Neikok, as is the custom among his tribe was wrapped in a number of expensive blankets of beautiful colors and his body deposited in a grave dug by sorrowing friends. In the grave were placed his various trinkets and articles of daily use, without any useless coffin to enclose his body. Simply lying in his blankets and embraced in the arms of mother earth, he awaits the final end of time.—(From *The Indian Guide*, Vol. 1, No. 8, published at Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, December 1896.)

WHITE HORSE TALKS

One of the characters among the Shoshones is White Horse, who speaks some little broken English, which he picked up by his association with the whites.

White Horse received the name he now bears from an incident which occurred at Fort Bridger many years ago.

The soldiers at the fort had a crack racing horse and they attempted to put up a job on the Indians by matching him against anything the Indians had to run.

White Horse appeared on a scrawny white horse and entered him in the race; the soldiers placed all they had available on their favorite, but when the race was over the scrawny white had won and they were minus their cash.

Ever after when White Horse appeared at the fort he was referred to as "The White Horse", and the name has stuck to him all these years.

The other day White Horse was at the Agency and thus he expressed himself.

"Capt. Wilson, Agent, Col. Clark and Wingo (Mr. Burnett, Shoshone farmer). all same heap good-Indian no hungry now flour all same heap-fix em-big "sooite" make heap wheat tell Indian maybe good now all time heap eat.

"All Indians glad land man came glad Washington send him. My house now heap flour, oats and wheat. Me glad—all Indians glad."—(The Indian Guide, Vol. 1, No. 12, published at Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, April 1897.)

ACCESSIONS

July 1931 to October 1931

Museum

Deming, W. C.—Pictures of the late R. S. Van Tassell and of the late Mrs. Castle, mother of Thomas Castle.

Capitol Building Commission—A 16 candle power light bulb found in the Capitol Tower. First type used in the Capitol Building. One of the first electric light bulbs to be used in this town.

Claney, Gus—Replica of a freight train, size 3½ feet long and 8 inches wide, made by Mr. Claney. Mr. Claney has been a resident of Cheyenne for 40 years. He is now Superintendent of the Laramie County Poor Farm.

Clark, Edith K. O.—The entire series of pictures taken at the time Governor Emerson carried greetings to President Coolidge in the Black Hills. There are ten pictures. The first one shows John Bell on his horse in the Capitol entrance talking with Governor Emerson. The incidents of the occasion are shown in the manner in which the events occurred including Governor Emerson in an airship speeding towards Dakota. This occasion was in commemoration of the revival of the Pony Express and emphasized the difference in travel in the days of the Pony Express and the air service of today.

Hebard, Dr. Grace R.—Three photographs taken at Wind River upon the dedication of the Memorial Tablet to Bishop Randall, presented by Dr. Hebard.

Faulk, J. Evelyn—Three pictures of Fort Steele taken in 1929; three pictures of Fort Laramie taken in 1930; one picture of Fort Washakie taken in 1930; two pictures of Fort Bridger in 1931.

Blakeman, Mrs. Louise Parr—Pictures (1) Dick Parr, General Phil Sheridan's private Chief of Scouts; (2) Dick Parr guiding General Custer and the 7th Regiment at Battle of Chalk Bluffs; (3) Dick Parr as a captive with aged members of Ogallala and Brule Sioux at Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park; (4) Rescue of Dick Parr at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, August 1860.

Original Manuscripts

Wilson, Col. R. H.—Manuscript dealing with the negotiation of the Shoshone and Arapahoe Treaty of 1896. Colonel Wilson was Acting Indian Agent at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming at the time the Big Horn Hot Springs were sold to the Government. He was present when the Treaty was signed.

Blakeman, Mrs. Louise Parr—"Sketch of the Life of 'Dick' Parr in the Far West."

Documents

Foote, W. F. (Chicago) to Governor of Wyoming—Governor of Wyoming to State Historical Department—Letter written in longhand dated "Head Quarters Fort Laramie, D. T., May 21st, 1866" signed "W. H. Evans, Major 11th Ohio Cavalry Volunteers."

Hooker, W. F.—Letter written by Malcolm Campbell to Mr. Hooker, dated August 26th, 1931. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hooker were bullwhackers in Wyoming in the early 70's.

Pamphlets

Mitalsky, Frank—Two copies of Arizona Historical Review, Vol. 3, No. 4, January 1931 and Vol. 4, No. 1, April 1931.

Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—"Mountaineering in Grand Teton Park" by Dr. Fryxell.

Governor of Wyoming for Mrs. Louise Parr Blakeman—Folder carrying brief history of "Dick" Parr, scout, Indian interpreter, and guide for General Phil Sheridan in his Indian campaigns on the western border. Dick Parr was at Fort Laramie in the 60's and 70's.

Clark, Edith K. O.—Complete Stenographic Record of the Conference on Education, Meeting of the National Council of State Superintendents and Commissioners of Education with the United States Office of Education, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, December 8 and 9, 1930.

Carpenter, J. Ross—"Whose Country Is This, Anyhow?" an address on Patriotism by Mr. Carpenter.

Newspapers

Van Metre, R., President of the Wyoming Tie & Timber Company, Du Noir, Fremont County, Wyoming, for Mr. Roy A. Bury, Ann Arbor, Michigan—"Rock Springs Exposure," Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, November 10, 1876, two sheets size 15" by 18", hand printed with lead pencil on one side of each sheet. The paper carries three illustrations, some advertising and much political news.

Miscellaneous

Oregon Trail Memorial Association, Inc.—The New York Sun, March 22, 1930; Yale News, October 11, 1930, carrying accounts relating to Oregon Trail marking. Semi-annual Report of the Association, January to August, 1930; August to December, Completing 1930. Two addresses by Dr. Howard R. Driggs, President of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association. "Scouts Mark the Oregon Trail"—President Hoover commends Oregon Trail Marking by the Boy Scouts; "Marking the Old Oregon Trail and Its Allied Branches"—a National good turn by Boy Scout Troops. "The Covered Wagon Centennial" by Arthur Chapman.

Wm. Raymond T. ...
318 So. 12th Street

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1932

No. 3

CONTENTS

History of the Western Division of the Powder
 River Expedition.....By F. G. Burnett ✓

George W. Fox Diary

Accessions

Published Quarterly
 by the
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
 MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *State Historian*
 Cheyenne, Wyo.



Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1932

No. 3

CONTENTS

- History of the Western Division of the Powder
River Expedition.....By F. G. Burnett
- George W. Fox Diary
- Accessions

Published Quarterly
by the
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *State Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Acting Governor.....A. M. Clark
Secretary of State.....A. M. Clark
State Librarian.....Mrs. Clare E. Ausherman
Secretary of Board.....Mrs. Cyrus Beard

ADVISORY BOARD

Judge E. H. Fourt.....Lander
Dr. Grace R. Hebard.....Laramie
Mrs. C. L. Vandevender.....Basin
Mr. L. C. Bishop.....Douglas
Mr. Phillip E. Winter.....Casper
Mrs. R. A. Ferguson.....Wheatland
Mr. Howard B. Lott.....Buffalo
Miss Spaeth.....Gillette
Mrs. P. J. Quealy.....Kemmerer

Neither the State Historical Board, the State Historical Advisory Board nor the State Historian is responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

(Copyright applied for by State Historical Department)

CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

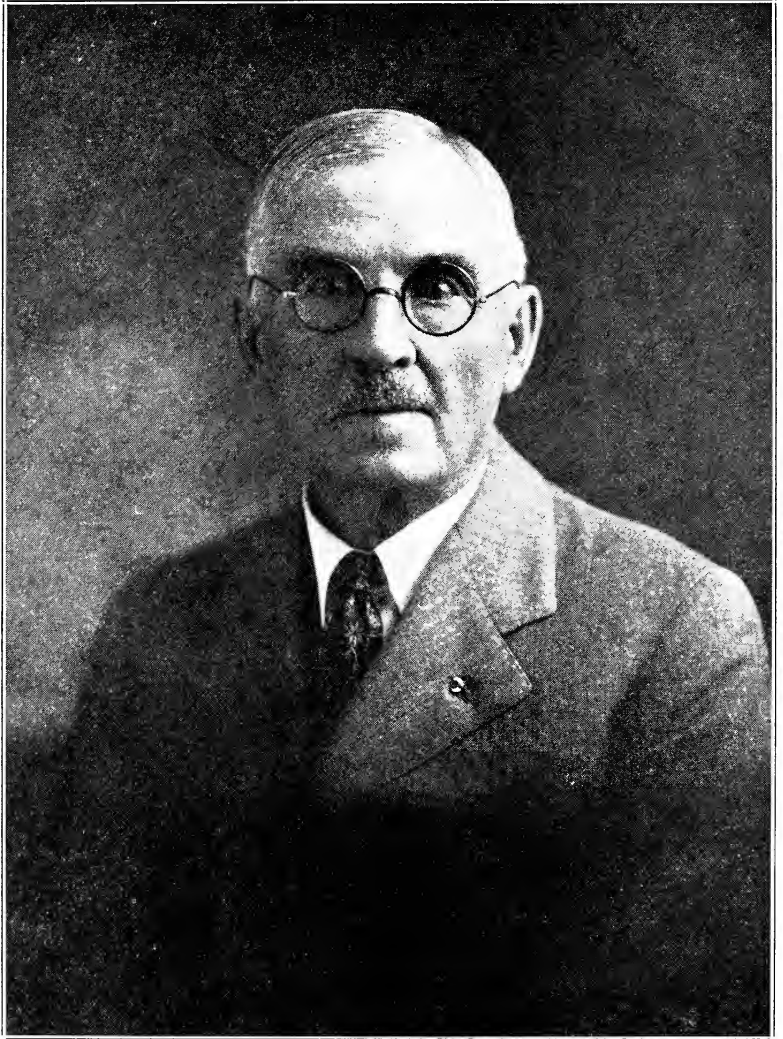
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



F. G. BURNETT

Born April 8, 1844. Resided in Wyoming since April 1, 1865.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1932

No. 3

HISTORY OF THE WESTERN DIVISION OF THE POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION

Under the Command of General Patrick E. Connor in 1865

By F. G. BURNETT

I was employed by A. C. Leighton who was the sutler for the expedition, our outfit consisted of thirteen four-mule teams loaded with merchandise. A general stock of goods, such as was carried by Post Traders in the West at that time. We left Omaha on the first day of March, 1865, under orders from General Patrick E. Connor to reach Fort Laramie not later than the first of April, as the expedition would start on that date. We forded the South Platte river at Adobe Town, about two miles west of Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory. On the ninth day of March, Mr. Leighton finding that the teams were overloaded, purchased an additional four-mule team from William Thomas who with Mr. Marshall kept a general outfitting store at Adobe Town. We traveled up the south side of the South Platte river to Julesburg, where we forded the river, and followed the Overland trail up Pole Creek, and across the Pole Creek divide, and reached the North Platte river near Chimney Rock; thence along the south side of the North Platte river through Scott's Bluffs and Fort Mitchell, and arrived at Fort Laramie, Dakota Territory, just thirty days after leaving Omaha. Fort Laramie was garrisoned by a part of the Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, under the command of Colonel William Baumer. The balance of the regiment being stationed along the Overland trail from Julesburg to Burnt Ranch on the Sweetwater river. There was one company stationed at the Platte Bridge which was located about two miles west of the present city of Casper, Wyoming. Others of the regiment were stationed in small detachments at different stage stations along the Overland trail. The different organizations which composed the Western Division of the expedition were the First Colorado, the Second California, the Eleventh Ohio, the Seventh Iowa Battery under Major Nicholas J. O'Brien. Ninety Pawnees under Major Frank North, and over one hundred Winnebago Indian scouts, whose chief was named Little Priest. These were all veteran Indian fighters, and were well equipped, and ready to march when we arrived at Fort Laramie

the first of April, 1865. General Connor was not at the fort when we arrived. He had been ordered east as was understood, to receive instructions in regard to the expedition. About this time there was a party of Indians who came to the fort with two white women prisoners, Mrs. Eubanks and Miss Laura Roper. They and a girl of fifteen had been captured on Brule Creek, near the present location of Hastings, Nebraska, the previous fall. The Indians massacred all the settlers, and members of a bull train that had camped there over night, except the three women, and one man a member of the bull train, after being wounded with several arrows fell in the tall grass and was overlooked. He was rescued by soldiers and taken to Fort Kearney and placed in the hospital where he recovered. Captain L. H. North who knew Thaddeus Stevens well says Stevens was wounded at Plum Creek in another emigrant train on or about the same day as Mrs. Eubanks and others were captured. Stevens took up residence at Columbus, Nebraska, where he resided until 1929. It is thought he is still living. Mrs. Eubanks on her arrival at Fort Laramie told of the unspeakable degradation and abuse that she and her two companions had undergone from their captors, Little Thunter, Two Face and Walks Under Ground, and so enraged the soldiers that they overwhelmed the guard, and roped the three Indians and were dragging them around the parade ground with the intention of hanging them. Colonel William Baumer induced them to return the Indians to the guard house, promising that he would wire General Connor as to what should be done with the three Indians. This is the order received by Colonel Baumer by the Overland Telegraph from General Connor: "At nine o'clock tomorrow hang Walks Under Ground, Little Thunder and Two Face with fifth chains. Fire a volley of fifteen pieces at them, and leave them hang until further orders."

I believe that the execution of these three Indians was the cause of the failure of the Powder River expedition, for from this time until the fifth of July, everything possible was done to obstruct Connor's movements, and to delay his start on the expedition.

Some time in May, the Eleventh and Sixteenth Kansas regiments under the command of Colonel Thomas Moonlight, and Lieutenant Colonel Preston B. Plumb arrived, and the expedition was ordered to move to the Platte Bridge. The camp was on Garden Creek four and one-fourth miles southwest of the present city of Casper. This camp is named Camp Dodge. The expedition remained in this camp for several weeks when it was ordered to return to Fort Laramie. The Kansas troops at this time being ordered to return to Fort Leavenworth to be mustered out of the service, they taking about fifty per cent of the

transportation which General Connor had assembled for the expedition.

We remained in camp at Fort Laramie for several days, and were then moved up the Laramie river some twenty miles to the mouth of Chugwater. This move was made to procure feed for the horses and mules, the grass having practically all been fed off in the vicinity of Fort Laramie. We remained in this camp until the fifth of July, 1865, every one having received notice that we would celebrate the Fourth of July in camp, and on the fifth of July we would start on the Powder River Expedition. The Fourth was celebrated by artillery and rifle practice, and in preparing to move on the fifth. The target for the artillery was a sand stone ledge on the west side of the river opposite our camp. I remember Major Nicholas J. O'Brien making a remarkable shot at a prominent monument that stood on top of the ledge. Several shots had been fired at it, but all had missed it, O'Brien knocked it down with his first shot. The next day the fifth of July, 1865, every teamster, citizen, as well as Government employees were ordered to load all the grain that they could possibly haul on their wagons. Leighton's train was the last one to leave camp, and as we pulled up to the great pile of forage, loading all that we could get on the wagons, there must have been at least two thousand sacks left for lack of transportation. We left by way of the Cottonwood route, and crossed the Overland trail at Horse Shoe Station, twenty-five miles west of Fort Laramie. We forded the North Platte river at Bridger's Crossing, which was also called the Mormon Crossing. This ford is near the present site of Orin Junction. We continued up the North Platte river to the mouth of Sage Creek where Fort Fetterman was afterward established. This was the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition, under direct command of General Connor, and it consisted of the First Colorado Cavalry, the Second California, Eleventh Ohio, Seventh Iowa Battery, ninety Pawnee scouts under Major Frank North, and over one hundred Winnebago Indians, whose chief was named Little Priest. Major James Bridger was chief guide and scout of the division, under him was Jack Stead, Nicholas and Antoine Janis, these two last being French half breeds, from Sioux mothers. From the time the expedition left the North Platte river there was no road, and all were under the guidance of that grand old scout Jim Bridger, who although not having traveled over this country for thirteen years, never failed to inform us of the approximate distance from one camp to the other, the contour of the country over which our route lay, the water, whether plentiful, good or bad, and range grass on which we depended for subsistence of our horses and mules. We traveled one day's drive up the Sage Creek valley, then one day to the Dry Cheyenne, then one day to Antelope or

Brown's Springs, then one day down the Dry Fork of Powder river to the Powder river, which we forded to the west side, and traveled southward up the valley approximately three-fourths of a mile to a low table land on the northeast point of which Fort Connor was constructed. The expedition camped about one-fourth of a mile above where the fort was built, and on the west side of the river. On visiting the site of the fort in September, 1928, with Major A. B. Ostrander and Mr. R. S. Ellison, I found that the channel of the river had changed, and that the valley where the expedition had camped had been eroded away, and that the river was flowing along the edge of the table land on which the fort was erected. We remained in this camp until the stockade was finished. After leaving the North Platte river our scouts were continually skirmishing with hostile Indians. Captain George Conrad's and Captain Albert Brown's companies of the Second California regiment, being the best mounted, and under the guidance of Jim Bridger, were kept continually on scout duty, and with the Pawnee scouts under Major Frank North brought in scalps and horses, that they captured day by day. I am positive that no hostile Indian who ever saw our outfit, succeeded in getting away, for frequently small bands rode into or near our camp thinking that we were Sioux or Cheyennes, but none of them escaped. The Winnebagos while scouting several miles northwest of Fort Connor during the construction of the stockade, were attacked by a large war party. Little Priest, their chief, during the skirmish became separated from his warriors and was found surrounded by a number of the enemy, he was on foot, his horse having been killed, he was fighting hand to hand with the bunch and giving good account of his prowess, when his warriors charged in and relieved him. He succeeded in getting away with two scalps of which he was very proud. A short time after this Major Frank North while scouting near the Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder river with his Pawnees, ran into a war party, which they chased through the hills. The Major in the chase became separated from his men and ran into a bunch of hostiles, who killed his horse, and was doing his best to stand them off, when he had about given up hope, one of his Pawnees, Bob White, a sergeant and one of his scouts, came to him. Frank told Bob to hurry and bring some of the other scouts to his relief. Bob instead of obeying jumped off his horse and lay down beside Frank saying: "Me heap brave, me no run, you and me killen plenty Sioux, that better." They were having a warm time when found and relieved by some of his scouts. Two or three days later a Pawnee scout was running into camp yelling Sioux! Sioux! He reported that he had seen a war party come to the river from the east, ten or fifteen miles down the river, north of the fort. Captain North thinks this war party was the

same Indians who killed Caspar Collins a few days before at Platte Bridge as the many scalps found in their possession was mute evidence that they had successfully attacked and killed a number of soldiers and that the age of the scalps would tend to verify the time as being of the date of the Lieutenant's death. General Connor ordered Major North to go after them, in fact his scouts were going without orders as fast as they could catch their horses. A. C. Leighton who was an intimate friend of Major North received permission for himself and I to accompany them. Charlie Small, his lieutenant, being unwell. We left the fort about three P. M., and rode hard in our endeavor to overtake them, the Sioux, before darkness came, but it came too soon, and Major North called a halt and held a council with his scouts. He thought it best to go into camp, and wait until daylight, but the Pawnees persisted that it was best to follow on, as the Sioux thinking it was white soldiers who were following them, and that we would stop and wait for daylight, would travel a while after dark, and thinking themselves safe, and out of reach of us would camp and rest until dawn. We marched slowly on down the river for several hours and finally the scouts came in and reported that they had located the Sioux camped in the timber a few miles ahead of us. Major North ordered the Pawnees to surround them, and wait until early dawn before attacking them. They were surprised and fought manfully until the last one was killed. There were forty-two of them, and two of them were women, none of them escaped. They had evidently been raiding along the Overland trail as they had a number of white men's scalps, among them was one which we took to be from a light curly-haired girl, they also had a lot of clothing, both women's and men's. They also had a number of Ben Holliday's horses, they were a fine lot, all branded B. H. There was one Sioux that they had been hauling on a travois who had been shot through the leg, he would in all probability have died, as his leg was in bad condition, the bone being badly crushed. I do not remember how long the expedition remained in camp at Fort Connor, but I do remember that a short time before leaving two companies of the Eleventh Ohio regiment who had been on detached duty, arrived and brought the news of Lieutenant Casper Collins' death, he having been killed July 26, 1865, with a number of his men in a fight supposedly with Cheyennes near the Platte Bridge.

The stockade having been completed at Fort Connor, the expedition started on its march to Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder river, and as we were leaving camp seven Indians rode into view southwest of the fort, they evidently had seen the smoke from our camp, and thinking it a camp of their own people. On seeing their mistake they made a hurried retreat. One

of the California companies was ordered to overtake them; I think it was Captain Brown's company. The Indians started across the divide towards Crazy Woman's Fork. There was a plain lodge pole trail leading across the divide which the expedition followed, we found all the seven Indians one after the other lying alongside of the trail, the first was a fat fellow, dressed in a sergeant's uniform, none of the seven succeeded in reaching the river, the distance between the rivers being approximately twenty-five miles. Such occurrences as this were frequent. The Pawnees had a white horse which they used as a decoy. They would take this horse out at night a short distance from the camp, and secrete themselves around it. All Indians pride themselves as being expert horse thieves. This characteristic and this white horse caused a number of gallant horse thieves to lose their top-knots during the expedition. The Pawnees never took prisoners, but manifested great pride in exhibiting scalps, horses, guns, bows and arrows, clothing or anything captured from an enemy.

After leaving Fort Connor we never remained in camp, but marched every day until we reached the Big Piney river. Here Fort Phil Kearney was established the next year, 1866. We rested two days, the feed being excellent, this being done to give the stock a chance to rest and gain strength. We marched from Crazy Woman's Fork to Clear Creek, and from Clear Creek to Rock Creek, and from Rock Creek to Big Piney. We crossed the Big Piney (losing one man who was drowned), and went over the divide to Peno Creek, and along the ridge between Peno and Prairie Dog creeks. This ridge is the location of the Fetterman massacre which occurred the following year, 1866. We followed down Peno Creek to its junction with Tongue river. On our next day's march, Jim Bridger informed us that we would cross a small spring stream which he said was poison, and cautioned us not to drink of it, nor to allow our stock to drink from it. About noon the next day while traveling down Tongue river, Major North and Major Bridger came in and reported that they had discovered an Indian village about thirteen miles south of us, on or near the river, and that they had also found Colonel
★ James A. Sawyer's outfit surrounded by hostile Indians, and that they had been fighting for three days. We were ordered to stop and camp. Major North informed us that General Connor proposed to surround the village at night and attack the Indians at daylight the next morning. Mr. Leighton obtained permission for himself and I to accompany them. We left our camp after dark guided by Bridger, North and the Pawnees. I remember that there were two ambulances, the Seventh Iowa Battery under Major Nicholas J. O'Brien. Captain Conrad's and Captain Brown's companies of the Second California Volunteers and a part of the Eleventh Ohio. The Winnebagos and others were

left to guard camp. We traveled slowly, and cautiously up the valley and on reaching the vicinity of the village the troops were deployed so as to practically surround it, and at dawn the bugle sounded the charge. A. C. Leighton and I, with General Connor and his staff, General Connor leading the charge, and in the confusion we found ourselves out in front and between the fire of our own troops and the Indians. General Connor ordered us to lie down on our horses, and just as we did this a shot struck the bugler just below his cartridge belt, and the ball was afterwards located under the skin between his shoulders. This boy was between seventeen and eighteen years old. He was a member of the Second California Volunteers. I do not remember his name. He was known as Little Dick by his comrades. He was a brave little soldier, and refused to go to the ambulance under the doctor's care, making light of his wound. I remember that he was riding a small nervous cream-colored horse which caused him a great deal of trouble and pain. He carried dispatches back and forth over the field during the day, and at night, during our return to camp, thirteen miles down Tongue river, and refused to ride in the ambulance with others who were wounded. I remember another soldier who was shot in the mouth with an arrow. The point of the arrow penetrated the tongue and stuck in the jaw bone. The shaft of the arrow came loose from the point which could not be extracted until we arrived at our camp thirteen miles down the river. I do not remember how many of our men were killed and wounded. The Indians lost between sixty and seventy killed. All their lodges, buffalo robes, furs and provisions were burned. Twenty-five or thirty women captured, and a great herd of horses. I think there were over two thousand horses. Major Nicholas J. O'Brien killed a woman. It happened in this manner: There were a number of Indians in the brush along the creek who were firing at the men who were at work destroying the village. Major O'Brien was ordered to drive them out of the brush, and he and his men were skirmishing along the creek driving the warriors ahead of them, when two women came out of the brush, the old one with her left hand extended saying How! How! and approaching the Major. A. C. Leighton came up behind the two women and called to the Major to look out as the old one had a hatchet in her right hand behind her back. The warning came just in time to save the Major's life. The woman threw the hatchet just as Leighton called, and it grazed the Major's head. He had the pistol in his hand and shot before he thought. When he realized what he had done he was sorry and said: "Great God, boys, don't ever tell that I killed a squaw." We never did tell on him until he had passed away to the far land beyond, where he could apologize to the old lady for his discourtesy.

The day after the destruction of the Arapahoe village, General Connor ordered two companies of the Second California under Captain Conrad and Captain Brown to escort Colonel Sawyer's outfit until they crossed the Big Horn river. Jim Bridger was ordered to guide them. Bridger afterwards told me that they escorted them to Pryor Creek, where he instructed them to cross the Big Horn Mountains by way of Pryor's Gap, and from this on they were in the Crows' country, and out of danger from Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The squaws and children that were captured in the Arapahoe village were given what horses they claimed as their own out of the captured herd, and were escorted by a company of the Eleventh Ohio regiment, on their return to their people. This was done to protect them from the Pawnees and Winnebagos who wished to kill them and take their scalps, saying that it was not right to let them go as they would produce more bad Indians. From this camp we followed down the valley of Tongue river by short drives, the range feed being very poor on account of the great herds of buffalo and elk. The valleys and hills being literally overrun with them. They afforded us an abundance of excellent meat, but it was difficult to find sufficient grass for our horses and mules, and as we were short of forage the horses and mules soon became thin and weak. General Connor to get in communication with other divisions of the expedition had scouted the country both east and west of the river thoroughly day after day. The Eleventh Ohio regiment was mounted on eastern horses, and their horses became practically useless after our grain was exhausted, and this necessitated the Californians and Pawnees to do all the scouting. When we were about sixty-five miles from Tongue river, Major North, Jim Bridger and the Pawnees located a large hostile Indian village north of us on a tributary of the Tongue river. About this time a company of the Second California, and the Pawnees under Major North, located the eastern and central divisions, which had become united on Powder river. They found them in bad condition. They had lost most of their horses and mules and were on foot and ragged, having abandoned many of their wagons and thrown their artillery in the river, and were marching south up the river to Fort Connor. I do not know what orders they received from General Connor, but it was generally understood that they go to Fort Laramie. Our division never overtook them. General Connor's plan was to attack the hostile Indian village, and destroy it as he had destroyed the Arapahoe village. He with North, Bridger and the Pawnees had counted the lodges in the village and estimated the number of warriors, in fact the Pawnees had kept in touch with the village, and reported every move that they had made for several days. The Eleventh Ohio regiment's horses were in such poor condition that

General Connor thought it best to let them rest for two or three days on good grass that they would gain strength to stand a good day's battle, and in the meantime keeping in touch with the scouts who were watching the village of the hostile Indians. All was in readiness to attack the village, when, the next morning when about dark two companies of the Sixth Michigan regiment came into camp with orders from headquarters for General Connor to cease hostilities and to return to Fort Laramie. Connor and all his officers and men were greatly disappointed. They realized that the expedition had been hampered from the first of April until the fifth of July, before they were allowed to start on the expedition, and I am convinced that this power or what it was or whoever it be, thought that he would be unable to move as they had taken most of his transportation for use of the Eleventh Kansas regiment which had been ordered back to Leavenworth, Kansas, to be mustered out of the service. We had been marched up to the Platte Bridge, and were camped on Garden Creek four miles southwest of the present city of Casper, then in June we were ordered back to Fort Laramie, and then ordered to move southwest up the Laramie river to the mouth of Chugwater. In the meantime General Connor had been ordered east several times for what cause none of his subordinates knew. He had just returned when we received orders to be ready to move on the fifth of July, and I am convinced that General Connor sneaked away from the higher ups who had been obstructing his movements and delaying him, as we marched to Fort Laramie and forded the North Platte river at Bridger's Crossing, which is also called the Mormon Crossing, and in this way succeeded in getting away from the obstructionists. General Connor was angry when he read the order to cease hostilities, and vowed that he would disobey it and attack the village the next morning, destroy it and suffer the consequences; but his officers pleaded with him not to disobey the order, warning him that he would be cashiered and dishonored if he disobeyed the order. What a pity, what a misfortune that he did not disobey it. If he had he would have ended the Sioux war, there would have been no Fetterman massacre, no Custer battle, no eleven years of Indian atrocities, thousands of lives would have been saved, and the settlement of the West would not have been retarded for years. Whoever, or whatever power it was who opposed him, continuing their nefarious work until they broke his heart, and finished their underhand work by destroying his records, so that the traitors who did the work could never be found.

They ruined the life of a fine brave officer, and defeated the finest organization of veteran Indian fighters that had ever been organized in the West, and caused our government to expend

millions of dollars, and was the cause of the death of many brave pioneer men and women and children.

I was with the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition from April 1st, 1865, until October of that year when it returned to Fort Laramie. I helped to construct Fort Phil Kearney in 1866, and am the only survivor of the Hay Field fight which occurred on the first day of August, 1867, about three miles north of Fort C. F. Smith. I remained in the country until 1868, when Forts C. F. Smith and Phil Kearney and Reno were ordered abandoned.

Respectfully, F. G. BURNETT.

The following letters, or excerpts therefrom, received from F. G. Burnett during the writing and completion of his History of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition under the command of General Patrick E. Connor in 1865, may be of value and interesting to students of the history of Indian warfare in the West:

Thermopolis, Wyoming, April 23, 1931.

Mr. Albert W. Johnson,
Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.

Dear Friend and Bro. :

Your dear and much appreciated letter came to me at Cody on my 87th birthday. I received many letters of love and congratulation from my children and friends on that day, which afforded me much happiness and pride. One from our mutual friend, Mr. W. H. Jackson, and a lot of kodak pictures of old forts, monuments and trails taken in his travels through Wyoming and Montana last year.

I am in good health and am endeavoring in my poor way to write the History of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition for you and Mrs. Beard. I have sixteen pages written. It conflicts with other stories of the expedition, markedly with Capt. Palmer's whom I am satisfied was not with the expedition. He makes it appear that he was the most important individual of the expedition, practically ignoring Jim Bridger, Frank North and others who did wonderful deeds of heroism day after day. I am writing the history truthfully as I remember it with the idea of vindicating General Connor and others who formed the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition in 1865.

Yours truly, F. G. BURNETT.

Also the letter accompanying the manuscript as follows:

Fort Washakie, Wyoming, May 5, 1931.

Mr. Albert W. Johnson,
Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.

Dear Friend and Brother :

Enclosed I am handing you what I remember of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition under command of General Connor in 1865 ———— After looking over it, if you

find it is worth correcting and typing, send a copy of it to Mrs. Beard and one to me. I have been careful to write nothing but the truth, as I remember what occurred from day to day.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. BURNETT.

Supplemental to the foregoing, on request for more detail, F. G. Burnett sends the following letter:

Harding Court, Rock Springs, Wyoming,

Care of A. F. C. Greene, June 17, 1931.

Mr. Albert W. Johnson,

Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.

Dear Friend:

———— I have been thinking that in your last letter you wished to know the date of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition's arrival on Powder river at the site of Fort Connor, afterwards called Fort Reno. As near as I can remember, counting the days march from our camp on the Laramie river at or near the junction of the Chugwater, it was not later than the 15th of July, 1865. I remember that after the stockade had been finished, and the garrison had moved inside two companies of the Eleventh Ohio regiment came into camp at night. The sentinel hearing them approach thought we were being attacked, fired his gun, the long wall was beat, and every one turned out, thinking we were being attacked by Indians. The men turned out without taking time to put on their boots, and as the ground was covered with cactus, the air was blue with oaths, when it was found to be a false alarm. These two companies had been on detached duty, and had not been with the expedition up to this time. I remember that they reported the fight at Platte Bridge in which Lieutenant Caspar Collins was killed.

The Arapahoe village was attacked and destroyed about the tenth or twelfth of August, 1865. I remember that on the sixteenth of August there was a hard hail and rain storm and a number of the men had discarded their boots for moccasins which they had captured in the village, consequently, the sutler sold all of the boots and shoes he had in stock that day.

With best wishes for you and your dear ones.

Your friend,

F. G. BURNETT.

That the originality of F. G. Burnett's manuscript might be saved and become a distinct contribution to the Annals, and the history of Wyoming, no changes or alterations have been made on the subject matter, so that what he has written has been faithfully preserved for historical reasons.

ALBERT W. JOHNSON.

GEORGE W. FOX DIARY

(Mr. Fox was an early day and prominent resident of Laramie; he was a member of the Constitutional Convention)

January 1, 1866—New Year found me at a Methodist Chapel, Davis Co., Iowa, attending worship. Came home to Uncle I. M. Brown's, had a cold and rough sleigh ride. Went 2 miles to take the sled home—slept 3 or 4 hours. This morning I went over to Uncle Saml. Orrs dined on roast turkey; met a couple gents of the neighborhood.

April 17, 1866—Weather fair; done no trade much, sold a drum. Raymond came over today. I notified him that I should quit his employ the end of the month. He offered me a position to clerk in a sutler store at \$125.00 per month or take an interest in the store at Fort Cassiday, 150 miles west of Ft. Laramie; supposed to start the institution in about 30 days.

April 19, 1866—I went over to Omaha this morning in the coach, came back with K's express, in the rain. Seen Mr. Kinney, he wanted to hire me at \$40 per month to go with Col. Sawyer's expedition from Sioux City to Virginia City, Montana. I promised to consider the matter.

May 5, 1866—I went over to Omaha again this forenoon. Came back on the Express, done nothing. Met Mr. Bernard this eve. He is going to Montana with ox teams, said I could go; think I will. Terms, I furnish my own provisions and pay for hauling them.

May 7, 1866—Raining. I had a good opportunity to start for Denver City this morning with Mr. Davis and another young gent. They go with a mule team. I telegraphed to Raymond to come over and settle so that I could go but I heard nothing of him.

May 15, 1866—It has been a very warm day. I dusted off the goods and had a dish of ice cream to wash down the dust. Got a dinner coat. Maj. Gen. Sherman was in town today. I had the distinguished honor of eating dinner at the same time and place with him, viz. Pacific house. Some of the boys got out an old brass cannon and barked a few times. Read an invitation to Mr. Morse's party. Mr. Eicher and I called on a couple of young ladies on the square and spent the eve.

May 28, 1866—Bernard put his teams in camp this morning. He and I went down a couple of times. Raymond came over this eve.

May 29, 1866—I bought a bu. of onions; tried my gun, didn't shoot right, bought a lot things for my outfit. Went down to camp this eve.

May 30, 1866—Raymond came over and settled with me this morning. Bernard went down and brought up the teams and we

loaded up the goods this eve. I went over to the ice cream saloon and met some young friends.

May 31, 1866—This morning we were busy getting ready. I called on Miss W—; she gave me her photo; also called on Miss L—. We pulled out this afternoon. One of the teams didn't go well, came very near upsetting; went down on the bottom near the river and camped 3 miles. Afterwards went back to town and then left it for good with some bread under my arm. Bound for "Montana."

Friday, June 1, 1866—Rained nearly all night. I laid under a wagon. The mosquitoes didn't let me sleep much. Today we spent in tinkering and fixing little matters. Our crowd consists of A. Bernard, the proprietor; Geo. W. Schlicht, Joseph Lewis, James Blacketon, F. Clause, Henry Rabe, drivers; John Wagner, cook, and myself. Bernard dismissed the Herder yesterday.

June 2, 1866—We yoked up this morn. My first experience in the biz. Pulled out at 8 o'clock. Crossed the river in good style, went up in Omaha and purchased a few fixtures; pulled out from there at 12:30; drove to Little Papillion, 5 miles from Omaha and 9 from Council Bluffs. I left Omaha on the mule but had to drive part of the way out, one of the drivers getting sick; my first experience in ox driving. Mr. Leroy and his driver, Patterson and 2 wagons are in our train; also Mr. Bowers with 12 wagons at camp. No wood, one stick 40c, size of post; good pasture and water.

June 3, 1866—I was wakened up to breakfast this morn. I bunk with Bernard. The boys brought in the cattle and yoked up; we left camp at 7:30, drove to Reed's Ranch 7 miles. Have good pasture and good spring water. Fine day, don't seem like the Sabbath. I stopped a few minutes at the ranch formerly owned by Messrs. Abbotts of my native town.

June 4, 1866—We left camp at 9:20; came through Elkhorn City, population about 40, also Bridgeport at the crossing of Elkhorn River, population about 30. We came to and stopped at Rawhide Bottoms. Just after getting in camp we had a heavy rain. Had a view of Platte river at a distance. Plenty of grass and water; distance today 13 miles.

June 5, 1866—It rained steady and part of the time hard until 6 o'clock p. m. We went to the house of Mr. Fuller and cooked our grub. Cooler, the mosquitoes nearly ate us up last night.

June 6, 1866—We left camp at 9:45. The roads were very muddy. Our mess wagon stuck once, had to double team, partly unload to get out. We came through Fremont, population 300. Came to the railroad and camped at the Dale house. Distance today 12 miles. Mr. Bernard's pony ran off this eve. He and I

went to town after it; could not hear of it, so we stopped at the hotel and stayed all night; a gay institution. I got supper.

June 7, 1866—I got up this morning at the tavern and walked out to camp $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, there found the pony. Mr. Bernard came on and we yoked up and pulled out at 9 o'clock. We went to North Bend. We camped on the bank of the Platte. I took a wash in the river—the river is high. We crossed the railroad several times today, distance 14 miles.

June 8, 1866—We had a very heavy rain last night. I went on herd the latter part of the night and this morning. We pulled out at 9:40; came to Shell creek ranche and camped, 12 miles. Have spring water and good grass, camped at 5 o'clock. I wrote a letter to Sister Cal. and home this eve.

June 9, 1866—A beautiful day; we made a drive of 8 miles before breakfast; left camp at 4:30. Stopped at Russel's opposite Shinn's ferry. Started again at 1 and drove 6 miles and camped on the bank of the Platte. Have plenty of pasture and water. We pick up wood along the road to cook with. I put some fish lines in the Platte this eve.

June 10, 1866—This morning just as we were driving up the cattle there came up a heavy rain so we turned them back. It rained all day. We cooked and eat at the house of Mr. McPherson this eve. Mr. LeRoy's man got drunk and the cattle could not be found.

June 11, 1866—This morning the cattle were all right. Patterson left, started back with his carpetsack and Leroy coat. I went after him and got his coat. We hitched up; B trade for a couple of oxen, one of them was never before worked. We drove to Columbus and the Loup Fork; was too high to cross. There was a pontoon bridge across the main stream; I went on herd this eve. We saw some Pawnee Indians today. Columbus is a small place of about two or three hundred, well represented in saloons.

June 12, 1866—It was raining this morning; we concluded to cross the river. I took my gun and went up the river but didn't see any game. We pulled out at 10 and crossed the river by 1 o'clock; had to double teams and wade waist deep, had some trouble but got over safe. I rode over on the mule; came one mile.

June 13, 1866—We pulled out this morning at 5:35, went to Prairie Creek and camped; 13 miles. Got to camp at 1 o'clock. Have good water and pasture. We had some good roads and some very bad. A couple of teams stuck and we double teamed. The creek came to the wagon's bed. Fine day.

June 14, 1866—We left camp this morning at 5:30. Had the hardest day's drive yet; stalled several times, had to put as much as 17 yoke of oxen to the team to get through. Went about 6 miles and camped on the bank of the Platte. Silver Creek was

too high to ford so went through a back road which made us some bad road. Saw an Indian on his war horse. The Great Pacific R. R. is completed this far, 100 miles. They are pushing the work ahead one mile per day.

June 15, 1866—The cattle was not herded last night. This morning Bernard and I rode about 10 or 12 miles before finding them. The boys got things together and we started at 1:45, leaving Leroy with his two teams, one of them sticking in the mud. This was against my principles but I could do nothing. The boys were anxious to help him out but Bernard wasn't. Our traveling together is at an end. We came 10 miles and camped at 6:30 near a ranch on the Platte. We saw some 40 teams across the river on the south road going west.

June 16, 1866—This morning and eve I go on herd. Bernard's pony was gone again this morning. Rained some last night. We pulled out at 6:45, drove 14 miles and had good roads excepting one place where we doubled teams to go through the water. B went back and got the pony.

June 17, 1866—I drove the cattle in early, got breakfast and left camp at 5. Drove 8 miles and had an oyster dinner. Bernard settled with Geo. Schlicht, our chief driver. He has been dissatisfied for several days. We drove again this P. M. 7 miles and found a good camping place.

June 18, 1866—Bernard was on herd last night. He came in at 12 and sent out another man. We left camp at 5 and drove to the O. K. Store 6 miles. Stuck with the mess wagon. Started at 2 and drove to Wood River, 9 miles. Found good camping ground. Bernard hired another driver today, one that left C. Leroy Nathan Kimbal.

June 19, 1866—We left camp at 5, drove about 10 miles; camped on Wood River. Excellent water. Started again at 1:20 and drove 10 miles. Camped on Wood River. We had the best roads today I ever saw. Bernard had a fuss with another of his drivers this eve and discharged him. I rec'd a letter from C. Sheaffer.

June 20, 1866—We pulled out at 5:35 and drove to the river 5 miles above Fort Kearney, distance 18 miles; got to camp at 4 o'clock. Have good pasture and water. The roads were excellent. I saw some prairie dogs today, the first. There are camped here now 15 wagons besides our 5 making 20 which will leave this place together. Saw the flag at Fort Kearney at 12 o'clock. I drove a team of 4 yoke today voluntarily. B wants to hire another hand. The train has unanimously chosen Mr. Barton captain of the train, the same I took dinner with last Easter. He is a good man for the place.

June 21, 1866—We left camp at 6 o'clock. The emigrant part of the train left first, came near having a fuss about it; con-

cluded to start together afterwards, drove about 7 miles and stopped on the prairie without water. Stopped at 11 and started at 2 and drove to Elm Creek, where we got water by driving out the snakes and toads.—8 miles—15. I helped to kill 2 rattlesnakes today; one had 6 and the other 9 rattles. I saw some antelope at a distance this eve. Heard the wolves barking and howling.

June 22, 1866—We got ready to roll out at 6 o'clock, when one of the emigrant wagons was found to be broke—the sand board. They made a new one. While at work on that an antelope came close to corral. We fired half a dozen shots but none hit. Pulled out at 9 o'clock, drove about 6 miles, stopped to water at 11:20; had poor water in a slough and poor pasture. We started again at 1:30 and went to the river about 12 miles. There was some dissent about the gait of travel; our teams in front we went too slow for the emigrants. They tried to pass us but couldn't. I went off of the road after antelope but could not get close enough to shoot; seen 8 or 10 tonight. We have good pasture and water, no wood.

June 23, 1866—Bernard and I were on herd the latter part of last night. Pleasant night, cool and dry. The dissatisfaction between our trains and the emigrants were such that we dissolved. Bernard dictated too much to please the captain or the emigrants. We lay by and wait for a freight train and they go ahead. I would rather risk it alone. I went out after antelope but couldn't get close enough to shoot. Done some washing too; got out my clothes and aired them.

June 24, 1866—Today about noon a freight train of 25 wagons and 4 or 5 emigrants wagons came up, the men we expected to cross the plains with. Mr. Benjamine is one of the principal men; he has 8 wagons. Mr. Bowers has 12 wagons, part of them loaded with a quartz mill. Benjamin was chosen captain. I like the appearance of him and all the crew. We have now 34 wagons and 49 men, 12 women and 10 children and 80 head of cattle. This eve while after the cattle I saw a jack rabbit, fired 6 shots at it with a navy revolver and killed it with a vest pocket pistol.

June 25, 1866—We left camp this morning at 6:20. Our teams in front drove about 6 miles and stopped at 10 o'clock. I took the gun and went after antelope, started 2 young ones, killed one and shot at and missed the other. Carried the one to corral 2 or 3 miles. This was the hottest day of the season. I brought in the first game. Left corral at 2 and drove about 7 miles. A storm of wind and rain forced us to corral about 5 o'clock. Have good pasture and water in the Platte. We traveled in a few hundred yards of the river. Bernard hired another man, Mr. ———. Cool this eve. Came 15 miles.

June 26, 1866—Cool and pleasant. I was hunting antelope all day. Had the mule this forenoon. Could not do much with him. Benjamin killed 2 antelope, came in and to dinner. This P. M. I went a foot, wounded one, saw 3 wolves and not many antelope. Came in to camp at dusk. We started this morning at 6:15, drove until 12, about 10 miles; started again at 3, stopped at 4; 10 miles making 20. Have good pasture and water. No timber. I killed a large rattlesnake today.

June 27, 1866—Left camp at 6:40; drove over the sand bluffs that extend to the river about 10 miles; had some bad roads; stopped 11:30; started 4:10; stopped at 6. Benjamin's brother went a hunting and didn't come in at noon. He went to hunt him. The lost came in first this P. M. The roads are good; camped at good water and pasture, no wood. This eve while corraling, an antelope came in gunshot; he was fired at but not hit.

June 28, 1866—Left camp 6 o'clock. I took the gun and walked but didn't see any game. It took us some time to cross Skunk creek, 30 feet of mud and water. Camped after crossing, 10 o'clock. Started again at 3:30 and drove 7 miles; stopped at a good spring of water 7 o'clock, the first I have seen in the territory. The spring makes the Pawnee swamp extending down the river to Skunk Creek. We also have good pasture and no wood. Cottonwood was in sight on the opposite side of the river today.

June 29, 1866—Left camp 7:20; had some bad sandy roads for a couple of miles while passing the junction of the North and South Platte up the North Platte we have the best of roads. The ground is covered with alkali. Drove to the river 9 miles this P. M. drove 6 miles—15. Passed the grave of Mr. Manning killed by Indians in 1864. I carried the gun most all day but didn't see anything but a couple of sand hill cranes. We have no wood but use *tame buffalo chips*.

June 30, 1866—Left camp at 6, drove 10 miles, camped near the river at 12:15. I went after game; was about 2 miles off of the road; shot at and wounded a sand hill crane, 200 yds. Walked up within 12 feet of it and it got away. I came to corral tired. This morning we had some trouble crossing a small muddy creek. Some of the wagons stuck. Left corral at 3:15 and drove to North Bluff Fork, a clear stream 5 or 6 rods wide, 1 foot deep, bottom quick sand; some of the wagons stuck. We crossed the stream and camped in a storm of wind and rain at 4:45; no wood. Came since noon 2 miles—12. Killed a rattlesnake, 3 rattles.

Sunday, July 1, 1866—We yoked up and left camp at 6:40. Doubled teams and crossed the sandy bluffs that extend to the river opposite the lower point of bluffs between the North and South Platte. From the height of these bluffs we could see far

up and down the river, also the South Platte and trains on the opposite side. Went about 3 miles and camped at 10 o'clock. Laid by the rest of the day. I took a good sleep. Have good pasture, no wood and poor water. Some of the boys were back in the bluffs and found some dead Indians had died.

July 2, 1866—Left camp 6, in one mile we crossed a sand bluff, had to double teams $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, came 4 miles, stopped at 11:30, started at 3. I took the gun and went back in the bluffs a couple of miles but saw no sign of game; found a good spring as I started. The teams came to another sand bluff one mile or more across; had to double teams most of the way over; got across at sundown and went into corral, 6 miles—10 miles today. weather cool; camped on the Platte.

July 3, 1866—Left camp at 6 and stopped at 11:30. Had some sandy roads. Came 5 miles this P. M. We traveled from 3 to 6 and camped on Rattle Snake Creek. A good campground for water and grass. Came 7 miles—13. We had some excellent roads this afternoon. We camped near the river also. Tomorrow we lay by for independence day and rest.

July 4, 1866—Got up late; was awakened by the firing of guns in camp; helped to get breakfast then took the pony and gun and went to the bluffs after game. The air was hot. Mr. C. LeRoy was with us. He shot at a wolf. We both shot at and wounded an antelope; didn't get it. Seen several but couldn't get near them. Was out 6 or 7 miles. Found the head of the creek. There had been Indians there to water stock a few days before. Came to camp about 6 P. M. The first thing told us was one of the men was accidentally shot, Mr. Canovan of Flanagan's outfit. A lady handing him the pistol it went off, hit his hand and went into his side. They don't think he will live. Bernard gave an excellent 4th dinner to the proprietors of the train. Yet it ends in sorrow. I was thinking today how they are at work in the harvest field at home.

July 5, 1866—The wounded man seemed better today. The train lays still on his account. We done our washing today, had my hair cut off short. The air is oppressively hot, 114°. One of Mr. Murray's work cows turned back today. Two of his boys followed her but didn't catch her. They got back at 1 o'clock this night.

July 6, 1866—Left camp at 6 and stopped at 11:30. I took the gun and went over the bluffs; seen 4 antelope; came in to dinner. Left camp at 2 o'clock and stopped at 6:40 near Wolf creek. Came about 14 miles today. Weather cool; roads tolerable good but some places sandy.

July 7, 1866—Left camp at 5:40; got up to breakfast at 3, drove about 6 miles, camped near the river on a wet piece of land. Some of the wagons stuck while driving into corral. Alkali

is plenty; some of the cattle got some. We pulled over some steep sandy bluffs this morning $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, doubled teams. I went a hunting this morning, seen one antelope. This P. M. we drove 4 miles and camped $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the river. Have good pasture.

July 8, 1866—We had breakfast at 3. I drove up the cattle; some of them strayed off a couple of miles. Started 5:15. We drove about 8 miles; good roads, crossed one very nice creek 30 feet wide, 1 deep. Stopped at 10:30. Bernard saw some Indians' ponies this morning while hunting cattle in the bluffs. Started at 1:45 and drove 9 mile; camped $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the river; plenty of grass. I rode in the mess wagon; good roads, 17 miles.

July 9, 1866—Left camp at 5:30; drove 9 miles and camped at 10:30. Started at 2:15; passed some high bluffs. I went up on them, saw Chimney rock 46 miles distant to the west. Stopped at 6 o'clock near the river; have poor pasture. The cattle came near stampeding this eve; we headed them. I killed a large rattlesnake, 8 rattles. 8.

July 10, 1866—Left camp at 5:10 eve; came over Cobbs hills and past the ancient ruins or bluffs. I went up on them with my spyglass. The bluffs resemble old solid buildings crumbling down. They are part stone and clay and sand. In front of the principal one is a grand plaza or gradual slope down towards the river. They are about 60 to 80 feet high. A noise gives my echo around the walls. I left my cards there on a white stone. I could see chimney rock very plain, also bluffs beyond distance 50 miles. We stopped at the river. Came 9 miles; had very poor pasture; drove this eve from three to 6, about 6 miles—15. Bernard took up a Mormon cow that was left on the road. I went after some antelope this eve.

July 11, 1866—Left camp 5:20; drove about 9 miles. I rode in the mess wagon. Have poor pasture. We can pick up wood enough now along the river bank to cook with. This P. M. we started at 2:15 and drove until 7:01, 10 miles—19. We came to the road that runs from Laramie to Julesburg this afternoon. We saw a mule train on that road this P. M. of 50 wagons. The road is on the south side of the river. We passed the court house bluff this P. M. At a distance it resembles a large square building. It is on the south side; saw a ranche on the other side.

July 12, 1866—We left camp at 5:20. Passed Chimney rock. It consists of a pyramid shaped pile of earth and rock about 50 feet high and in the center is a rock resembling an old chimney about 40 feet higher. Today is extremely hot; the roads dusty and not very good. The land yesterday and today abounds in alkali. Bernard settled up with another of his hands this morning, Kimble. We stopped at 11; came 10 miles; laid by this P. M. Very hot, mercury 105. I wrote part of a letter to Clem Sheaffer. Had a little rain this eve.

July 13, 1866—We left camp at 6 and drove until 11:30, 10½ miles. The roads were excellent; had good pasture. The first Indian we have seen out here came to camp today at noon; could see their camp up the river; several Indians came to camp begging. We drove from 5 to 6—15, 21½ miles—13. Corraled in 1 mile of the Indians' camp; about 50 of them came down to camp; they have made a treaty June 28. They showed us their paper. They run a horse race with Leroy and beat him. One of them at noon had 2 antelope he killed; they have new shotguns and went to get sugar & c. They look tolerable clean; their salutation is how and shake hands.

July 14, 1866—I was on corral guard the latter part of last night. This morning the cattle were strayed off; I got 4; 1½ miles found 3, killing 2 snakes—5 miles. Left them while I went farther. Mr. Ferbar came down; we went 7 or 8 miles. Couldn't find. Coming back we met the Indians on the march; looked like 1000 horses and Indians. Their manner of packing was a novelty to me: saw them run down an antelope; one Indian got throwed. They told us they took the three home. Went back to corral. Mr. Leroy came in; he found one of his oxen butchered by the Indians in the bluffs. Started at 2 o'clock, 6 oxen out. The Indians brought in 2 and a gun they stole. One of the oxen wounded by shooting through the head. Gave them some bacon. They said they would bring in the other 3 live ones. Said papoose stole the gun and killed the ox. They had a white girl 7 years old. We went 8 miles and camped on spring creek at rock. Good road and pasture. Saw Laramie Peak this eve from camp.

July 15, 1866—We left camp at 6:20. Soon after starting there were about 15 Indians came up to settle for the missing cattle. The train stopped; they formed half of a circle and commenced smoking a pipe passing it from one to the other. They talked a good deal. I couldn't understand. *Spotted Tail*, a chief of the Brules had a signed treaty 28 (?) They said the Indians eat the cattle. They gave the captain a No. 1 buffalo robe and Leroy a pony for his ox and Ferber 2 ponies for his 3. They gave them for bringing these, 2 sides of meat and ½ sack of flour. The Indians were perhaps afraid of the government so soon after the treaty. We corraled at 10:20, started at 3:15 and stopped at 6, came 7 and 5—12. Camped on the bank of the river; good pasture and wood on the islands. One light wagon broke a wheel to pieces. Hot day. One of the chiefs today had a medal dated 1801 and another had one 1866.

July 16, 1866—We laid by to make a new wagon wheel and set 12 other tires. Mr. Bernard is sick with a pain in the back I am doing his work. We had some rain late this eve. The boys overhauled the mess wagon and reloaded.

July 17, 1866—We left camp at 5:20 and drove 11 miles. Weather cool and roads excellent. Stopped at 11:15; find good pasture, water in the river and plenty of wood. We passed 2 creeks on the south of the road. Came past a government barracks on the largest creek; they were out of use; had been used by soldiers. There were plenty of fish in the creek. Left camp at 2 and drove till 6; have not very good pasture. There is quite a grove of cottonwood close to camp and the river also. Had some good roads and some sand. From Omaha to Ft. Laramie 510 miles—522 by Campbell's guide.

July 18, 1866—This morning we left camp at 6 and drove 9 miles. Had some bad sand roads; camped 10:30, 6 miles of Ft. Laramie. Poor pasture. Cap. Benjamin, P. Canover, Flanigan and I went ahead to Fort Laramie. Passed a ranche kept by a man equal to an Indian; bought of him a buckskin. Crossed the Platte on a ferry which runs itsself by the current. Laramie has no fortifications except a ditch. There are 30 or 40 houses, barracks, officers' quarters, warehouses, a blacksmith and suttler, etc., such as is seen at such posts. This post is well fixed. There are some Indians camped about here, loafers. Got one letter for Bernard. Wrote a couple of letters for him and also telegraphed. At camp 1:30 and lay by, have to drive 6 miles above—12; too far of afternoon drive. Saw an Indian buried in the air on poles.

July 19, 1866—I went to Ft. Laramie again this morning. The cook went along to get the horses shod. The ponies were gone this morning and the train got a late start and stopped late. Drove 10 miles and stopped 5 miles above Laramie. I saw the major commanding the post *VanVost* and the adjutant or provo marshal. They had to know the number of everything in the outfit of wagons, had to have 20 or 30 men well armed. Traded some with suttler. The major showed me some dispatches from N. York 17th and Europe. There is war in Europe. About noon the Indians had a brush. Utes and Sioux I guess; didn't amount to much. A sergeant came over to the train and inspected it. Our captain went over and got his pass.

July 20, 1866—We left camp at 4:20 before breakfast. Four miles we found good pasture on the river; then we left the river and went into the Black hills. Traveled 8 more miles—12. Stopped at 11 at a small spring and coming out of the bluffs, the highest bluffs. We watered most of the cattle in a bucket; had no pasture. Started again at three; went 4 miles; stopped at 4; had to go down a very steep and rough hill, then up a very long and steep hill. Had to double teams; corraled on top of the hill and drove the cattle down the ravine to the river 2 miles. I took the mule and stayed with the cattle. Seen sage brush today. We should have come 4 miles farther yesterday and drove through to the river stopping at the spring for lunch. I went on top of

the hill at noon, could see down the river to chimney rock. The hills are rightly named; look black dark stone. We saw our first pine this morning; there is pine and cedar on the hills.

July 21, 1866—I had no trouble last night on herd. Came in with the cattle this morning. We left camp at 8:20 and drove to the river at 10, 3 miles. Roads not as rough as yesterday; hills not large. There were some tire to set in the train. Left corral at 4:15 and drove until 7. Intended to make a dry camp but I found plenty of water at the foot of bluffs in a creek; come from rain and stood in holes. Have very good pasture.

July 22, 1866—Fine morning. We left camp at 6 and drove to alder clump, 10½ o'clock. Found a good spring of water; 9 miles. Had good roads, a little rolling. There were 6 graves near the spring. Left camp at 2:30 and stopped at 4 at a good cold spring and very good pasture but no wood. The water is the coldest I have seen on the trip. At noon Flanigan lost an ox; died. I left my name on the rock near where we camped last night, also on a bush on the top of the highest hill near the spring in the Black Hills.

July 23, 1866—This morning there were 12 horses gone. They got them in about 7 o'clock. The captain got dissatisfied and we came near having a bust-up in the organization of the train. Finally they quieted down and lay by for today. Mr. Ferber and I took a ride up the road 4 or 5 miles. While in Laramie the other day I saw men going into the Black Hills to prospect for gold. I understand that Phil Cameron was appointed assistant to the captain.

July 24, 1866—We left camp at 5:20. Crossed a small creek 4 miles. Drove to the river, distance 17 miles; had a good place to camp but no pasture much; camped at 2 o'clock. Had a good road today. I went on top of a sugar loaf peak on the road, had a good view of the surrounding country.

July 25, 1866—We left camp at 5:25 and drove 7 miles. Passed a ferry on the Platte. Bridgers, as usual, the proprietor. has some Indians around him. The road was good but some rolling this afternoon. We left camp at 1:25 and drove 11 miles. Stopped at 6. Good watering place in the river; no wood, but sagebrush; no pasture; roads good. We passed this eve some steep points and bluffs.

July 26, 1866—We left camp at 6 and drove 7 miles. Had sand most of the way. Passed over a steep hill, looked like iron ore, and camped on the river. Have a nice camping ground, wood, water and grass. Some of the boys caught two young eagles and I called the camp Eagle Camp; wrote the same on a tree in the corral. Some of the crew mended their wagons this p. m. I shot at mark with the captain this eve. There was a

dance in the corral this eve; the ladies took part. I drove a team for one of the boys.

July 27, 1866—We could have got an early start this morning but the cattle crossed the river while watering them. Some of the boys swam the river and drove them back. Left camp at 6 and drove until 11; 10 miles. Had the hilliest road yet, none very large. The roads were solid; we had to go a long distance to get a few miles. Just as we were yoking up this p. m. at 4 o'clock there were two men came ahead from the camp we left this morning for help. The Indians (6) dashed in there at 1:30 and stole 12 head of horses, leaving 4 wagons without team. Some of our men went back to see their train up with ours. We wait. They came up at dusk. Met W. McFadden from the C. Bluffs; they lost 8 horses and 4 mules; lost all except their cattle. They have 18 wagons and 32 men. The boys found stone coal here on the river bank. I drove.

July 28, 1866—We left camp at 5:35 and drove 8 miles. Left the river a few miles and camped at 9 o'clock near a sulphur spring on the left of the road. The other train followed and camped close by. This p. m. we left camp at 12:45 and drove 8 miles. Camped in a hollow; found water in pools, some grass and sagebrush for fuel. The other train corraled with us this eve.

July 29, 1866—Last night some of the cattle got sick, about 12 of them. They brought them into corral and gave them some whisky and fat meat. Supposed they ate some poisoned weeds. We left camp at 7. Four miles we found a little pond of water. We stopped, watered the cattle with pails. Drove all day, crossed the dividing ridge between the Platte and Missouri waters. I quit driving about noon. The roads were rolling but good. About 4 o'clock we came to where there had been a fight on the 24th, between a train and the Indians. Saw where they had been corraled; saw blood and 4 graves—W. H. Dearborn, H. R. Cambell, Wm. Bothwell, S. C. Carson. I suppose they were the train we dissolved with at Fort Kearney. This begins to make things look "skaly." We went into corral 2 miles beyond; found water at a spring in a dry creek, also wood; pasture scarce. Came today 20 miles. Camped at 6. Laramie Peak passed from view today.

July 30, 1866—We watered the cattle with pails this morning. Kept them in corral last night. Left camp at 8 and traveled until 2 o'clock p. m. Came 10 miles; had good road but hilly or rolling. Bernard tied behind a wagon belonging to a man that had his mules stole at Eagle Camp. We had a shower of rain about 5 o'clock. Found plenty of water in the hollow in a creek; a springs, good pasture. There is plenty of petrified wood on the prairies.

July 31, 1866—We left camp at 5:20. Kept the cattle in corral last night. Traveled 5 miles; camped at Wind creek; good pasture and muddy rain water. Crossed a high divide between two camps. This p. m. we started at 2. Five miles we passed a dry creek, water by digging, where there was brush and timber. There had been a train corraled on the side hill; I think in a fight. It was a good place for an ambush. Some of the train picked up a paper today saying they had been attacked on the 22d and 23d. On a buffalo skull "Look out for Indians." We came to another creek in 2 miles, water by digging, and camped 1 mile beyond on top of the ridge; dry camp; good pasture; 13 miles. Can see the table mountains to the right—mountains.

Wednesday, August 1, 1866—We left corral at 5, without water or pasture. Traveled until 3 p. m. steady. Made dry—creek, 20 miles. There we found wood, pasture and but very little water and that in stagnant pools. Tried to water the cattle in pails, some of them got some and some none. The roads were good but rolling. We had scouts on either side of the road. Saw some antelope and while coming over a hill with a party of men we came on 2 black-tailed deer. They shot and killed one buck, 3 prongs; had some of it for supper. We came in sight this morning of the Big Horn mountains, the tops being covered with snow. They looked like clouds. This p. m. I was appointed assistant to the captain. I go on guard tonight. We passed some points today covered with stone, round as cannon balls.

August 2, 1866—We left camp at 8 o'clock. The cattle had some grass and but few of them any water. One mile we went into the bed of dry creek and traveled down it. Went about 10 miles and camped to let the cattle rest and dig wells for water, got but little. Started again at 5:30 and drove until 9. I went out over the hills. About sunset I got in sight of Powder river and Ft. Reno. Went back to the train and came on with it. Came 7 miles—17 the road left dry creek about 3 miles back. The creek has high square banks, timber in the bed of the creek. Camped 1 mile of the river, the fort is on the opposite side. *We were the first train that has come through without being attacked by Indians.*

August 3, 1866—We pastured the cattle and crossed the river this p. m. Camped near the fort, which consists of posts set about 8 feet high and 8 inches through; enclosed about $\frac{1}{2}$ acre; soldiers quarters made of logs, covered with dirt. One company stationed here under Capt. Proctor. The sutler seems to be doing well. There was a government train came from the west this p. m. They report the Indians not very troublesome ahead. The men were badly scared this morn but feel in better

spirits this p. m. I wrote a letter to Mother this p. m. The mail starts east tomorrow. The train all goes under Cap Benjamin with Malden assistant. Had to leave the No. and names of all the men at the fort and also of wagons, guns, etc.

August 4, 1866—Rained last night. I run some bullets. Bought a pair of shoes. I helped to bring up the cattle and we left camp at 3:30. A missouri family had a drunken quarrel just as we were starting; drew revolvers, etc. We went to dry-creek 10 miles and camped at dark. Have poor pasture and no water. Powder river was so muddy it looked red and the cattle would hardly drink it. The stream was about 50 feet wide and 18 in. or 2 feet deep, sandy bottom.

August 5, 1866—We pastured the cattle before daylight. Left camp at 3:30 and traveled 16 miles. Had excellent road, not very rolling. Camped 1:30 on Crazy Woman's fork, a stream of water running over gravel, about as muddy as the Platte; 20 feet wide and 18 inches deep; no pasture. Here was where there had been a good deal of Indian troubles. We pulled out from here at 6 and drove until 8—4 miles—20. Camped on a high knoll for the night. Just as starting this eve the air was oppressive hot and in a minute it changed windy and so cold we had to put on thick coats. We pastured the cattle after dark; no water.

August 6, 1866—We left camp at 5:50. We passed through some rough country. Near the foot of the Big Horn mountains the road was not very bad. Saw where there had been a fight with the Indians a few days before. The snow on the mountains looks but a little ways off, the peaks are not covered but it lays in the ravines. We passed the junction with the Bozeman road. Stopped at 2 o'clock on a dry creek with a little water, enough for the cattle; good pasture. Came 14 miles. Left camp at 5:30 and stopped at sunset on clear creek—3 miles—17—40 feet wide, 1 foot deep, rocky, swift and clear as a spring; good pasture; comes out of the mountains a short distance from the road, also from the snow. Weather warm part of the day and cool part of the day—17 miles.

August 7, 1866—We left camp at 7:50. Crossed rock creek in two miles, and going on up the divide I had a good view of Smith lake. I went on down to the edge of the water. The water is clear and looks like it was not more than a couple of feet deep. Seen some wild geese and ducks. The lake is about three miles long and one wide, surrounded by bluffs, making a nice place. The whole of it can be seen from the top of the bluffs. The train camped about 2 o'clock 1 mile opposite the head of the lake near a little run of water. A picket from Fort Philip Kearney came down and told the captain where to camp. Came 12 miles. Two miles of the fort some of the men went

over, Bernard stayed. I think all that went got drunk. I saw my first buffalo this morning.

August 8, 1866—I was on guard last night. We left camp at 8. Pulled over to the fort; 2 miles mountainous road good. Crossed Little or 1st Piney fork, 1 foot deep and 2 wide. Stopped below the fort. I was up to the parade ground. They were mounting guard. They have a good band, 30 members. The music sounded well; something like civilization. Bernard gave me a buffalo robe, a very good one. A captain went down and saw the men and guns, and we were permitted to go on. Had to have 60 armed men. The fort is just building; the garrison is in tents; been established 6 weeks. Situated between 1st and 2nd Piney forks in a mountainous country. Water, timber and grass plenty. They tell us there is a good prospect of gold here. We left the fort at 11, crossed 2nd Piney fork, 50 feet wide, 2 feet deep, swift and rocky. We drove 8 miles—10 and camped on a little stream 2 feet wide, 4 in. deep. Had the most mountainous country we have come over. The road good, except hilly and sidling.

August 9, 1866—Left camp at 7 and drove 10 miles. Camped on a small stream, but very little water. I was on the high hills and saw some buffalo, also a train ahead. I went ahead at noon to the train, 4 miles, 200 wagons—several trains consolidated. I had quite an audience when I first came up. They had all had Indian troubles. Found out that my friend Barton was killed. Our train came up and camped where they left, 4 miles—14 miles. We traveled up the creek all the way nearly; could camp anyplace. *Reno creek*. The big train was 2 miles long.

August 10, 1866—We left camp at 7, crossed the divide and came up with the large train before they all got out of corral at Goose creek, branch of Tongue river, 60 feet wide, 2 feet deep, current swift and clear. We went behind their train. Sixteen miles more crossed another stream. Middle fork of Tongue river, 20 feet wide, 1 foot deep, clear and swift. I saw a front one of the men caught. Came most of the way from Goose creek up a ravine. Two miles farther we came to another creek, fork of Tongue river, 60 feet wide, 2 feet deep, clear and swift. Plenty good pasture all the way. One of Malden's wagons upset; didn't do much damage. Came 20 miles. Camped with the large train which made 5 corrals. The road was good but very rolling, two or three steep hills to go down. I saw some buffalo at a distance. Weather cloudy.

August 11, 1866—This morning we put the best foot forward to get in front of the other trains. One corral beat us. Left camp at 5, soon discovered buffalo, about 6 miles. The boys surrounded some and drove them towards the train, we after

them. Some on foot, some horseback, the horsemen could not run them. I shot at them, but too far. Out of about 20 these men 6 killed buffalo; very large. Got plenty of meat. It was exciting sport. They look like lions. We camped 11 miles. Very poor watering place, not much of it. Left camp again 3:30—4 miles. Crossed two little creeks near their junction, each 10 feet wide; good water and well dammed by beavers. I would call them beaver creeks. I went over the bluff for buffalo, shot at one with a spencer but missed 6 shots. Hit one long range. Afterwards took a Henry rifle, shot a buffalo bull, 130 yds. and killed it. Shot it the second time, the 1st shot cut out the tongue, let the rest lay. Came to another creek 50 feet wide, 2 feet deep in 4 and camped—8 miles—13 Little Horn or a branch of it.

August 12, 1866—We lay by today, got up late. Went out to where I killed the buffalo. Fine day. Some of the men set wagon tires and some went a fishing.

August 13, 1866—This morning we started at 5, without breakfast or pasture. I took my little rifle and went ahead and killed a big bull buffalo 1st shot. Hit the heart. Shot another and wounded him badly. Flanigan broke a wagon wheel and tongue. I took the buffalo tongue, liver and heart and a saddle blanket off of the shoulder. Drove to a small creek 10 miles, 15 feet wide and 1 deep. Sloughs, swamps and thick bushes along the creek. Could call it Brush creek. They fixed the wagons and we left there at 4 and drove to another mud creek 5 miles—15, 6 feet wide and 1 deep. The road has been good but a little sidling in places; bad crossing at the last creek.

August 14, 1866—Yoked up at 2 o'clock and got started at 4. Had quite a race for the road with another corral; we beat. Drove to a creek 8 feet wide, 18 in. deep, 9 miles. Ferber upset his wagon, didn't break anything. The road was long hills. I saw a spring on top of the hills. After dinner we left camp at 2:30. Had another race and beat them. Went over a high hill and down on the same creek and camped for the night—7 miles—at a small branch 4 feet wide and 4 in. deep. The roads today were bad. After starting this morning I had a view of the country for 50 or 60 miles.

August 15, 1866—We yoked up this morning at daybreak; some grumbling about getting up so early. Left camp at 5, just in time to get ahead of another train. Went to the Big Horn river; 3 miles of good road. Camped 6 miles below Fort C. F. Smith. Good pasture, water and wood. Cattle and men tired out. We stop for rest. Most of the men put in the time sleeping, some went a fishing, caught some fine fishes. The river is

6 to 10 rods wide, water muddy, current swift. Too deep to ford.

August 16, 1866—I went down the river to look for a ford. Failed in finding one. Came back and took a nap. This p. m. Bernard and I went up to the fort and ferry. The ferry is run by Mr. Layton. Five dollars per wagon and swim the stock. It is a rickety boat made out of hewed plank, leaks some and will hold one wagon. They run it with oars, the crossers doing the work. There is 150 wagons to cross before ours cross. The fort is just established, having a very good position on the second table land above the river and under the edge of the mountain. The garrison is in tents. Two comp. of the 18th reg. Lt. Col. Kinney commanding. They say there is good prospect for gold here and up the river. Bernard stayed with his friend the sutler, Layton. I came back to camp at sundown.

August 17, 1866—Last night we had a heavy rain. This morning I went down to the river with Blacketer to prospect for gold. We washed out a couple of panfuls of gravel and sand at the edge of the water and found an amount of colors, very fine but plain to be seen. The first I ever seen washed out. I picked out some specks of gold to save as specimens.

August 18, 1866—Foggy morning. Was on guard last night. Today is my birthday, 28. We left camp at 9 and pulled up to the ferry and past the fort 6 miles. We commenced crossing our teams at 3 and crossed 19 before dark. Swam part of the cattle.

August 19, 1866—They commenced crossing teams early this morning; also swam the stock. I herded the cattle until noon. Our cook John flew the ranks; nothing lost. I went down to the river and helped to cross some wagons. The quickest trip made was 10 minutes. About the time they were through a number of men were getting tight. Had the wagons all over at 2:30 and put in corral before night.

August 20, 1866—I got breakfast this morning. Left camp at 7. Drove 7 miles from the fort or ferry. Stopped at a running spring. Came up a long hill, when on top we could see the Wind River mountains to the west. The Big Horn mountains cease here. P. M. We found a creek in 2 miles, 4 feet wide, 4 in. deep. Four miles more found a spring below clump of standing rock, 14 rods to the right of road. We camped here. Drove the stock $\frac{1}{2}$ mile farther to a small running stream or spring. I went ahead hunting this p. m. but didn't see anything. P. M. We left camp at 2 and stopped at 5. Came today 13 miles.

August 21, 1866—Left camp at 6. Creek $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 2 feet wide, 3 in. deep. In 2 mile more found another creek 4 feet wide and 4 in. deep. One mile more creek 2 feet wide, 4 in. deep.

One mile more creek, 3 feet wide and 4 in. deep, steep banks. One mile more another creek, 3 feet wide, 4 in. deep. We camped on this creek for noon and here we divided the train, Mr. Malden taking his old train and going ahead. We have now 34 wagons. P. M. We left camp at 4:45. In 1 mile we found another creek 4 feet wide and 4 in. deep. We camped after crossing. Came today 7 miles road and country mountainous.

August 22, 1866—We left camp at 6:15. Creek in one mile, 4 wide, 6 in. deep. About a mile more one of Flanigans wagons upset Malden's train, stampeded, broke 3 or 4 wagons, 5 or 8 oxen. Three miles from the creek we found another, 8 feet wide, 8 in. deep. Crossed the divide or Wind River mountains. Camped at the creek. P. M. Left camp at 3. Passed through Pryers Gap. A wagon track with Barren Bluffs on either side came to another creek 4 miles, 8 in. 4 deep. Saw some fresh Indian huts. Archy Murry and I started for the highest peak of the Wind River mts. Made the top just at sunset. In the valley it was sultry hot. Up there it was chilly cold. Was farther to the top than I expected. Could see the Rocky Mountains and a region of country for hundreds of miles around. Coming home we killed a large buffalo at the base of the mountains. Shot him after dark, 7 or 8 times. He showed fight, but we mastered him. Got to camp at 8:30. The mt. was 1½ miles high. Came this p. m. 8 miles—12.

August 23, 1866—Left camp 6:35. Drove to 10:45; came 9 miles; good roads. Could see the Rocky Mountains from the road. Stopped on a creek 1 rod wide and 1 foot deep. P. M. Started at 4 and drove until 7. Came 4 miles. Stopped at beaver pond. I went ahead with W. Benjamin hunting. I shot and killed 6 fine buck antelope this p. m. Saw some buffalo. Benjamin broke a wagon tongue. Came today 13 miles. This afternoon we came up a ravine towards the divide east of Clark's fork; 1 mile beyond the pond there was the same rim or campground.

August 24, 1866—We left camp at 6:25. Crossed a run 1 mile, came up hill 3 miles. On the divide we had a splendid view of a mountainous country and 3 or 4 streams of water. Clarks Fork. Came down hill 6 miles, dry creek 10 miles more or 10 this morning. Water to the right; no pasture. We went on to Clarks Fork, 6 rods wide. The stream raises in the afternoon and falls at night. Fordable in the a. m. We came in at 1 p. m.; too high to cross. Came today 12 miles. W. Benjamin and a couple of more hunters killed 4 cinnamon bears, 1 old, 3 young. They took a light wagon back and got the three young ones. We all had bear meat, very good, tastes a little porkish.

From the divide the Yellowstone mountains were in plain sight, snow-capped.

August 25, 1866—Left camp and crossed the river (Clarks Fork). At 9 o'clock the creek was lowest then. It rises in the afternoon and falls in the forenoon. Crossed in good style and drove to Rock creek at 1 o'clock. Came 6 miles. Rock creek is fordable, clear and very swift; rocky; 4 rods wide, 2 feet deep. Plenty of good cottonwood timber on either side of the creek. P. M. Left camp at 4 and camped at 7. Came 4 miles. Crossed one tolerable bad hill. I acted wagonmaster today.

August 26, 1866—Left camp 6:15. Went up the creek, passed the junction with the north fork, crossed the north fork in 4 miles. Camped at 10 o'clock. Came 7 miles; some rocky road. P. M. Left camp 1:25. Crossed the creek again in 3 miles. Drove to where the road left the creek and corraled at 4:40. Came this p. m. 6 miles, today 13. Came up the creek 17 miles. I forgot today was Sunday and went a hunting; shot at and wounded a deer (buck). The north fork of Rock creek is about 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep.

August 27, 1866—Left camp at 6:35 and stopped at 11:30 at Elk Horn spring; bad roads. Came 8 miles. Archy Murry and I went a hunting and killed 2 antelope and wounded the third one. He wounded them both and I shot one, and he the other. I killed a young one and he the old one. Carried them part of the way in and some of the men came out on horseback and took them in. Afterwards shot at a deer and missed. P. M. We left camp at 3. Made the top of the big hill at Rosebud creek at 5 o'clock; 4 miles. The wagons all got down at dark. Took a new road down the creek $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and camped. Came today 13 miles. Mr. Gum saw three Indians this morning where we camped last night. Malden's train. Lost one man yesterday. Sent him out on picket and never saw him afterwards.

August 28, 1866—Left corral 6:35. Two and one-half miles we crossed Little Rosebud, good roads; 4 rods wide, 3 feet deep. Went up the west bank of Rosebud 4 miles and corraled for noon 11:10. Came this forenoon 7 miles. There was plenty of trout caught in the creek at noon. P. M. Left camp at 3. Rained a little. Crossing of Rosebud, 3 miles, 6 rods wide, 3 feet deep; the water clear as crystal, cold as spring water. Drove 2 miles from the creek and camped on a little stream 2 feet wide, 6 in. deep. Came this p. m. 5 miles. Today 12. From the big hill down to the crossing near the junction of the creek 4 miles, from there the crossing of the Rosebud 7 miles.

August 29, 1866—Left camp 5:50. Started ahead with the gun. Didn't see anything. Caught up with another train. Got in sight of the Yellowstone river at 12:30. Made the top of

Big hill 1:30. Roads good, rolling, mostly down hill and some places loose rocks. Good road to make time on. Descended the big hill and camped on a little creek 10 feet wide, 6 in. deep, at the foot of hill near the Yellowstone. Came 17 miles; camped at 2:30.

August 30, 1866—We left corral at 7:45. About 4 miles up the river we came to good pasture and half of the train proposed to pull out and stop for the cattle to recruit. Bernard and Benjamin went on, also Mr. Hyde. One wagon and 3 men making a train of 14 wagons and 22 men. The balance corraled. We drove to a small creek 8 feet wide, 6 in. deep, and camped at 12; came 7 miles. Stormed a little most all day and got cooler this p. m. We left camp at 3, drove until 7, passed two corrals and camped at Sardine creek, 5 rods wide, swift and rocky; fordable. The boys saw where there had been a fight with Indians this forenoon and 4 men killed. We saw it snowing this afternoon on top of the mountains. Had good level roads in some places, some rocks.

August 31, 1866—Left camp at 5:30. Crossed the creek (Big Boulder), rough crossing. Very cold this forenoon; the boys put on overcoats. The mountain tops are covered with snow. We drove to a small creek 2 feet wide, 4 in. deep, and camped at 10 o'clock. Came 10 miles. P. M. We left camp at 1:25 and drove to the ferry owned by Boseman; not very good concern; runs with rope and pulleys. We passed another train this p. m., and there is about 40 wagons ahead of us at the ferry. Came 3 miles this p. m. Twenty-eight miles back to the big hill.

Saturday, September 1, 1866—We went up the river this forenoon to look for a ford, but failed. Blacketer and I went up the river 6 miles, saw 4 animals, didn't know what they were, ran like buffalo, looked like they were the size of sheep. Suppose they were young elk. Came back to camp and laid around loose. The wind blew too high to run the ferry this p. m. There is an old ford here but dangerous to cross.

September 2, 1866—We prepared to ford the river this morning. Put half the wagons across at a time; chained them together. Some chains broke both trips but we got across all safe and sound. The water came nearly to the beds; was swift. Forded up stream and $\frac{1}{4}$ mile across. I helped on mule back. The other portion of our old train came up and crossed the same time. We passed some of them in the river. Left the bank after getting dinner. At 5:30 came to a small creek $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 8 feet wide, 6 in. deep. Two and one-half miles more we came to a warm running spring 3 feet wide, 6 in. deep. Camped here at 7:30. Crossed the river between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

September 3, 1866—Rained all this forenoon. We left camp at 7:30. In crossing a small run, 1 mile, Isloam upset one of Bernard's wagons; broke a reach. We fixed it up; drove on all right. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour drove across a range of bluffs and camped on the river bank at 12:20; came 8 miles. Most of the boys fished the balance of the day.

September 4, 1866—There was plenty of frost this morning. We left camp at 5:10. One and one-half miles to the foot of big hill. We pulled up without much trouble. Doubled in one place some teams. Drove a cross a range of bluffs and down a large hill to 25 Yard creek and the river; $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Moved three miles more, creek 4 feet wide, 3 in. deep and camped for noon—8 miles. Afternoon left camp 1:30. Creek 4 miles, 6 ft. wide, 6 in. deep. We then left the river towards the north and for Gallitan valley. Mountains all around us. I saw 3 teams hauling lumber for flatboats this p. m. Came to another creek, 4 miles, 4 feet wide, 6 in. deep, and camped. Came 8 miles—16 miles. After coming up big hill this morning the roads forked; we took Jacobs, the left-hand one, the right was Bosemans.

September 5, 1866—Left camp 7:35. Wal Benjamin went up on the mountain slope to hunt; seen several antelope. I wounded one, missed one and killed one young buck. We swung it on a pole and carried it to noon camp, most all up hill, 5 or 6 miles. Train camped at 10:50. Came 6 miles. Crossed good many gullies. P. M. Left camp at 2:10. Crossed a large hill; creek 8 feet wide, 8 in. deep; 4 miles; water runs to the Gallitan. Crossed the summit at 6 and had good view of Gallitan valley. Saw some trains ahead. Went on to the top of another hill and camped at 7 on top of it. Came this p. m. 8 miles, today 14. Saw several men today teaming and traveling.

September 6, 1866—Left camp at 8; came mostly down hill. Came to a ranche or farm in 3 miles. Can see several houses; looks like civilization. They are cutting wheat. Saw a reaper running and men stacking wheat. Came to Bridger creek, 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep, in 1 mile more and Boseman town in 3 miles more on the East Gallitan, 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep. The town consists of about 1 doz. cabins, a couple of stores (small ones), blacksmith shop, a grist mill. A short distance they irrigate the land. I saw Boseman, the man that laid out one of the roads; don't like his looks. P. M. Left camp 2:20. Drove to Middle creek, 2 rods wide, 10 in. deep—6 miles. Here some of the emigrants that came over the plains with us settled down.

September 7, 1866—Left camp at 8. Crossed West Gallitan 2 miles, 6 rods wide, 2 feet deep; fordable. There is some good farming on this stream. We bought half bushel of new potatoes, 10 cents per pound. Greenbacks 85 cents on the dollar. One lb. butter \$1.25. Bernard, Benjamin and Bamer went ahead to Virginia. I have charge of the train. We drove to a spring, head of a creek, and camped at 1:45. Came 11 miles. P. M. Left camp at 4 and drove to a small creek 2 feet wide, 6 in. deep—5 miles. Camped at sunset.

September 8, 1866—Left camp at 6:30. Drove to Madison river, 6 miles; ranche there. The river is 12 rods wide, 2 feet deep. Crossed; splendid stream. Traveled up the river 3 miles more and camped for noon at 11—9 miles. P. M. Left camp at 2:10. Had one mile rough road. Left the river, drove up 8 mile more and camped on Hot Spring creek. Came today 18 miles. Saw a quartz lode today staked off; the first.

September 10, 1866—Left camp 7:45. Benjamin returned to the train from V city this morning. Had level road. Drove to a small creek 6 feet wide, 1 foot deep, camped for noon. Came 9 mile; had poor pastures. P. M. Left camp 3:45 and drove to the 8 mile house at the foot of big hill. Poor pasture; water in a run. Came 4 miles, making 13 today. We met this p. m. one or two hundred men starting back to the states. They give a poor report of this country. They go to the Yellowstone and go down in boats. I go on guard the fore part of tonight.

September 11, 1866—Left camp 6:45. Drove over the big hill; doubled in one place; had a rough hill down in one place. Arrived at Virginia City at 11 o'clock. Not much business at the place; looks dull. We took the teams in town, met Bernard, unloaded the wagons at grocery and commission house. I helped to open goods this afternoon. Tonight I sleep in the store.

September 12, 1866—Helped to open goods today. Got breakfast at the store, saloon. Opened most of the goods. Got supper at the planters house. Had my picture taken in my dirt. Got two letters today, one from Col and one from Hattie.

(This diary is continued through to the end of that year, but from September 12 on it is Montana history. There is also an expense account, giving his expenses from January 22, 1866.)

Sharp Nose visited the school the other day and he said it was now 20 years since he first asked for a school house. He said he always helps the Agent and Superintendent. He has, he said, always been a friend with the whites since his visit to Washington in 1881.—(The Indian Guide, Vol. 2, No. 6, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, November 1897.)

ACCESSIONS

October, 1931—January, 1932

Museum

Burnett, Edward—Picture of Bozeman Trail marker near Buffalo, Wyoming.

Williams, A. R.—Twelve photographs: seven of old Fort Laramie, three of Custer Battlefield Cemetery, two of Guernsey Cliff.

Corbridge, W. J.—One Oregon Trail Historical set of twelve pictures.

Lovejoy, Fred—Ox shoe found by Mr. Lovejoy near South Pass, Wyoming.

Ashby, Mrs. William H.—Group photograph of Roy Robinson, Shockey Hall, Newt Albott, Bartlett Richards, William H. Ashby, John Harris, taken in 1882. Newspaper clipping, giving history of picture, attached.

Vorhees, Mrs. Luke—Picture of the first meeting of Wyoming State Pioneers held at the State Fair, Douglas, Wyoming, September 12, 1912. All members of this group came to Wyoming prior to 1890. Names of pioneers listed.

Henderson, Paul C.—Two calendars, 1909 and 1912, kept at the Hunton Ranch. Dated for the years 1878 thru 1888 used at Fort Laramie. Whiskey case found in the attic of the old post office building at old Fort Laramie. Stirrup and bullets found at old Fort Laramie.

Carlisle, Wm. L.—Printing press dated 1873 used by convicts serving time in the State Penitentiary. Secured thru the efforts of Mr. Rosecoe Alcorn.

Masters, J. G.—Three kodak pictures taken by Mr. Masters on August 26, 1931: (1) Oregon Trail Crossing at Deer Creek, Wyoming; (2) Graves a mile west of Burnt Ranch, Wyoming (on second bench 100 yards south of Sweetwater). These graves were discovered in 1930. Left grave, 1844; right, 1845; (3) Headstone of North grave—one mile west of Burnt Ranch, Wyoming.

Stevenson, S. P., Jr.—Box of matches carrying the stamp of the Tivoli Mercantile Co., Cheyenne, Wyoming, Carl Muelrausen, Mgr. One of the earliest electric light switches which were used. Taken from the Supreme Court room in the State Capitol Building, November 6, 1931.

Haas, Miss Minnie—Steatite bowl found by W. G. Haas about 20 years ago in the Wind River mountains. These bowls were made by the Northern Shoshone Indians.

Warn, Jack—One steel helmet used in World War.

Burnett, F. G.—Photograph of himself.

Original Manuscripts

Wilson, Col. R. H.—“Stage Ride in 1896 from Rawlins to Agency School.” This was the Wind River Boarding School at Shoshone Agency, Fremont County.

Burnett, F. G.—“The History of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition under the command of General Connor in 1865.”

Durham, Mrs. H. B.—“State Historical Department and Museum.”

Documents

Barry, J. Neilson—"General B. L. E. Bonneville, U. S. A." This manuscript includes annotated copy of General Bonneville's original report. Brig. General B. L. E. Bonneville U. S. A. from Army and Navy Journal, 1878. This is a photostat from Library of Congress and procured by J. Neilson Barry of Portland, Oregon, who is a member of the Executive Board and Secretary of The Trail Seekers Council. Extracts of Letters of Washington Irving compiled by Mr. Barry.

Governor's Office—Diploma for silver medal awarded State of Wyoming for collection of Wyoming woods consisting of 22 varieties at the Lewis and Clark Centennial, 1905 and American Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair, Portland, Oregon.

Henderson, Paul C.—Ten old account books and large collection of documents consisting of letters, bills of merchandise, cancelled checks, from old Fort Laramie.

Mechling, J. S., Chairman of Natrona County Chapter American Red Cross, Casper, Wyoming.—Records of 4th Liberty Loan Subscription for Natrona County, Wyoming. Kept by L. F. McMahon, of Guaranty Registry Corp., Casper, Wyoming. Letters written by J. Davis of Lost Cabin, Wyoming, dated February 7, 1919; Burlington Railroad, Casper, Wyoming, November 7, 1918, list of Liberty Loan Subscribers for Burlington employees; Lucy R. Taliaferro, State Chairman, Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, Rock Springs, November 2, 1918; Mrs. R. A. Clark, October 30, 1918, Casper, Wyoming; Mrs. George W. Fuller, Chairman Woman's Committee Federal Reserve Dist., Kansas City, Missouri, October 28, 1918.

Carter, Hon. Vincent—"History of the Three Vessels of the Navy that Used the Name U. S. S. Wyoming."

Haas, Miss Minnie—Letter written to Herman Haas, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, September 22, 1869, by Edward M. Lee, Secretary of the Territory. Two certificates of election issued to Mr. Herman Haas (1) dated October 1 1873, Cheyenne, signed by J. A. Campbell, Governor of Wyoming Territory; (2) dated October 2, 1877, Cheyenne, signed by John M. Thayer, Governor of Wyoming Territory.

Chapman, Mark A.—Photostat of the first Telephone Directory of Cheyenne 1883; and of Weather Statistics from 1871 to 1882 inclusive, compiled at the Signal Service Office, Cheyenne.

Books

The McCormick Family—"Cyrus Hall McCormick" by William T. Hutchinson, Assistant Professor of History, The University of Chicago.

University of Michigan—"The Youth of Erasmus" by Huma; "Royal Forests Sheriffs and Smuggling" by Cross; "The Senate and Treaties, 1789-1817" by Hayden; "The Color Line in Ohio" by Quillin.

David, Robert B.—Author's copy of "Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff" written by Mr. David.

Pamphlets

Burnett, Edward—"Live Stock Markets" containing Mr. Burnett's story, "The Buffalo and Early Buffalo Hunters."

Henderson, Paul C.—Six copies "Mines and Minerals Journals;" five "Monthly Weather Reviews;" one copy "Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College, 1890-91."

Henderson, Kenneth A.—"In the Tetons" by Mr. Henderson, article reprinted from "The Canadian Alpine Journal, 1930."

Fryxell, F. M.—"The Green Tree" by Dr. Fryxell.

Magazines

Carroll, Major C. G.—“The American Legion Monthly,” December, 1931—a history number.

Newspapers

Henderson, Paul C.—Guernsey Gazette, July 28, 1905, October 13, 1905, April 12, 1912; Wheatland World, September 29, 1905; Bill Barlow's Budget, August 14, 1907. These papers belonged to John Hunton and were found at old Fort Laramie.

“Bill” Hooker Collection

Books: “Indian Creek Massacre 1882.” “The Lady Elgin Disaster, 1860,” autographed by the author Charles M. Scanlan. “Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff,” by R. B. David. Pamphlet: “Report of the American Bison Society,” 1927-1930, inc. Photographs: Mr. Hooker in the office of the Milwaukee Journal, 1929; 2 recent pictures of Mr. Hooker; Picture from a painting of W. H. Jackson, artist and photographer—discovered Jackson Canyon in the 60's, explored Box Elder Canyon with a government party in 1870. I followed him there in 1874 to cut cordwood for the commissary at Fort Fetterman and helped haul it to the fort as a bullwhacker for John Hunton. Harry Young was in one crew. He shot and killed an Indian. They were always taking pot shots at us. Mr. Jackson took the first photographs in Yellowstone Park and they are owned by the U. S. Government. (Bill Hooker) Kodak views of Diltz ranch from Bill Hooker's cabin site on LaBonte Creek; scene near his cabin, July 1930; 4 pictures of the Covered Wagon Centennial at Independence Rock, July 3, 4, 5, 1930; picture of D. W. Greenburg in 1930; picture Frontier, Cheyenne; Teapot Rock, 2 views of business district in Casper; picture from “the viaduct to my farm in Wisconsin”; one “of a corner of my ranch.” Photostatic copy of page in an account book kept by John Hunton in 1874-5. This page contains the date—I remembered the provisions we picked up at Hunton's on the Chugwater (May 1874) especially the dried apples. I was a bullwhacker in the Hunton outfit, Nath (Nathan) Williams was Hunton's wagon boss. There are other historical names and items on this picture. “The last heard of Nath Williams he was living at Hot Springs, S. D. I failed to find him in 1921. Mr. Hunton wanted an affidavit from him relating to the running off of 30 head of our bulls (oxen) so he could collect on a claim made to the government. The oxen were stampeded while being herded on LaPrele Creek, a few miles south of old Fort Fetterman, and not far from Natural Bridge, which was then in a very wild part of Wyoming. We of the Hunton crew visited the bridge frequently against the advice of Mr. Hunton who knew, as we did, that the “bridge” was a favorite spot for Sioux hunting parties.

(Signed) Bill Hooker, Dec. 11, 1931.

In explanation of the account sheet Mr. Hooker gives the following:

“(1) It will be noted that buckskin pants had two prices. Probably one pair were fringed and of extra quality.

“(2) Sam Young was also called Harry: (Author of ‘Hard-Knocks.’

“(3) We picked up these provisions at Hunton's fortified cabin on the Chugwater, en route to Fort Fetterman.

“(4) The ‘order to Hall’ items means that I owed Hall \$35 lost to him in a ‘shut-mouth’ poker game.

“(5) George Powell owned a bull train.”

DUPLICATE

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

APRIL, 1932

No. 4

HEBARD COLLECTION

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING
LARAMIE

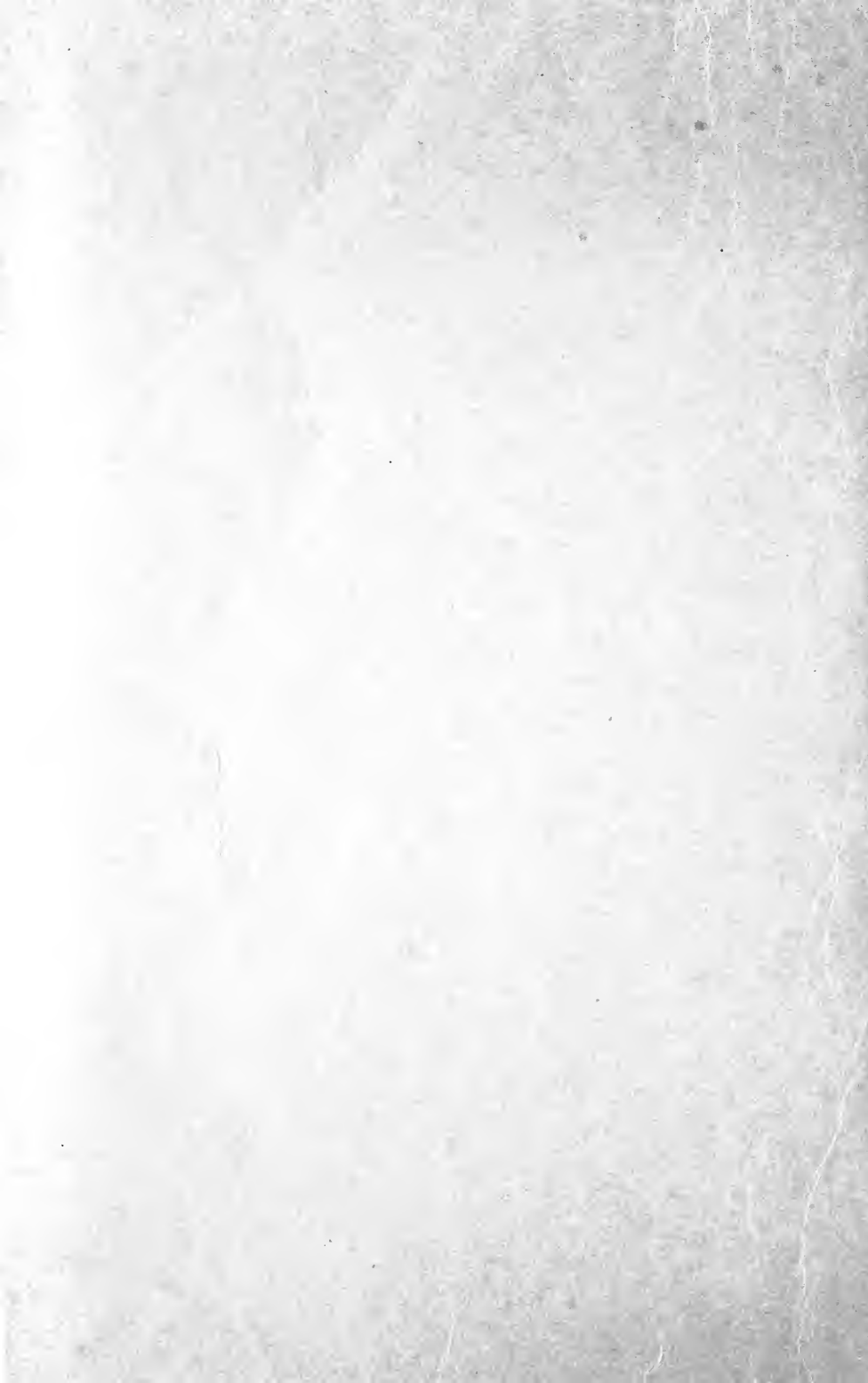
CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Capt. Bonneville..... | By J. Neilson Barry |
| Document | |
| History of Carbon, Wyoming's First Mining Town | By Mrs. Chas. Ellis |
| Carbon..... | By Mrs. Chas. Ellis |
| Accessions | |

Published Quarterly
by the

STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *State Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.



Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

APRIL, 1932

No. 4

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Capt. Bonneville..... | By J. Neilson Barry |
| Document | |
| History of Carbon, Wyoming's First Mining Town | By Mrs. Chas. Ellis |
| Carbon..... | By Mrs. Chas. Ellis |
| Accessions | |

Published Quarterly
by the
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MRS. CYRUS BEARD, *State Historian*
Cheyenne, Wyo.

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Acting Governor..... A. M. Clark
Secretary of State..... A. M. Clark
State Librarian..... Mrs. Clare E. Ausherman
Secretary of Board..... Mrs. Cyrus Beard

ADVISORY BOARD

Judge E. H. Fourt..... Lander
Dr. Grace R. Hebard..... Laramie
Mrs. C. L. Vandevender..... Basin
Mr. L. C. Bishop..... Douglas
Mr. Phillip E. Winter..... Casper
Mrs. R. A. Ferguson..... Wheatland
Mr. Howard B. Lott..... Buffalo
Miss Spaeth..... Gillette
Mrs. P. J. Quealy..... Kemmerer

Neither the State Historical Board, the State Historical Advisory Board nor the State Historian is responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

(Copyright applied for by State Historical Department)

CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

APRIL, 1932

No. 4

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE

Excerpts from original letter on file in Wyoming State Historical Department

Portland, Oregon, September 18, 1931.

Dear Mrs. Beard,

It gives me great pleasure to donate this annotated copy of Bonneville's report and his letter. As I formerly wrote to you I became convinced that this long searched for report must have been written, and so succeeded in having it unearthed.

It had been filed by someone who wrongly numbered the pages so it required much effort to adjust it and to decipher the aged writing.

* * *

I spent some months in identifying localities which is my little contribution which probably will add considerable value to the document.

* * *

I succeeded in obtaining a photostat of the Army and Navy Journal. and it gives me great pleasure to present this photostat to you for your files, although you may possibly wish to include this also for your readers.

* * *

Much unjust and some malicious criticism has been showered upon this noble patriot, and it was an act of justice on my part to try to let his real motives be known to the world.

* * *

It may interest you that my book of notes contain the following for West Point, 1813 when Bonneville was there.

Cadet uniforms were blue, with round hat with silk cocade and yellow eagle. Some cadets wore cherry-valleys, with buttons along the sides. There were open fires in the rooms and the cadets sawed and split their fuel for their rooms. At the mess there was no table cloth the cadets used tin cups and no glasses. The school benches were painted red and the cadets used slates.

An entire book could easily be written of the life of this noble old man who, after being retired for age and disability again volunteered and served four years during the Civil War.

Thanking you for the privilege of being able to do honor to this old soldier to whom honor is due, I am

Very sincerely yours,

J. NEILSON BARRY.

GEN. B. L. E. BONNEVILLE, U. S. A.

J. NEILSON BARRY, Portland, Oregon

A cloud has always hung over the name of General Bonneville because of his supposed desertion from the U. S. Army, and although he was reinstated he was always regarded with suspicion, and much ridicule has been aimed at him on account of the utterly ridiculous methods in which he conducted his fur-trading adventure. The writer having resided for years in the region which he had traversed and having trudged many weary miles over part of his route, became convinced that there must be some deep reason to explain his actions, and succeeded in interesting Gen. Lutz Wahl U. S. A. in a search for the lost report which was unearthed, and a photostat obtained by Lewis A. McArthur through E. M. Douglas and Col. C. H. Birdseye.

It is the opinion of the writer that Gen. Bonneville was essentially a soldier, and that his fur-trading venture was a pretext for wresting the Oregon country from the British. Attention is especially called to this report which says "If our Government ever intend taking possession of Oregon the sooner it shall be done the better, and I deem a subaltern's command equal to enforce all the views of our Government . . . yet I would recommend a full company . . . (The Hudson's Bay Company post at) Walla Walla may easily be reduced by fire or want of wood. . . . If you have any instructions for me, I shall be glad to receive them, either to join any party that might be sent, to comply with any other commands in this country, or to return to the States." If such an obvious suggestion from an Army officer had been published it would probably have led to some unpleasant complications with Great Britain, so while the official at the War Department promised that the Secretary of War would extend Bonneville's leave of absence, this was not done and his name was dropped from the rolls under pretext that he had not made any report.

Bonneville was born in France, 1793. His father was a prominent engineer and author and was imprisoned by the Revolutionists. Through the efforts of Lafayette the wife was sent to America with her two sons. One entered the U. S. Navy, but was drowned by the sinking of his ship. The other son, afterwards Brigadier General, graduated from West Point, 1815, served in the Seminole war and with the construction of the military road in Mississippi. In 1825 he became Captain and was selected to escort Lafayette on his tour, and then taken to France as the guest of Lafayette. In 1831 he obtained leave of absence to obtain information in regard to the far west while engaged in fur-trading, and since this is so very extraordinary

that it is possible that some higher official had much the same feeling toward Great Britain as Bonneville. In 1834 his name was dropped from the Army rolls, but he was reinstated in 1836. His extensive map of the West is very highly praised by Capt. George M. Wheeler, U. S. A. in the U. S. Geological Report of West of the 100th Meridian, p. 541, and by Lieut. Thomas W. Symons, U. S. A. in his Report of the Columbia river, p. 92, since Bonneville was the first to correctly represent the hydrography of the region west of the Rocky mountains. He was Major in 1845, and commanded a regiment during the Mexican war, being wounded and brevetted for gallantry in action. In 1852 he was in command of Vancouver Barracks, Wash. with U. S. Grant, later General, as his Quartermaster. He surveyed and laid out the post so efficiently that the plan and many of the buildings still are in use. Bonneville was then sent to New Mexico, and commanded during the Gila expedition, his map of that region shows a high degree of skill. He was retired in 1861, but volunteered and served until 1865 as Superintendent of the Recruiting Department in Missouri. He died at Fort Smith, Arkansas in 1878, being the oldest officer in the Army.

The writer wishes to acknowledge the great assistance given by Brig. Gen. Lutz Wahl, Acting Adjutant General, U. S. A. Col. C. H. Birdseye, Chief of the Topographic Office. Major General Robert C. Davis and Major Stuart A. Howard of the U. S. A. To Mr. E. M. Douglas, Lewis A. McArthur, Dr. G. R. Hebard of the University of Wyoming. Hon. Miles Cannon, of Weiser, Idaho and to Miss Nellie Pipes of the Oregon Historical Society.

Letter from Capt. Bonneville to Maj. Gen. Macomb.

Dated Wind River 29 July 1833

Crow Country

Wind River July 29 33

Capt. Bonneville Report relative expedition.

Filed with 2742 H. C. P. 78

Crow Country Wind River (Wyoming) July 29 1833

General

This country I find is much more extensive than I could have expected, as yet, I may say I have actually visited, only, the heart of the Rocky Mountains, or in other words the head waters of the Yellow Stone, the Platte, the Colorado of the West, (Green River), and the Columbia. I have therefore remained, I hope I have not trespassed too much upon your goodness, to explore the North of the Columbia in the Cottonais country (Kutenai country, Montana) and New Caledonia (British Columbia), to winter on the Lower Columbia, and going to the South West toward California on my return, which will certainly be in the course of next fall. I would not have presumed

this much, were I not aware how desirous you are of collecting certain information respecting this country, and my return at present would have afforded but half a story, which would have been laughable in the extreme. I have constantly kept a journal, making daily observations of courses, country, Indians, etc. In fine, of everything I supposed could be interesting. The information I have already obtained authorizes me to say this much; That if our Government ever intend taking possession of Oregon the sooner it shall be done, the better, and at present I deem a subaltern's command equal to enforce all the views of our Government, although a subaltern's command is equal to the task, yet I would recommend a full company, which by bringing provisions to last till June could then live upon the salmon which abounds there (on the lower Columbia) during the summer and fall, and farming for themselves for the next year could subsist themselves well. five men would be as safe as an hundred either from the indians (Chinookan) who are extremely peaceable and honest, or from the establishments of the Hudson Bay Compy. who are themselves too much exposed by their numerous small posts ever to offer the least violence to the smallest force. They have a trading post at the Mouth (Fort George, Astoria) of three or four men to oppose all trading vessels, another above, *Vancouver*, which is strongly built, and capable of a garrison of one hundred and eighty men, here they have farms, mills etc. and every convenience of old settlements, manned by half breeds, indians and some Canadians, but they are generally distributed in trapping companies who frequently remain about a year. Walla Walla (Wallula, Wash) a post still higher up, on the left bank of Columbia, handsomely built, but garrisoned by only 3 to 5 men. May easily be reduced by fire or want of wood which they obtained from drift. Colville (Kettle Falls, Wash.) another post upon the North Fork, is also feeble, 3 to 5 men there to keep up a connection and trade. The Returns from Vancouver, Walla Walla and Colville, do not exceed 3000 skins, which may be considered trifling for their expense, but from New Caledonia to the North of Columbia, and from towards the Californias their returns are immense; these are the countries I have not yet examined and am now so anxious to visit.

As to the cultivation of the bottoms of the Columbia, the lands are of the best, the timber abundant, but it is deluged at the rise of the river, but the Multnomah or as it is named here the Wallamet, (Willamette), runs through one of the most beautiful, fertile and extensive vallies in the world, wheat corn and tobacco country.

The Hudson Bay at present have every advantage over Americans. Woolens at half price flour and tobacco the same, horses they obtain from their indians at 1\$ prime cost, shells they fish

for, and their other articles of trade reaching them by water in the greatest abundance and at trifling expense, compared to the land carriage of the Americans, that the latter have to avoid their rencontre by every means in their power, not only on the Columbia, but even on the Colorado, (Green River) the Head waters of the Arkansas, the Platte, the Missouri; they even speak of making a Fort on the Big Horn to oppose the American Fur Company. So you see, the Americans, have, to as it were to steal their own fur making secret rendezvous and trading by stealth.

The History of the Country is this, first the Hudson Bay entered it in 1810 trapping and trading, generally employing between 80 and 100 men, gradually increasing their present number of about 280 men. The A. M. Compy (American Fur Company) about 1816 sent Imel and Jones with about 30 men, who remained about 5 years then totally defeated by the Blackfoot indians on the Yellow Stone. Mr. Henry also entered it about the same time of Imel and Jones with about 80 men, built forts on the Big Horn on Lewis (Snake) River and on the three forks of the Missouri was also defeated by the Black foot indians on three forks. In 1825 Genl. Ashley came in with about 50 men met the Hudson Bay on Lewis (Snake) River. On the point of Fighting with them, however took from them the Iroquois and their furs, subsequently himself was defeated by the Arrapahoes on the Head Waters of the Colorado, and lost all his horses, 120 head. Ashley then sold out to his clerks Smith, Jackson and Sublette who raised their number to 130 men, who in 1830 themselves sold out to their clerks and best trappers, Fitzpatrick, Younger Sublette, Bridgers, Frap and Jarvie who now remain in the country with about 90 men. Drips, Fontenelle, Pilcher, Vanderbergh and Benjamin came in a firm in about 1827 with about 75 men, reached the Head of the Platte there lost all their horses by the Arraphoes there caching the greater part of their merchandise and packing their men in the winter got lost in the deep snow finally dispersed Dripps Fontenelle and Vanderburgh offering their services to the A. M. C. (American Fur Company) increased their number to 160 men. Gantt came up in 1831 with about 50, men mostly afoot done (did) little then retired to the head waters of the Arkansas where I understand he opened a trade with the Camanche, the Arrapohoes, and Shians (Cheyennes).

The above I think will give you a tolerably correct idea of the great quantities of Furs (which) must have been taken from the country in order to keep alive so many companies at such great expense in men and horses. This country may be said at present to be poor, but beaver increases so rapidly that any part permitted to rest three years is said to be as rich as at first the companies therefore endeavor to ascertain each others hunting

grounds and to conceal theirs and even their successes or disasters. Last year Fitzpatrick's company in their 2 years trapping sent down about 150 pack, 60 skins per pack; A. M. C. last year one years work sent about 31 packs. This year A. M. C. and Fitzpatrick's appear to have each about 44 packs, and sustained great loss in horses taken by the Aurickeries (Arikaras); again the same party lost 17 men by desertion, taking each 2 horses and six traps.

As to the Indians, that the Pawnees reside on the lower Platte in several bands, amounting to about 1200 warriors, they are well mounted, and war with the Crows, the Sioux, Shians and Arricories, make their hunting grounds in the Black Hills, 2500 Sioux, 400 Shians, 160 Arricories, they reside on the Missouri and wage war upon the Crows and Pawnees. They are extremely warlike and are well mounted, the Crow Indian range upon the Yellow Stone and head waters of the Platte, about 1500 strong in three villages fight with the Black Foot, and the Arrephoes. The Crows have good horses and I believe the best buffalo country in the world. The Arrephoes range upon the heads of the Arkansas and Canadian (rivers) are very numerous, fight also with the Shoshones.

The Shoshones a poor unwarlike race, some few who have arms and horses venture to descend into the plains in villages, but they are generally dispersed by twos and threes into the mountains without horses, without arms but the stone pointed arrow, and depending upon their numerous dogs to take the Mountain Sheep, they are met with in almost every mountain running from every body, and are termed *Digne de Pitie* i. e. Worthy of Pity, they will steal and kill whenever a good opportunity offers, their villages are generally more friendly tho dangerous to be met alone. They range about the Salt Lake.

The Bannocks in villages about 400 warriors mostly afoot live about the falls of Lewis (Snake) River, there during the salmon months catching and drying salmon, and in the fall move up that river to the Great Plain, and hunt buffalo which they dry and return to their falls, unwarlike (yet) defend themselves from the Black Foot. The Flat Heads, 100 warriors with about 150 Nez Percey warriors detached from the lower Columbia, range upon the heads of Salmon River, the Racine Amere (Bitter Root) and towards the three forks of the Missouri. The Flat Heads are said to be the only Indians here, who have never killed a white man, they and the Nez Percey are extremely brave in defence, but never go to war. Are the most honest and religious people I ever saw, observing every festival of the Roman Church, avoiding changing their camp on Sundays tho. in distress for provisions. Polygamy so usual among all indians, is strictly forbidden by them. I do not believe that three nights

passes in the whole year without religious meetings. The (they) defend themselves from the Black Foot.

Descending the Columbia waters. The great body of the Nez Percey and the large bands of the Pends Oreilles (room) Here horses may be said to abound, some individuals having from 2 to 3000 head, upon which they live, together with roots. The Cootenais (Kootenays) 200 warriors, having the other day commenced a war with the Black Foot have been driven from their original grounds upon the Northern Branches of the Columbia and have joined the Flatheads. The numerous herds of Indians upon the head waters of the Missouri and its Northern branches are in one term the Black Foot Indians (these are divided into) the Blood, the Sarcies, the Piedgans and the Gros Ventres of the Prairies, (Atsina) (who) are those most troublesome in these mountains. The (they) are well mounted abundantly supplied by the richness of their country in excellent shot-guns and ammunition. They are extremely numerous. When the snow begins to fall bands from 3 to 400 men move with their families all afoot and packing dogs, locate themselves some bands in the Shoshone country, some toward the Nez Percey etc. build stone forts then despatch their most active men to steal horses and to kill their nearest tribe. and as the snow melts in the spring gradually retreat with their spoils to their own country. When the grass is found sufficient, bands of about the same size leave their families and move to the plains in all directions to kill and steal. The only security against these Indians is to fight from the bushes in the plains 'tis most certain destruction. The whites are unsafe with any tribe except the Nez Percey and Flatheads. (While it is) true parties of size are unmolested, save by the Black Foot but individuals must be careful of the Bannacks, the Shoshones, the Arrephoes, the Shians, the Pawnees, the Crows.

As to the whites, they have their leader, a trader, his hired men, also what is termed free men who join or runaway from other companies and going to the next, remain with it in the following manner, if they have horses and traps of their own, they agree to sell all the furs caught at \$4 per lb. purchasing all their supplies from that company, if they have no horses and do not wish to hire, they are then loaned horses and traps and are to sell their beaver unskinned at 4 to \$5 each paying for their supplies and loss of traps. And the great object of companies is to catch these men on the way to their rendezvous and trade all their credits with whiskey, tobacco etc. In the winter the parts of the same company meet and pass the winter together, separating in the spring and again meeting at some other place for their summer rendezvous, where the supplies from St. Louis are

expected each company, generally, having a place of its own. Rendezvous are certainly the scenes of the most extreme debauchery and dissipation.

Prices at the Ms. (Mountains)

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Furs—vary from..... | \$3 to 5 per lb. |
| Skin trapping do..... | \$4 to 5 per ps. (piece) |
| Blankets Colored..... | 18 to 20 ea. (each) |
| Tobacco..... | 2 to 3 per lb. |
| Alcohol..... | 32 per gallon |
| Coffee..... | 2 per tin cup, a pint |
| Sugar..... | 2 do |
| Flour..... | 1 do |
| Shot guns, prime cost 4\$..... | 40 each |
| Rifles " 10\$..... | 60 do |
| Horses " 20 to 25\$..... | 120 to 250\$ ea. |

The customary price as a year's wages from 250 to 400\$ As to the prices and regulations of the Hudson Bay I know but little, but this summer, fall and spring I believe I shall be able to explain all their regulations of trade etc.

On the 30th of April I left Independence with 121 men and 20 wagons. On the 12 May crossed the Kansas, kept up the left bank, move up the Republican which I headed, having at first gone through a rolling country upon the republican I marched upon an elevated place they struck it a little west and in one day fell on the Platte, the 2nd of June, here found the river $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide. The banks 2 to 3 feet high river about 4 feet deep but full of quicksands; the plains upon the banks of the Platte are from 3 to 5 miles wide and I marched to the forks 130 miles without a break or creek at the forks I first found buffaloe 45 days from the settlements, having gone up the south fork about 10 miles I crossed this fork, the river below I measured $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide in two places, general width $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile cut the tongue of land and fell upon the north fork here the river plain is small bluffs of immense size putting in the river, finally reached the main Branches of the north fork, crossed this south (or) *Laramies Fork* there began one of the most broken countries I ever beheld, frequently letting my wagons down the bluffs with long ropes 80 men to each wagon at last we came to the main forks of the north forks, having cut the tongue of land to the north and in two days came to Sweet Water, which we ascended on the right bank to Wind River mountains, having turned the mountains we struck a large sand plain, upon which we slept without grass or water, having traveled from sunrise till nine o'clock at night, next morning started again at day light and at twelve o'clock had the satisfaction to fall upon the water of the Colorado of the West (Green River, Wyoming). having ascended

this river on the right bank forty miles we built a picket work (Note—Near Daniel, Sublette Co. Wyoming. On the ranch, now, of Dr. Montrose. N. E. quarter of N. E. quarter, Section 30, Township 34 N. Range 111 W. Identified by Dr. G. R. Hebard, University of Wyoming, Laramie.)

Fell in with the Gross Ventres of the Prairies (Atsina) Black Foot about 900 warriors, had no difficulty with them. here we remained to recruit our horses then went a North West course and on the 10th November fell upon Salmon River where I again built two Log Cabins and waited for my men. (Note—This post was six miles north of Salmon, Lemhi County, Idaho Identified by Miles Cannon, Weiser, Idaho.)

One of my parties, 21 men among the Crows was entirely lost. (Note—See Irving's Bonneville, Chapter XIX The "Partisan" probably Montero.) another of my parties of 21 men by the Shoshones lost 7 horses and 4 men, (Note—Matthieu. See Irving's Bonneville, Chapter XVI.) and another of my parties on the route through Horse prairie, (Sublette County, Wyoming), of 28 men lost all their horses, but fighting from 8 a. m. till sun set recovered all but one, taken by the Black Foot and four badly wounded. (Note—Walker. See Irving's Bonneville, Chapter X.)

On the 28 November, some of my parties had returned, I then proceeded to the Flat Heads and Nez Perceys, where I intended to wait the arrival of the remainder of my parties. At last on the 25 December I started with twelve men in search around the great Shoshone plains in the deep snow, lost one animal frozen to death, reached Lewis (Snake) river on the 18 January, here I found one of my men from the Shoshone party, (Matthieu's party), finding that not only the mountains were loaded with snow and that my animals were weak, I determined to send for that party to join me immediately, which they did, having increased another of my parties in the Shoshone Valley I started on the 19th of February with 18 men to join Mr. Cerre who I had left at the Flat Head town there I again reached on the 14 March, and on the 18th proceeded with 23 engages and 14 indians, Nez Percey and Flat Heads toward the Comanche (Camas) Prairies laying on the route to the Lower Columbia. On the 6 April came to the mountain (North of Blaine County, Idaho) which I found impassable and remained at its base till the 27 May at which time I succeeded in passing losing 4 horses and two mules then continued to the West fall Bosy (blurred) Malade, Comanche (Camas), Boisey and La Payette Rivers At last I found that living upon fish, horses and roots would not do, I then tried to cross the mountain to the North 1st July (June), the great depth of snow forced me to seek another pass, at last reached the Forks of Salmon River on the 15th of July

(June), here I waited 4 days for my parties, having found their path I took it and on the 29th found them, (Hodgkiss), Much to my surprise with the Pends Orreilles and the Cottonais (Kutenai), the Flat Heads and Nez Percey having been driven from the country by the Black Foot, who that spring consolidated for that purpose, here I remained with these people till the 5th July The Black Foot being at that time quite near, made me fear to cross the prairies with my small party of 23 men. I therefore induced these friendly indians by presents, to march upon the Black Foot towns and pretend to war, while I pushed across the plains, and on the 23 (July) reached the valley of the Colorado, (Green River) here I found so many buffaloe carcasses and these only skinned that I actually feared to approach the Rendezvous and at night sent two men to examine it, had the satisfaction to hear all was well I then continued and next day met all the whites in the country, and on the 25 (July) started with Mr. Cerre to escort him to the Big Horn, which I expect will take me till the 10 Augt I will then proceed to the North West towards the North of the Columbia.

The country upon the Lower Republican (Kansas and Nebraska) is rolling, becoming high level plain as you ascend, the country gradually rising to the West, the Platte runs through one of the most beautiful and level plains in the world, upon the North Fork the country becomes much broken, from Laramies Fork to Sweet Water is most horribly broken and difficult to pass, this county is termed the Black Hills, upon Sweet Water high hills are constantly in view but easily passed (by) traveling generally on the bank of the river in the sand; The Sweet Water heads into the Wind River Mountains, said to be the highest in the country, about 2500 feet elevated above the plains, and constantly covered with snow. I have not measured these mountains, 'tis mere supposition. In the same bed of mountains rises the Yellow Stone, the Columbia, the Colorado and the Northern Platte. They are extensive and exceedingly difficult to be gone through, and are always turned. The General course I traveled to head Sweet Water was about West North West, and estimated by me at 1050 (miles) by the winding of the route. From the Forks of Horse Creek of the Colorado (Green River) to the head of Salmon River (Idaho) the route lays generally through a country easily passed, with the exception of two mountains which must be gone over. One is low (In Butte County, Idaho). the other must be passed upon the river, and upon a cornice of the mountain from which horses fell from every party, descent perpendicular 270 feet high. (Note—See Irving's Bonneville, Chapter XIX. Near Snake river, between Jackson's Lake and Hoback's river.) course to the Salmon N West 350 miles, here again a bed of mountains lying North and South from the ex-

tre north to a great distance to the south, about the big Salt Lake, these again form the Southern bank to no person knows where, however this much is known, that every river even all creeks run through Cannions or Columnar blocks of Limestone, Greenstone trap. To the North a little east lays immense plains; to the South a little west lies immense plains of sand, without water, without grass. To the West is a rough broken country and West of North is the Cottonais (Kutenai) Country, remarkable from the great quantity of wood, and its difficulty of passage. The Black Hills are the primitive class of Mineral, Granite, Mica, Slate, Hornblende and Lime Rock, without organic relics. Yet occasionally I would observe immense beds of red Sand Rock. (In) some places (I) saw Slate, Coal, Iron Ore, in one place only I found small quantities of greasy quartz and Talcose slate.

As we ascended the Sand Rock and Clay prevailed, which yielded upon the heads of Sweet Water, when began an immense region of Lime Rock, filling every mountain, and Lava (filling) every plain. In one of which sixty by forty miles is filled up with large crevices about 15 feet wide and depth unknown, without a drop of water, or the smallest bunch of grass to be found. The Rivers to the east of the mountains increase their size but slowly, upon the banks we find no wood to the North Fork of the Platte, having to cook with buffalo dung, dried weeds, occasionally however we find the yellow of bitter cotton wood above this and through the Black Hills we have the Sweet Cotton wood, upon which we feed our horses in the winter, and (upon which they) become extremely fat, above this and upon the western waters the bitter cotton wood prevails; upon the mountains the Pines and Cedars are abundant.

The thermometer with me ranged at sunrise through the summer at about 47° at 2 p. m. 72° Once I saw it as high as 91° during the winter months, in the vallies where we wintered it stood generally about at 12 p. m. 26° I left it (my thermometer) and traveled across the plains, where the cold was much more severe. (See Irving's *Bonneville*, Chapter XV.) I find that at 25° my feelings were much as they would be in the states at 13° but the heat of 72° as oppressive as that of the states of 100° Soil of the Platte and other Rivers from the east are intirely unfit for cultivation, these of the west are much the same till we reach the Boisy a branch of Lewis (Snake) River, the soils here are excellent but not extensive. The Buffaloe range from North to South, beginning about the Forks of the Platte, and extending to a line running from about the Forks of Salmon River to the east of the Big Salt or Eutah Lake, then running so as to strike a little North of Tours, (Taos, New Mexico) west and south of this line not a buffaloe can be seen; elk, deer (mountain) sheep and bear can be had for a small party to subsist ex-

cepting some large sand plains where nothing can be found. The Big Salt Lake I have never seen, but I am told it has never been traveled around; five trappers once attempted to coast it, and were near dying from hunger and thirst.

Thus much, General, I have been able to collect in compliance with my promises, and I hope will be satisfactory when you consider how extensive this country is. An individual in the states goes his 40 to 50 miles easily but here, when we have to feed our horses of grass and (they) being closely tied up every night, requires time to feed morning, noon and night, makes Traveling very slow. I omitted to state that the horses here are generally about 14 to 14½ hands high, stout built, and upon which the Indian will gallop all day. The mode of traveling here, is this. The Indians in villages at 8 a. m. raise camp, the chief leads upon a fast walking horse, the whole (village), men, women and children follow, the women with their lodges poles and baggage, while the men ride totally unencumbered, at 10 or 11 a. m. the chief pitches his lodge, the camp is then formed extending along the river or creek, making for each lodge a small brush pen to secure their horses from their enemies; besides planting an 18 inch stake into the ground with a cord attached to the horses fore foot. In the morning the horses are turned out at clear day light, making their camps or journeys about 8 miles long. The whites travel much in the same way, making however longer journeys.

In the course of a few days I shall be on my route to the Cottonais (Kutenai) country, (Western Montana.) and round by the lower Columbia to the South. On my return about the last of June (1834) I shall meet Mr. M. S. Cerre and if you shall have any instructions for me, shall be glad to receive them either to join any party that might be sent, (or) to comply with any other commands in the country, or to return to the States

I have the honor, to be, General with every consideration
Your most obdt. svt. (servant)

B. L. E. BONNEVILLE

Captain 7 Infy (Infantry)

To Major General Alexander Mac Comb (Maccomb)
General in Chief, U. S. Army.

Wash D. C. Sept. 30, 35

Capt. Bonneville to Sec of War Endorsed by President (Jackson)

B. 25 W. D. (War Department) Filed with 2742 A. C. P. '78
1 October 1835 copied.

Com'ing General

Report Recd 19 Nov

Returned to the Department for a report whether the communication alleged to be made by Capt Bonneville was received

at the Department and whether the Commanding Genl. approved of his Capt Bonneville continued his exploring expedition, and gave the messenger to understand that his furlough would be extended.

A. J. (Andrew Jackson)

Referred to the Major Gen. for a report of the circumstances on his return

L. ?. (Either L. C. or L. L.)
5 Oct. '35

Washington City September 30, 1835

To the Honorable Lewis Cass Secretary of War

Sir. In obedience to your orders I have the honor to report, that in August 1831, I received a furlough from the Commanding General of the Army, to expire in October 1833. with a view of proceeding to the mouth of the Columbia River, and exploring the tract of country between the settlements of the United States and the ultimate point of destination. I here beg leave to remark that the lateness of the season, when my furlough was granted, absolutely precluded my leaving the Settlements until 1st May 1832, thus in the outset nine months of my furlough were consumed. The plan of operation presented to the Commanding General was submitted to the Department of War, and approved and with my furlough received instructions to collect all the information in my power, touching the relative positions of the various tribes of Indians in my route, their numbers, manners and customs, together with a general history of the country through which I was destined to pass. On the 1st May 1832 I departed from the Frontiers of Missouri with a number of men I had hired for that purpose. My route lay up the Kansas, the Main Platte, its northern branches and Sweet Water, and reached the Waters of the Colorado of the West (Green River) in the latter part of August 1832. Finding that this long journey had very much weakened my horses and that my men were yet badly qualified to feed themselves in small game, when they could scarcely do it among the buffaloe, I determined to travel North into the lands of the Nez Perce's Flat Heads, Cottonains (Kutenais) and Pend'Oreilles, where I would find game would find game for my men, and plenty of grass and bark for my horses, and at the same time to become particularly acquainted with these several tribes. As soon as the snow had disappeared in the spring 1833 I proceeded to the Big Horn River, by the South point of Wind River Mountains and continued down that river to where it became navigable, here I halted, made boats and having engaged a Mr. Cerre with several men to proceed to the States and gave him a report for the Commanding General, stating that the shortness of my leave of absence made it impossible for me

to accomplish the objects contemplated at starting, within its limits, therefore requested its extension, at the same time reporting the progress I had made. This report cannot now be found in the Office of the Adjutant General, but Captain (Samuel) Cooper recollects such an one was received. As the application for an extension was made several months anterior to the expiration of the furlough already obtained, having scarcely commenced collecting the information desired and believing there would not be the least difficulty in obtaining a further extension of furlough, I determined to prosecute the object originally intended and proceeded down the Big Horn which runs nearly north giving the advantage of latitudes so high, that I could easily cross over the heads of the Yellow Stone, to the northern branches of the Columbia, and winter near the Sea, and that in the spring I could return upon its Southern (Snake) Branches, which plan I attempted to execute; but finding so much hostility on the part of the Black Foot, that it was impossible to advance without continued fighting and severe loss in men and horses. As several battles had already been fought with these Northern tribes I found it absolutely necessary for me to retreat by the south point of the Wind River Mountains, by doing which I reached the Bannocks late in the winter 1833 and my men passed the remainder of that season with them. Constantly intent upon getting to the lower Columbia, I left my party with the Bannocks Tribe and on the 25 December 1833 started with three men down Snake river in order to ascertain the best manner of entering the vast wilderness still to the west, leaving instructions with the party in my rear to descend Snake River the moment the winter broke up and meet me in my ascent. In obedience to these instructions the party started, but finding that I did not arrive at the point proposed, after tarrying until they had exhausted every means of subsistence, they determined to abandon the route, and returned above the Bannack tribe, to the buffaloe ground, where I overtook them the 16th June 1834, and where I learned they had relinquished the prosecution of their route under the belief that my party of three men and self had been killed and they had so reported. Knowing that Buffaloe were generally plenty upon the heads of Black-Foot and Portneuf rivers I determined to go there and make meat sufficient to subsist my party on its descending the Columbia. Upon this route I fell in with Mr Cerre 28 June 1834, the gentleman to whom I had eleven months before entrusted my communications to the General in Chief, which he informed me, he had delivered, and that the General appeared perfectly satisfied with my Report and also with my determination to persevere in the course I had adopted and persued, that owing to his remaining longer in New York, than he had originally contemplated, he was prevented returning to

Washington and consequently had left the former city without bringing an extension of my furlough or any communication whatever from the Dept of War. Highly gratified at the verbal report of Mr. Cerre of the flattering expressions made by the General in Chief, I was inspired with renovated ardor for the enterprise I had undertaken being now determined to accomplish it at all hazards. Previous to putting this intention into practice I had prevailed upon Mr Cerre to take charge of my letters and reports to the General in Chief General (Abram) Eustes and other Gentlemen, which although he had now become attached to the American Fur Company, and felt some delicacy in doing, he did promise to forward them to their various addresses, upon his reaching Council Bluffs. These letters owing to causes impossible for me to explain, I regret to state, never reached their destination, which appears to have been the fate of most of the communications made to the states and which it was next to an impossibility to accomplish without employing persons expressly for that purpose.

Having supplied my party and self each with a load of dried meat, I proceeded North West over the Portneuf and Cassia Mountains and fell upon Snake River early in July 1834, kept down the valley of that river for several days, then left it taking a course West South West over the Wyee (Owyhee) and Gun (Burnt) River Mountains, so as to fall low down upon the Columbia, which I did about thirty miles below Walla Walla a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, to which place I repaired in order to procure provisions. On my arrival aid of every species was not only refused, but the settlers used all their influence, with the Indians, not only not to trade with us but to hold no intercourse whatever.

Here I became acquainted with the Sho-sho-coes the Lower Nez Perceez's or Salmon Eaters, the Skyuses (Cayuse), the Walla Walla and Touellican (Bannock) Tribes. Notwithstanding the unkind reception of the traders I continued down the Columbia, subsisting on horses, dogs, roots and occasionally a Salmon, until I reached the vicinity of Mounts Hood and Baker (Adams), both of which are visible from the Pacific Ocean. I now discovered that if I advanced much farther, the snow that was then falling in the mountains, would soon prevent my retreat from this impoverished country and that in the spring I would not have a horse left, as it become indispensably necessary to slaughter them for subsistence. I consequently took a South course and entered the mountains of John Day's River, gradually turning my course towards the mountains of the upper country, which I reached the 15 November 1834. My men and horses completely exhausted. Shortly after this moving slowly up Bear River, I fell in with a village of the Shosgonos and determined to unite

with them to pass the winter. About the 10th January 1835 we came upon a village of Eutah (Ute) Indians, that had been caught there by the snow, as the two tribes were at war, I used all my influence and a treaty of peace between these two tribes, and all united for greater safety from the Black Foot, tribes continually prowling for plunder and delighting in bloodshed.

Believing now that I had fully executed the order of the General in Chief and that from my Maps, Charts and Diary I would be able to furnish the department of War with every information desired, respecting the Rocky Mountains and the Oregon Territory I therefore congratulated myself with the pleasing anticipation that in the spring I should be able to leave this cold and solitary region for the more genial one of Society and civilization. Accordingly, so soon as the snows had melted away I moved eastwardly to the Popo Asia (Agie) river, where I lay to give my horses flesh and good hoofs for the long rout of returning home, which I did by the heads of Powder River and its mountains, arriving at Independence Missouri the 22d August 1835.

Judge then, upon my return to the settlements, what must have been my mortification, when instead the approbation I expected for my exertions and enterprise, I learned my name had been dropped from the rolls of the Army and the consequent loss of my commission which I held dearer than life.

Trained at the Military Academy, I became as it were identified with the Army; 'twas my soul, my existence my only happiness and at a time, that I was exerting every nerve to win the approbation of my superiors, I find myself branded as a culprit, 'tis mortifying indeed, my character as a Soldier has been fair too long, to believe my superiors will hesitate one moment, to restore me my character and my rank.

I have the honor to be, Sir very respectfully your most obedient Svt.

B. L. E. BONNEVILLE,
Late Capt 7 Regt. U. S. Infy.

Brig. Gen. B. L. E. Bonneville U. S. A.
Army and Navy Journal, 1878.

Photostat from Library of Congress Donated to the Department of History, Cheyenne, Wyoming by J. Neilson Barry, Portland, Oregon, 1931.

Annual Reunion June 13, 1878.—Benjamin L. E. Bonneville.
No. 155. Class of 1815.

Died June 12, 1878, at Fort Smith, Ark., aged 85.

General Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, who recently died at Fort Smith, Ark., was born in France in 1793. His father emigrated to this country sometime during or shortly after the

French revolution, and settled in New York city. He has been described as a kindly old gentleman, possessed of a happy temperament, great simplicity of heart. He was an excellent scholar. Washington Irving tells us that often would he be seen in summer weather seated under one of the trees on the Battery or on the portico of St. Paul's Church in Broadway, his bald head uncovered, his hat lying by his side, his eyes riveted to the page of his book, all unconscious of the passing throng or the passing hour. The son inherited to a very great degree the bonhomie of his father, and to this he added the love of the life of the voyageur. In 1813 he received an appointment as cadet at the Military Academy, graduating in 1815. In those days no class standing was established, neither was the term of the course fixed. Young Bonneville was the 155th graduate of the institution, and among his classmates were the late Colonel James Monroe, General Samuel Cooper, General Leslie, and Professor Charles Davies. All of the class are now gone, and those just mentioned have passed away within a few years.

The last war with Great Britain had just closed, and in the partial reorganization of the army young Bonneville fell to the corps of Light Artillery, but in 1819 he was transferred to the Eighth Infantry, and in the most extensive reorganization of the army in 1821, he was retained as First Lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry, and he was promoted to captain in 1825. After serving at various posts in the West for several years he was again seized with his old desire to explore the great West. At that time the country west of the Mississippi was "the great American desert," a perfect terra incognita. It is true that a few enterprising men had carried on a traffic in furs and peltries for some years, and there was a great rivalry between the company of which John Jacob Astor was at the head, and the Rocky Mountain company, the head of which was our esteemed friend, Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, the Hudson's Bay company and the American (Chouteau) Fur Company. All of these companies had kept large parties of trappers in the field, engaged principally in trapping the beaver.

In 1831 Captain Bonneville made an application to be permitted to explore the great West, and a letter was received in reply from Alexander Macomb, Major-General commanding the Army, dated "Headquarters of the Army, Washington, August 3, 1831." It authorized him to be absent until the month of October, 1833, it being understood that the expedition was to involve the Government in no expense, and was to devote himself to obtaining information of service to the Department, and was to report at every opportunity.

Armed with this letter Captain Bonneville proceeded to St. Louis, and having organized a party of 110 experienced trap-

pers and lumbermen, he left the Missouri River at the old post of Fort Osage, on the 1st day of May, 1832.

Captain Bonneville had provided himself with the best outfit that his means would afford. He had some wagons, but he had to depend on pack animals principally. He had a few astronomical instruments, sufficient to enable him to determine his latitude and longitude, and he had a plentiful supply of the trinkets which were at that time so much prized by the Indians; for the Captain's idea was not only to explore the country, but to find new and profitable trading grounds, and he went not only prepared to trade, but his party was provided with everything necessary for hunting and trapping.

The route he took when he left the Missouri River was substantially the same that was used seventeen years later by the emigrants for California and Oregon. This was up the South Platte, crossing the river near what is now Julesburg, thence up the Polo Creek route to where the Laramie River empties into the North Platte, or where Fort Laramie now stands, and thence up the Sweetwater. It was not until the 26th of September that the first winter camp was established on the Salmon River. Here he was soon surrounded by numerous friendly bands of Nez Perce's and Flatheads, whose ponies soon cleaned the country of the grass, and the Captain was obliged to move his camp. He organized a party to go around the great Salt Lake while he went up through the Grand Road and over the Blue Mountains to Fort Walla Walla, where the Hudson's Bay Company had a trading post. Being rather uncivilly treated here he returned to his old ground, and after moving around the country, which is now Northern Idaho, for some months, he made his second winter camp on the Pont Neuf River.

In the meantime the Captain did not appear to pay much attention to making his monthly reports to Washington, and we shrewdly suspect that he did not bother himself much in thinking of his letter of instructions or of General Macomb. At any rate he did not set his face eastward until the spring of 1835, and he did not reach the settlements of the Missouri River until the latter part of August of that year. In the meantime, as nothing had been heard of the Captain for a long time after "the month of October, 1833," he was supposed to have been lost, and his name had been dropped from the Army Register. He had some difficulty in arranging this affair at the War Department, but in time he was restored to his old position in the Seventh Infantry, where he served until 1845, when he was promoted Major of the Sixth Infantry, and he joined his regiment just before the commencement of the Mexican war.

At the savage attack by our army on the fortified Convent of Churubusco in August, 1847, the Major commanded his regi-

ment. It was a glorious day for our little army, but Captain Hoffman of the Sixth had seen his brother, who was a Lieutenant of Artillery, killed before his eyes; he was exasperated, and he made such charges of mismanagement on part of Major Bonneville that a Court-martial was ordered to settle the case. The Major, or "Old Bonny," as we called him, was such a genial, kind, companionable old fellow that a great deal of regret was expressed at the action of the Captain. The trial did not result in much, but it mortified the Major terribly, and he could never forget it. He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Infantry in 1849, and in 1855, after forty years of service, he was promoted Colonel of the Third Infantry. Since his retirement in 1861 he lived in the West. He married for the second time a lady at Fort Smith, and he was living a quiet, happy life when the message came.

By a former marriage General Bonneville had a charming daughter, who was the pride of the old man's heart, and a great favorite with all who knew her. She died many years since, and for a quarter of a century the old gentleman was alone in the world. He was excellent company, fond of the society of young people. His amiability and genial ways made him a favorite with old and young, and up to the time of his death we had never heard of his being ill a day in his long life. Employing the peculiar phrases so much used by the good old gentleman, we will only add: "I tell you, sir, we'll never see him any more, sir; I tell you, sir, no more."

(Army and Navy Journal.)

Pierre M. Irving.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving, New York, 1864.

Vol. III, p. 98 "The month of January, 1837, found Mr. Irving in his little cottage. (Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y.)

. . . In these winter quarters which he found "anything but gloomy," he was exercising his pen, and "getting on briskly" with the Adventures of Captain Bonneville, which he was intending to launch in the spring." Pp. 112-113. (In a letter to his brother, dated January 10, 1837 he wrote) "Let me hear by mail about the maps" "The maps in question were designed for the work he was about to publish, entitled "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. Digested from his Journal, and illustrated from various other sources." A few weeks later, we find this work going through the press. Peter (Irving) writes from his cottage, (Sunnyside), on the 6th of March. "Washington (Irving) is in New York, superintending the printing of a new work, which will be supplementary to Astoria, as it treats of expeditions in the same regions since that date, with an ample account of the Indian

tribes and the white trappers, with details of their peculiar characters and adventurous lives beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is a picture of a singular class of people midway between the savage state and civilization, who will soon cease to exist, and be only known in such records, which will form a department of great interest in the history of our country."

The leading theme of these pages, however, was the expeditions and adventures of Captain Bonneville, of the United States Army, who in a rambling kind of enterprise, had strangely ingrafted the trapper and hunter upon the soldier." Mr. Irving had first met this gentleman in the autumn of 1835, at the country seat of Mr. Astor. Coming upon him afterwards, in the following winter, at Washington, and finding him engaged in re-writing and extending his traveling notes, and making maps of the regions he had explored, he purchased this mass of manuscripts from him for one thousand dollars, and undertook to fit it for publication, and bring it before the world. That manuscript, which was full of interesting details of life among the mountains, and of the singular castes of races, both white and red men, among whom he had sojourned, formed the staple of the work, though other facts and details were interwoven, gathered from other sources, especially from the conversations and journals of some of the captain's contemporaries, who were actors in the scenes he describes; while to the whole he gave a tone and coloring drawn from his own observation during his tour of the prairies. Mr. Irving obtained for the work, from his American publishers, Carey, Lea & Co., three thousand dollars, and from Bentley, in London £900"

Gustavus Hines, *Wild Life in Oregon*, Hurst and Co.

(Reprint of earlier edition)

Page 170. May 12, 1843. (On Snake river west of Lewiston, Ida)

"Red Wolf, in more than one instance, has proved himself a friend to the Americans. When Capt. Bonneville was in this country, many years ago, in his trade with the Indians, he met with violent opposition from the Hudson's Bay Company, and was compelled to leave that portion under the control of the company. But, in his attempt to do, he lost his way, and wandered about until he and his men were reduced to a starving state. Fortunately he struck a trail that led him to the lodge of Red Wolf, and he immediately told the chief of his great distress. Red Wolf was moved by the story, and ordered a horse to be butchered without delay. Bonneville and his men feasted themselves to their entire satisfaction; and when they were ready to leave, they were supplied with a guide, and provisions for their journey."

Page 411. "When the writer visited the Snake river in 1842, an incident of Bonneville's experience in that country,

was related to him by Red Wolf, an Indian chief of the Nez Perce tribe. Bonneville had met with the most violent opposition from the Hudson's Bay Company, in his trade, and in attempting to leave a portion of the country where everything, even the game, appeared to be under their control, he and his party, which by desertion and other causes, had been greatly reduced, lost their way, and wandered about without food for three days and nights. At length, in a state of starvation, they fell in with Red Wolf and his party on the Snake or Lewis river, and the chief received them kindly, and treated them with the best which his means afforded, which was the flesh of a fat horse, which he killed for that purpose. Having given them this timely relief, he prevailed upon them to tarry with him a few days, and recruit their exhausted strength. They accepted this kind offer, and were astonished at their departure, on being supplied by their Indian benefactor with provisions to take with them, and a guide to conduct them on to their proper route."

Note by J. N. B. This was probably when Bonneville crossed the Wallowa range on his journey to Fort Walla Walla, Hines had antipathy toward the Hudson's Bay Company. In this case they had nothing to do with the matter. Bonneville was on his way to visit Fort Nez Perce, (Wallula, Wash) to request them to sell him supplies so as to undersell them in trade with the Indians and was befriended by these kind Indians, of whom Irving poked fun.

47th Congress 1st Session.

Ex. Doc. No. 186

Senate

Report of an examination of the Upper Columbia River . . . 1881 . . . by Lieut. Thomas W. Symons, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army Chief Engineer of the Department of the Columbia.

Washington, Government Printing Office, 1882.

Page 92. "The geographic knowledge of the country was greatly augmented in the years 1832-'33-'34 by the examinations and surveys of Captain Bonneville. . . . Captain Bonneville's maps are the first to correctly represent the hydrography of the regions west of the Rocky Mountains, and determine the existence of the great interior basins without outlets to the ocean, to prove the non-existence of the Buenaventura and other hypothetical rivers, and to reduce the Willamette to its proper length."

Engineer Department, U. S. Army.

Report upon United States Geographic Surveys west of the one hundredth meridian. In charge of Capt. Geo. M. Wheeler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. . . . Appendix F. Memoir of Explorations and Surveys, Etc. Vol. I Geographical Report.

Washington, Government Printing Office, 1889. Chapter II. Explorations from A. D. 1832 to A. D. 1844.

Bonneville's expedition to Rocky Mountains, 1832 to 1836. (He mentions Irving's work). "This is accompanied by two maps, one on the scale of 23 miles to an inch, showing the sources of the Missouri, Yellowstone, Platte, Green, Bear, Snake and Salmon Rivers, and a portion of Lake Bonneville (Great Salt Lake); the other, on a scale of 50 miles to an inch, giving the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, between the parallels of 38 and 49 north latitude." . . .

P. 541. "Captain Bonneville's maps, which accompany the edition of Irving's work, published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard in 1837 (the later editions generally do not give the original maps), are the first to correctly represent the hydrography of this region west of the Rocky Mountains. Although the geographic positions are not accurate, yet the existence of the great interior basins (without outlets to the ocean) of Great Salt Lake, of Mary's or Ogden's River (named afterwards Humboldt by Captain Fremont, of the Mud Lakes, and of Sevier River and Lake, *was determined* by Captain Bonneville's maps, and they proved the non-existence of the Rio Buenaventura and of other hypothetical rivers. They reduced the Wallamuth or Multnomah (Willamette) to its proper length, and fixed approximately its source, and determined the general extent and direction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The map of the sources of the Yellowstone is still the best original one of that region."

Notes on Captain Bonneville

Just returned from western border. *Missouri Republican*, Aug. 14, 1838.

Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville of United States Army married at Carlisle, Pa., Dec. 12, 1842, Miss Anne Callender, daughter of the late Dr. Charles W. Lewis of Monroe County, Virginia. *Missouri Republican*, Dec. 29, 1842.

Madame Margaret de Bonneville, a native of France, died Oct. 30, at a very advanced age. She has been a resident of this city for many years. She is the mother of Maj. Bonneville, now in the U. S. Army in Mexico. *Missouri Republican*, Oct. 31, 1846.

(From Miss Stella Drumm, Librarian, Missouri Historical Society, January 26, 1932.)

January 25th, 1932.

Dear Mrs. Beard:

I take great pleasure in sending to you a sketch-map of the region where Captain Bonneville ranged during his alleged fur trading expedition, 1832-1835.

I have omitted practically everything except the rivers, etc., mentioned and have reduced these to the one main stream. The two forts which Bonneville erected, and his winter camp on the Portneuf River are shown, and the approximate location of the famous Pierre's Hole, which was in the Teton Valley.

The modern state boundaries are indicated by dotted lines, and also their names, to facilitate recognition of localities.

* * *

Owing to Bonneville having traveled back and forth over much of the same region it is impossible to show his itinerary, which in some cases can not be exactly ascertained. His trip with Wyeth to the Bighorn River is indicated by the mountains and the note of where Wyeth embarked.

His journey to old Fort Walla Walla (Fort Nez Perce), now Wallula, Wash., was down the Snake from his winter camp on the Portneuf, (He uses the name "Powder River" for some stream near Salmon Falls). The Owyhee River, so named from three Hawaiians having been murdered there, he called the "Big Wyer", and Malheur River, where the Indians had stolen furs from trappers who thereby had a "bad hour" of grief, he called the "Little Wyer". He called Burnt River, "Gun Creek" and entered the vast canyon of the Snake, to Pine Creek, and actually crossed the towering Wallowa Mountains in mid-winter. I had the range so named.

Wallowa or "Way-lee-way" means fish-trap, or wyer, and was applied by the Indians to the entire river, but now only to one branch. This was due to former "ronds" or horseracing etc., by the natives, in the large valley near the source of the larger tributary, and the whole river is now called Grande Ronde, or Grand Ronde.

Bonneville descended the Imnaha River to the Snake and then crossed to the Grande Ronde ("Way-lee-way") and then across to Fort Nez Perce "Walla Walla". Subsequently he went via Burnt River, Power to Grande Ronde Valley, and across the Blue Mountains to the Umatilla River, and down the Columbia to the John Day River. My own idea is that there he learned that Wyeth's ship, the May Dacre, had arrived with abundant supplies, so that it would not be advisable for him to attempt to establish a rival trading post in the Willamette Valley, so he turned back, via the John Day River, and returned to the Snake River.

* * *

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. NEILSON BARRY.

Washington Irving was in error in calling PINE Valley on Pine Creek, the "Grande Ronde". I have trudged over the

hills in that locality, and once my wife and I made a several day "hike" through the lower Grande Ronde River region. The road is ten miles long from the river straight uphill to the level above. It is one of the most wild, weird regions I have seen.

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

February 5, 1932.

STATEMENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE OF
RB-mps-442 BENJAMIN L. E. BONNEVILLE

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| Born in France. | Appointed from New York. |
| Cadet, Military Academy..... | April 14, 1813 |
| Brevet, 2nd Lieutenant, Light Artillery..... | Dec. 11, 1815 |
| 2nd Lieutenant..... | Jan. 15, 1817 |
| Assigned to 8th Infantry..... | March 10, 1819 |
| 1st Lieutenant..... | July 9, 1820 |
| Transferred to 7th Infantry..... | June 1, 1821 |
| Captain..... | Oct. 4, 1825 |
| Dropped..... | May 31, 1834 |
| Restored..... | April 19, 1836 |
| Major, 6th Infantry..... | July 15, 1845 |
| Lieutenant Colonel, 4th Infantry..... | May 7, 1849 |
| Colonel, 3rd Infantry..... | Feb. 3, 1855 |
| Retired..... | Sept. 9, 1861 |

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, August 20, 1847, for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, Mexico; and Brigadier General, March 13, 1865 for long and faithful service in the Army.

SERVICE

He was on duty at New England posts, 1815 to 1819; on recruiting service and on construction of military road through Mississippi in 1820; on duty at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and San Antonio, Texas, with 8th Infantry to 1824; at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory to 1828; at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, 1828 and 1829; at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory to April, 1831; granted leave to go to the Rocky Mountains to be absent until October, 1833; absent without authority from October, 1833 to May 31, 1834, when by order of the President as announced in Orders No. 42, Adjutant General's Office, dated May 31, 1834 he was dropped from the rolls of the Army. General Order No. 25, Adjutant General's Office, April 22, 1836 states, "Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, is re-instated in the Army and by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, is restored to his former rank and regiment as Captain in the 7th Infantry, to rank as such from the 4th of October, 1825"; at Fort Gibson,

Indian Territory with 7th Infantry, October, 1836 to 1838; at Fort Towson and Gibson, I. T., and Fort Smith, Arkansas to 1839; in Florida war with regiment to 1842; on recruiting service to end of 1842; at Fort Brooke, Florida, Baton Rouge, Louisiana and Pass Christian, Mississippi to 1845; at Fort Smith, Arkansas to outbreak of Mexican War in 1846; as Major, 6th Infantry, served in Mexican invasion; in siege of Vera Cruz, March, 1847; battle of Cerro Gordo, April, 1847; at Amazoque, May 14, 1847; San Antonio and Churubusco, August, 1847 (was wounded at Churubusco); at Molino del Ray, Chapultepec, and capture of Mexico City in September, 1847; returned to the United States and served at Fort Kearney, Nebraska to 1849; at Fort Howard, Wisconsin, 1851 and 1852; at Fort Columbus, New York in 1852; at Benicia, California to September, 1852; at Columbia Barracks, Oregon to August, 1853; name of post changed to Fort Vancouver, W. T. from August, 1853; Colonel Bonneville remaining in command to May 20, 1855; Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, and commanding Department of New Mexico with headquarters Santa Fe to October 25, 1859; at Fort Marcy, New Mexico, Fort Clark, Texas, and on leave of absence to date of retirement.

Served as Superintendent of recruiting service in Missouri, 1861 to 1863; as Chief Mustering and Disbursing Officer of Missouri to November 17, 1865, and commanding Benton Barracks, Missouri, March to August, 1862; and September 12, 1862 to December 1, 1865; of Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and Commissary of Musters Department of the Missouri to October 15, 1866.

He died June 12, 1878 at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

(SEAL)

C. H. BRIDGES,
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

HISTORY OF CARBON, WYOMING'S FIRST MINING TOWN

The Union Pacific Coal Company's Magazine of July, 1924, contains the following article which is said to be authentic:

"With the advent of the Union Pacific Railway in 1868, the town of Carbon, Carbon County, Wyoming, came into being. It was situated eleven miles southeast of the present site of Hanna. Messrs. Thos. Wardell, Michael Quealy, William Hinton, and associates from Bevier, Missouri, entered into an agreement with the railway authorities, whereby the parties named acquired permission to open and develop mines on lands granted the railway by the United States Government. John Tompkins was in charge of this work at the outset and was succeeded in 1869 by

James Williams, who remained in the capacity of Superintendent until 1873, he being replaced by William Robinson, who stayed in control of operations until 1878.

In The Beginning, the work was conducted under the name of The Wyoming Coal and Mining Company, but in 1874 the Union Pacific Railway Coal Department took charge, and development work increased to such an extent that a larger production with consequent lower cost was noticeable. The store continued under the direction of Messrs. Wardell and partners for several years, later being transferred to Beckwith & Quinn and their successors. The Beckwith Commercial Company, under the supervision of O. C. Smith. In the early days of the building of the railway, Smith was paymaster for the Construction Company, the claim often being made by him that he had walked over every foot of the line from Omaha to Ogden, in the performance of his duties.

The mercantile business was later taken over by the coal Department, and in more recent years, the Union Pacific Coal Company, which was incorporated September 25, 1890, under the laws of the state of Wyoming.

The seam in mine No. 1 was reached by a shaft, approximately from 80 to 100 feet in depth. Coaling pockets for storing coal for locomotive use were erected in connection with the tipples so that pit cars could be taken from the cage, coal pushed to pockets and dumped, making one handling suffice for all purposes. Water entered the mine thru surface caves, the workings were flooded and the mine laid idle for several months, until it could be dewatered. The writer recalls that the women of the town sewed sacking together and these receptacles were filled with sand for use in making embankments or dykes to turn the water in other directions. This mine was in operation until 1881 when it was abandoned.

In 1869 Messrs. Quealy and Hinton moved to Rock Springs, leaving their Carbon interests to be looked after by Charles Wardell and his brothers, Thomas and John.

Mine No. 2 was opened in 1868 by John A. Creighton of Omaha, Nebraska, but later came into possession of Thomas Wardell. It was originally started as a drift running level on the strike of the seam for several hundred feet, from which a slope was driven on the pitch. For many years coal was hauled up the slope to the drift intersection by mules, one car to the trip, and from that point an additional car or two were hauled out to the surface. The mine was abandoned in 1900. Mines No. 3 and 4 were never more than prospects, and about the only coal moved therefrom was that necessary to prove the seam.

Mine No. 5 located nearly five miles north of the town, was opened in 1880 and abandoned in 1885. L. R. Meyer was its first Superintendent, the Foreman being at different times such

well known coal experts as Michael Quealy, Dave Thomas, and W. R. Gardener. This camp was quite a lively one with its fifty or sixty log houses, boarding house, saloons, etc., and the men entered quite spiritually into such sportive pursuits as horse racing, pigeon shooting, quoits, etc.

Mine No. 6 was started in 1880, and worked continuously until 1890, with the exception of a few short periods. L. G. Smith and L. R. Meyer were its early Superintendents, while Thomas Quealy, Joseph Cox and Alex Briggs served in the capacity of Mine Foremen at various times. Mine No. 7, two miles south of town was opened in 1899, and abandoned in 1902, owing to impurities in the coal."

Carbon was not merely a construction camp for the railroad as so many of the towns along the line were, but grew to prominence thru the coal beds there. The name "Carbon" was derived from the mammoth coal deposits.

In early days the money with which to pay the miners was shipped into the town in canvas sacks, coming by express. It was very often dumped onto the depot platform and left lying there for hours before being picked up, but strange to say, it was never molested, altho it was generally known that it was there.

The first hotel in the town was built by Joseph Cruise, a Missourian, who sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Adam Arnold before it was entirely completed. The hotel was called "The Wyoming House" and from March 1873 until 1902 it was managed by the Arnolds. Mr. Arnold operated a saloon in connection with the hotel, but he died and for many years afterward Mrs. Arnold ran only the hotel.

Oscar Collister, Carlin and Calvin were operators and depot agents of early days.

The timbers used in the mine were cut on Elk Mountain, hauled to Percy station in wagons, loaded on the train and brot to Carbon. The railroad ties used at that time were also cut on Elk Mountain and shipped from Percy. Later the timbers were cut in the Medicine Bow Mountains, near the head of the Medicine Bow river, down which they were floated. A "boom" caught them in the river near Medicine Bow station, and here they were taken ashore and distributed along the railroad as needed. Mine timbers were hauled from the Sublet landing. Tom Morrow, (colored) and Tom Jackson operated these timber wagons, first using oxen then changing to mules.

The first mine opened in Carbon exploded on a Sunday morning in 1869. The explosion was caused by dust and for many years afterward the mine was on fire. It being Sunday, no one was in the mine when it blew up.

There was a misunderstanding between the Superintendents and the miners, and the miners left. On May 9, 1871, fifty men arrived and the mine again began operations. In 1874 the miners went out on a strike, and work did not resume again until the Union Pacific Coal Company took possession of the mine during that same year.

During the early days of Carbon the inhabitants were kept in constant terror of attacks by Indians. Many nights the entire population of the town retreated into the mine while guards on top walked their beats the whole night long. Among those who acted in the capacity of guards were William Bragg, William Richardson, Charles Bloomer and Howard Michael, better known as "Mitch Howard."

Many lone travelers were found murdered and scalped in the near vicinity of the town, and stock was frequently stolen by the Indians and driven into the mountains, where it was almost impossible to find animals of any sort.

Among the first school teachers in Carbon were, Miss Anna Fisher, who later became Mrs. J. S. Jones, Mrs. Randall Clay, Professor Mathews and Mrs. L. G. Smith.

Randall Clay and J. S. Jones operated a general store in the old town for some time.

William Bangs, Sr., was the owner and manager of the first meat market in the town and Joe Brammer opened the first saloon. For many years Theodore Henkle acted as bar-tender in the Brammer saloon. Mr. Henkle served two terms as county clerk of Carbon County. Many more residents of the old town were elected at different times to act as county officers, and win a reputation for their home town as producing brainy citizens who were really worth while. Jens Hansen was sheriff, C. L. Vagner was a member of the Territorial Assembly, F. M. Baker was County Treasurer, W. L. Evans was county clerk, Andy Rasmussen was assessor, Fred Shannon was County Superintendent of Schools, Joseph Widdowfield was County Commissioner, and Mike Quealy was County Commissioner as also was John Thode. L. R. Meyer was State Senator.

James Fisher built the first livery barn in Carbon. It was a large log barn on the south side of the track.

Dr. Whitney was the first doctor to settle in the town, and before this when a physician was needed it was necessary to call one from either Rawlins or Laramie. Dr. Harris from Laramie made more trips to Carbon and vicinity than any other doctor, it is said. Dr. Magee often came from Rawlins to attend sick folks in Carbon.

The first church was built there in 1873, and it stood on the hill near the Fisher livery barn.

In 1874 William Isaacs and William Kane were killed by a cave-in in mine No. 1. A short time later Johnnie Mack was killed in the same mine, and soon Asmus Boison met with a like fate there.

The Carbon mines were never so dangerous as some others, and not many fatalities occurred there.

Fred Bean was the first post master, and delivered the mail from rows of home made boxes.

Jack Farcell owned a saloon in the old town in early days. In 1874 the yardmaster was killed during a melee in Brammer's saloon. He and a gambler became involved in a row over a game of cards. The gambler shot him, killing him instantly. The gambler was sentenced for life to the penitentiary at Laramie. After serving a short time there, he escaped, and was never captured.

During that same year, Jens Hansen was stable boss and cared for all the mules and horses used by the Coal Company. In No. 1 mine were two mules which had been beneath the ground for about three years. The shaft-head burned down and a man was lowered into the mine by means of a rope and windlass to hoist the mules out. The first one was a gentle animal known to all the miners as "Sage", and she was brought to the surface without any trouble, but when her mate, "Pete" was to be hoisted out, there was trouble and lots of it. Pete was mean and tricky and did not like the treatment he was receiving at the hands of his rescuers, the principal one of whom was Robert Jackson. Pete plunged and struggled, and when about half way up the sixty-five foot shaft the rope slipped up around his neck, shutting off his wind. It was a bad predicament to be in for both men and mule, but there was only one thing to be done and that was to haul Pete out by the neck. When he reached the surface he was limp as a rag, but after a while recovered and lived several years in the daylight which he had not seen for thirty-six months.

After that mine was worked out a little Italian took the contract to fill up the shaft. When the job was about half done the Italian in some manner lost his footing and fell into the hole, receiving such painful injuries that he died.

Pat Greene, the engineer who ran the stationery engine at the mine was blind in one eye. Early one morning he came out of Brammer's saloon and attempted to cross the track, but failed to see the east-bound train coming down from Simpson Hill. The train struck him scattering his remains for half a mile down the track.

Old Henderson, the pit boss was found dead in an empty room in Mine No. 1. The doctor said heart failure had been the cause of his death.

"Old Jim" the coal heaver, lost his life on the track in the middle of town. He ran to turn the switch for the siding, when his foot was caught in the "frog", and the engine struck him, knocking him down and cutting him in two.

During the year 1871 Thomas Wardell received six dollars per ton for coal on the cars.

Williams Evans, Tom and William Jackson, the Co-Operative Association and J. W. Johnson each had general stores in Carbon during the 80's.

In later years, Jens Hansen, Charles Vagner and J. A. Jackson opened meat markets which prospered as the town grew. John O'Connor built the "Scranton House", which he named after his home town in Pennsylvania, and it was considered one of the finest hotels. Here several of the O'Connor children were born and some passed away. When Harvey O'Connor was about two years old he was playing in the middle of the railroad track with several other tots, all of whom were there without their mothers' knowledge, when a train whistled. Mrs. O'Connor rushed to investigate the whereabouts of her baby, saw him fall flat in the middle of the track with an on-rushing freight train within a few feet of him. The other little ones had scampered off to one side, but her baby lay flat on his face as the train passed over him. Panic stricken Mrs. O'Connor squatted beside the track and peered beneath the flying cars. The baby seeing her, attempted to come to her, but well knowing if his head raised high enough, his brains would be beaten out, she motioned him to lie flat and still. He could not hear her voice on account of the noise of the train, but by her motions and expression he understood and did as she wished. The train was an exceptionally long one and more than once he would have risen, had she not each time, made him understand that he must lie still and flat, for well she knew that if he rose the least bit the rods beneath the train would kill him. Many people of the little town witnessed the distressing state of affairs, crowded about the mother and waited breathlessly for the outcome. As the last car flew over the boy, Jim Finch, Sr., snatched him from the track and handed him to his mother, whose nerve and willpower had saved him from an awful end.

Among others who conducted hotels in the town were Mr. and Mrs. John Thode, (who later had a dairy east of town and daily delivered milk there), Mr. and Mrs. Nels Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Schoen, and Mrs. Hall and daughters. At No. 5 Mine, Mrs. Jessie Petrie ran a boarding house.

A spur track branching from the main line at Pyncheon was used in hauling coal from No. 5 mine.

On December 9, 1891, the Carbon State Bank was organized with a capital stock of \$15,000, which was divided into one hundred and fifty shares of \$100 each. The president of this bank was Otto Gramm of Laramie, and L. R. Meyer was Cashier and Secretary. There were five Directors, viz: Otto Gramm, L. C. Hanks, C. W. Wilkinson, R. Brackenbury, and O. H. Archer. The stockholders were as follows: Otto Gramm, Laramie; A. Kendall, Rock Springs; W. C. Wilson, Jr., Laramie; L. C. Hanks, Laramie; H. Hadden, Great Mahrin, England; J. D. Dawson, Laramie; R. H. Homer, Laramie; W. C. Wilkenson, Laramie; J. W. Young, Salt Lake City; Belle Homer, Laramie; Albert Bistorious, Elk Mountain, and C. L. Vagner, W. L. Evans, Jens Hansen, J. M. Baker, O. H. Archer, T. O. Minta, John Lewis, S. W. Johnson, W. C. Fuller, Mander Peterson, L. R. Meyer, Peter Pampel, H. B. Allen, M. Quealy, T. J. Wyche, A. E. Jones, E. W. Roberts, R. Brackenbury, S. G. Clark, James Fisher, and Theodore Henkle all of Carbon. This was one of the first state banks in the county. After the demise of Carbon the bank was moved to Hanna and on December 3, 1903, a charter was granted for "Carbon State Bank" in the village of Hanna. Later the name of the institution was changed to Hanna National Bank, and two years ago it was again made a state bank, and is now known as "Hanna State Bank."

A small addition was built onto the east side of Carbon which was called "Chinatown." This was to accommodate Chinese miners whom the Coal Company intended bringing to the town, but after the "Chinese Riot" in Rock Springs in 1885, the plans were changed and the Chinese were never brought to Carbon.

On June 19, 1890, a very disastrous fire swept Carbon, burning almost everything on the north side of the track, including the Union Pacific Store. As the water supply of the town was quite meager, (water had to be hauled on the train from Medicine Bow, and the tanks were emptied into two wells on the outskirts of Carbon), there was no chance of fighting the blaze and consequently the loss was very great.

In the fall of 1890 the town was incorporated and the first ordinance passed by the new city fathers was one compelling every house owner to build brick chimneys and abolish the old fashioned stove pipes which extended thru the roof.

One of the most memorable crimes in which citizens of Carbon were implicated, and its ending, was that committed by "Big Nose George" and "Dutch Charlie". About the middle of August, 1878, a rail was removed from the track of the Union Pacific road, about six miles east of Medicine Bow, at what was known on the old line as Como station, for the purpose of ditching the train and robbing the express car and the passengers. Fortunately, the section men discovered the rail that had been

tampered with, and repaired the damage. This party of would-be robbers and murderers then retired to Elk Mountain, making their camp in a wild unaccessible canyon. The section men having given the alarm that a party of train robbers were on the road, and the taking up of the rail, Tip Vincent, a special Union Pacific agent, and Bob Widdowfield, a deputy sheriff from Carbon, went out to follow the trail and ascertain, if possible, if the robbers were still in the country. The trail was found and followed up Rattlesnake canyon on Elk Mountain until they came to the camp. Vincent got off his horse and stuck his hand in the ashes of the camp fire, remarking to Widdowfield that it was red hot and they would soon have the robbers. The robbers who were concealed in a clump of nearby willows, fired when Vincent spoke, killing Widdowfield. Vincent made a terrific fight for his life, but was killed also.

Widdowfield was a very popular man in Carbon and vicinity and absolutely knew no fear of anything. On the discovery of the bodies of the two men, the entire town was aroused, and vows to avenge the cowardly deed were heard on every side. The murderers had vanished and for some time no trace of them was found.

One day in autumn came word from Fort Benton, Montana, that "Dutch Charlie" had been arrested there, and was being held for Carbon County officers. Sheriff James Rankin left Rawlins immediately for Fort Benton to bring the prisoner back with him to Rawlins. On his return with his prisoner, the train made its scheduled stop in Carbon, a party of masked men calmly entered the car occupied by Rankin and his charge. Three men seized the sheriff and held him down between the car seats, while the others deliberately took the prisoner off the train. The crew were commanded to hold the train until orders to move on were given, and a mob of masked men were there to enforce this bid.

"Dutch Charlie" was taken over near the school house to a pile of railroad ties and there questioned. He admitted his guilt, told the details of the awful killings, and who were implicated. After half an hour he was taken to a telegraph pole, made to stand on a box, a rope placed about his neck, and the other end thrown across the cross arm of the pole. Someone kicked the box from under him, and he strangled to death within a few minutes.

After the lynching, the coroner in Rawlins, A. G. Edgerton, was notified of the hanging. Owing to the fact that but one passenger train went east and one west each day, and that the east-bound train for that day had already gone, Coroner Edgerton was unable to get to Carbon until the next day. There the body of the youth who was in his early twenties, swung and swayed in the wind until the arrival of the coroner on the day after the lynching.

“Big Nose George” whose real name was George Parrot, was later captured and after attempting to kill the jailor in Rawlins, Bob Rankin, George was taken from the jail by a mob and lynched in Rawlins.

T. O. Minta was the first mayor, Isaac Amoss the first city marshal and Jens Hansen the first city treasurer.

During the year of 1899, the Union Pacific Coal Company began making preparations to abandon the mine at Carbon. Heretofore there had been only a spur track from Medicine Bow to Hanna, while the main line led from Medicine Bow to Carbon, west over Simpson Ridge and on past Percy station. In 1899 the “Hanna Cut-Off” was built, thus placing Hanna on the main line and leaving Carbon on a spur track. The work in the Carbon mine slackened to such a degree that many were forced to leave the old town and all their belongings, and seek employment elsewhere. The inhabitants of Carbon owned their own homes and places of business, quite unlike the mining towns of the present day. During the fall of 1902 even the spur track was removed, leaving Carbon standing there alone among the hills. The mine closed down and the town was dead. Many who had spent happy and prosperous years there were reluctant to leave, always hoping that the Union Pacific Coal Company would decide to come back and open the mine once more. However, their cherished hopes were blasted and one by one they left the old town which had been home to them thru many years of storm and sunshine.

Some of the pioneers of the little city whose population was at one time more than two thousand, were John Sullivan and family, Nathan Amoss and family, John Milliken and family, Henry Cardwell and family, John Butler and family, Peter Kamp and family, Dave Jones and family, John Allison and family, John Jones and family, Jackie Jackson and family, John Burke and family, Asmus Boison and family, John West and family, John Watkins and family, Oscar O'Malley and family, Mr. Parker and family, Mr. Dibble and family, Thos. Whalen and family, John Finch and family, Pete Travis and Nels Robinson, James Fisher and family, Wm. Bangs and family, and many others.

The majority were unable to sell their houses in Carbon when the town passed into oblivion, and were compelled to leave them stand, they being eventually destroyed by thieves and vandals. Today Carbon stands there wrecked and forlorn, alone and forsaken, the bare ghost of its former self.

MRS. CHAS. ELLIS.

CARBON

O Carbon how we loved you forty years ago today;
 Not a soul had dreamed at that time that you weren't with us to
 stay.

You were prosperous and thriving, and the people held their own,
 Who could tell them that today you'd be standing there alone?
 Bright lights glittered in the night-time and the days were busy,
 too,

Dark clouds always slighted Carbon, and her skies were always
 blue.

Such a jovial lot of pioneers were very seldom found,
 And they'd brave the wildness of the west to old Wyoming's
 ground.

Snows or Indians could not scare them for they had a world of
 grit,

The frontier life held charms for them, for heroes do not quit.

There "you knowed everybody, and they all knowed you,"

And no one cared a penny what the other one would do.

The women dressed in calico, the men wore old time jeans,

All of them were genuine and lived within their means.

They traveled with a team and rig—autos were unknown,

And just imagine those plain folks a-talking o'er a phone!

They hadn't any radio, but danced after a fiddle,

The halls were always crowded, where they came from was a
 riddle.

They danced old fashioned steps and they played old fashioned
 tunes,

And they strolled in the silvery light of real old fashioned moons.

Times have changed beyond description; some have gone beyond
 recall,

Some have gone to other countries—they are scattered one and
 all.

And Carbon, you are shattered, you are dead, you are no more,

And the sight of you, dear Carbon, makes our hearts ache to the
 core;

When we go where once you flourished, our spirits are depressed,
 To think this hopeless wreck of now, was once the very best.

Your houses are all tumbled down, the windows broken out,

The doors are gaping openings now, and gophers run about.

The streets are full of tumble-weeds, the bridges fallen in,

And silence reigns, where at one time was industry and din.

The coyotes come within the wreck of this downtrodden place,

And howl in cheerless mournful tones—there's no one to give
 chase.

The sage brush flat is just as green, where the hills slope toward
 the sky,

But Carbon now reminds us of the fact that all things die.

It used to be that winds of spring made music in the air,
 But now the night winds sob and sigh around old walls so bare.
 Out on the side hill north of town a silent city lies,
 Where monuments and blocks of stone among the graves arise.
 'Tis here that old time "Carbonites" return to add another,
 For here are resting young and old, the baby and the mother.
 'Tis here that many pioneers of those old times are sleeping,
 'Tis here that some good angel o'er the dead a watch is keeping.
 So Fare Ye Well, old Carbon, ye are crumbling to the dust,
 And our hearts ache at your downfall which we cannot think is
 just.

Altho you're past redemption, still we reverence your name,
 And always, dear old Carbon, we will love you just the same!

—MRS. CHAS. ELLIS,
 Difficulty, Wyoming.

ACCESSIONS

January 1, 1932 to April 1, 1932

MUSEUM

Bruce, Robert—Photograph of General Connor.

Holmes, W. S.—Seven pictures of Indian drawings on bluffs at the W. S. Holmes Ranch near Green River, Wyoming.

Ross, Margery—Picture of the planting of a tree to the memory of George Washington's 200th Anniversary, in the George Washington Memorial Park, Cody, Wyoming, February 22, 1932.

Wills, Olive—Collection of original drawings.

Lutz, Fred—A metal disc found in 1929 near old Fort Laramie. Further history unknown.

Pennsylvania Railroad—Poster of Washington, D. C., in 1798.

Original Manuscripts

Jackson, W. H.—"Bullwhacking Across the Plains."

Hooker, W. F.—"John Hunton, Bull Team Freighter, Ranch Owner, Army Post Trader and Contractor."

Waldo, Mrs. F. H.—"Deadwood to the Big Horns, 1877"—a diary kept in German by the late Herman Bischoff of Deadwood, South Dakota. Translated by Mrs. Waldo in 1931.

Original Manuscripts

Barry, J. Neilson—"Some Clues to Primary Source Material Regarding Captain Bonneville's Life and Adventures."

Davis, William Harper—"Cope: Master Naturalist," reviewed by Mr. Davis. Contains Wyoming history.

Willson, G. M.—"Wyoming State Training School"—Paper read by Mr. Willson at the Open House Celebration at Emerson School Building, Lander, Wyoming, February 22, 1932.

Wills, Olive—"Wyoming Artists."

Burnett, F. G.—"The Hayfield Fight."

Documents

Meyers, E. D.—Map of the Southern Department—1918; map of the Texas Territory north and west of Fort Sam Houston—1918; map of Leon Springs and Camp Bullis Military Reservations, Southern Department 1918; five maps of Salado Creek Drill Grounds, March 1922.

Barry, Prof. J. Neilson—Map of the region where Captain Bonneville trapped from 1832-1835, drawn by Prof. Barry of Portland, Oregon.

Logan, Ernest—Fly-leaf from book carrying presentation written by William W. Corlett.

Books

Meyers, E. D.—"Map Maneuvers and Tactical Rides" by F. Sayre, Major, U. S. Army. Map in pocket of Cover.

Clark, A. M.—"Four Hundred Million Acres"—The Public Lands and Resources by Charles E. Winter.

Oregon Trail Memorial Association, Inc.—"Covered Wagon Centennial and Ox-Team Days."

Pamphlets

Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—"The Ascent of Mount Owen"; "Mountaineering in the Grand Teton Park" by Dr. Fryxell.

Hooker, W. F.—"Fort Bridger," a brief history by R. S. Ellison.

Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Cheyenne, Wyoming—"Fifty Golden Years—Society of the Holy Child Jesus—1862-1912." "Shall I Be a Nun?" by Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

Greenburg, D. W.—Highway map of the United States showing the Oregon Trail and points of historical interest. Collection of programs and Oregon Trail literature.

Newspapers

Ross, Margery—Three newspaper clippings relating to the William F. Cody celebration plans and the George Washington Memorial Park celebration in Cody, Wyoming.

Wyoming Labor Journal—Bound volume of the Wyoming Labor Journal for 1931.

Crowe, George R.—Four copies of Mr. Crowe's article on the Devil's Tower National Monument in Wyoming.

Crane, A. G. (President of the University of Wyoming)—"University of Wyoming Policy Told by President—Dr. Crane Outlines Service Goals of State Institution." Published in the Casper Tribune-Herald, February 10, 1932.

